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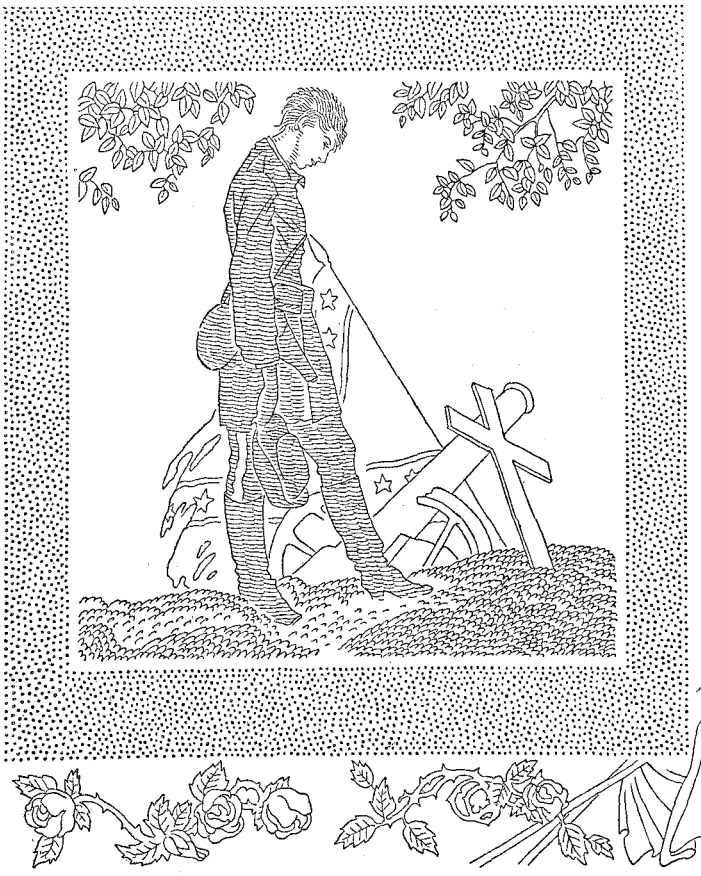
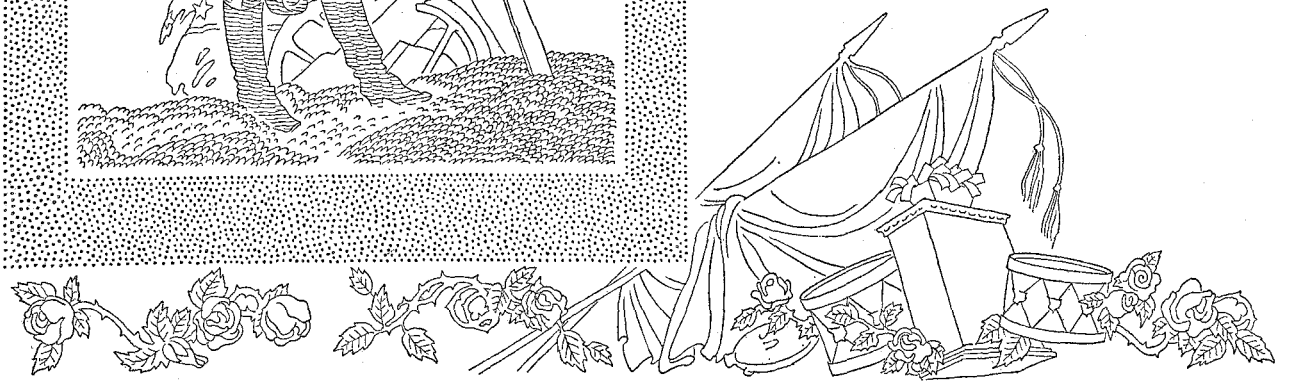


Skirmish at Sartoris

A STORY

By William Faulkner



WHEN I think of that day, of Father's old troop on their horses drawn up facing the house, and Father and Drusilla standing on the ground with that Carpet Bagger voting box in front of them, and opposite them the ladies on the porch and the two sets of them, the men and the ladies, facing one another like they were both waiting for the sound to charge, I think I know the reason. I think it was because Father's troop (like all the other Southern soldiers too), even though they had surrendered and said that they were whipped, were still soldiers. Maybe from the old habit of doing everything as one man; maybe when you have lived for four years in a world ordered completely by men's doings, even when it is danger and fighting, you don't want to quit that world: maybe the danger and the fighting are the reasons, because men have been pacifists for every reason under the sun except to avoid danger and fighting. And so now Father's troop and all the other men in Jefferson, and Aunt Louisa and Mrs. Habersham and all the ladies in Jefferson were actually enemies for the reason that the men had given in and admitted that they belonged to the United States but the ladies had never surrendered.

I remember the night we got the letter and found out at last where Drusilla was. It was just before Christmas in 1864, after the Yankees had burned Jefferson and gone away, and we didn't even know for sure if the war was still going on or not. All we knew was that for three years the country had been full of Yankees, and then all of a sudden they were gone and there were no men there at all any more. We hadn't even heard from Father since July, from Carolina, so that now we lived in a world of burned towns and houses and ruined plantations and fields inhabited only by women. Ringo and I were fifteen; we felt almost exactly like we had to eat and sleep and change our clothes in a hotel built only for ladies and children.

The envelope was worn and dirty and it had been opened once and then glued back, but Ringo and I could still make out *Hawkhurst, Gihon County, Alabama,* on it even though we didn't recognize Aunt Louisa's hand at first. It was addressed to Granny, and that showed how long ago it had been written because

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Aunt Louisa didn't even know that Granny was dead now. It was six pages cut with scissors from wallpaper and written on both sides with pokeberry juice, and I thought about the time two years ago when Granny and Ringo and I went to Hawkhurst on the way to catch the Yankee army that stole our silver and we found how the Yankees had come and burned Hawkhurst too after Uncle Dennison and Gavin Breckbridge were killed at Shiloh, and Aunt Louisa and Drusilla and Denny were living in a Negro cabin just like we did at Sartoris in Mississippi. And Drusilla had cut her hair off short like mine almost and she wore a shirt and jeans pants just like Ringo and me and her hands were rough from working too, and Aunt Louisa began to cry and tell us how Drusilla had cut her hair and put on man's clothes the day the news came that Gavin Breckbridge was dead too. But Drusilla didn't cry; it was just that night we were there; the Negroes were still passing in the road all night long, and she waked me and we went down to the road and listened to them passing in the darkness, singing, trying to catch the Yankee army and get free. Then they were gone and Drusilla told me to go on back to bed and I asked her if she wasn't going to bed too and she said she didn't sleep any more, that she had to stay up and keep a dog quiet; it wasn't a bad dog only she just had to get up now and then and show it the stick and then it would be quiet, and I said, "What dog? I haven't seen any dog." And then she turned and put her hand on my shoulder (I was already taller than she was) and said:

"Listen. When you see Cousin Johnny again, ask him to let me ride in his troop with him. Tell him I can ride and maybe I can learn to shoot and that I won't be afraid. Will you tell him?" But I didn't tell Father. Maybe I forgot it. Then the Yankees went away, and Father and his troop went away too. Then, six months later, we had a letter from him about how they were fighting in Carolina, and a month after that we had one from Aunt Louisa that Drusilla was gone too, a short letter on the wallpaper that you could see where Aunt Louisa had cried in the pokeberry juice about how she did not know where Drusilla was but that she had expected the worst ever since Drusilla had deliberately tried to unsex herself by refusing to feel any natural grief at the death not only of her affianced husband but of her own father and that she took it for granted that Drusilla was with us and though she did not expect Drusilla to take any steps herself to relieve a mother's anxiety, she hoped that Granny would. But we didn't know where Drusilla was either. She had just vanished. It was like the Yankees in just passing through the South had not only taken along with them all living men blue and gray and white and black, but even one young girl who had happened to try to look and act like a man after her sweetheart was killed.

So then the next letter came. Only Granny wasn't there to read it, and so for a while Ringo and I couldn't make out what Aunt Louisa was trying to tell us. This one was on the same wallpaper too, six pages this time, only Aunt Louisa hadn't cried in the pokeberry juice this time: Ringo said because she must have been writing too fast:

DEAR SISTER:

I think this will be news to you as it was to me though I both hope and pray it will not be the heart-rending shock to you it was to me as naturally it cannot since you are only an aunt while I am the mother. But it is not myself I am thinking of since I am a woman, a mother, a Southern woman, and it has been our lot during the last four years to learn to bear anything. But when I think of my husband who laid down his life to protect a heritage of courageous men and spotless women looking down from heaven upon a daughter who had deliberately cast away that for which he died, and when I think of my half-orphan son who will one day ask of me why his martyred father's sacrifice was not enough to preserve his sister's good name. . . .

That's how it sounded. Ringo was holding a pineknot for me to read by, but after a while he had to light another pineknot and all the far we had got was how when Gavin Breckbridge was killed at Shiloh before he and Drusilla had had time to marry, there had been reserved for Drusilla the highest destiny of a Southern woman—to be the bride-widow of a lost cause—and how Drusilla had not only thrown that away, she had not only become a lost woman and a shame to her father's memory but she was now living in a word that Aunt Louisa would not even repeat but that Granny knew what it was, though at least thank God that Father and Drusilla were not actually any blood kin, it being Father's wife who was Drusilla's cousin by blood and not Father himself. So then Ringo lit the other pineknot and then we put the sheets of wallpaper down on the floor and then we found out what it was: how Drusilla had been gone for six months and no word from her except she was alive, and then one night she walked into the cabin where Aunt Louisa and Denny were (and now it had a line drawn under it, like this:) in the garments not alone of a man but of a common private soldier and told them how she had been a member of Father's troop for six months, bivouacking at night surrounded by sleeping men and not even bothering to put up the tent for her and Father except when the weather was bad, and how Drusilla not only showed neither shame nor remorse but actually pretended she did not even know what Aunt Louisa was talking about; how then Aunt Louisa told her that she and Father must marry at once, Drusilla said, "Can't you understand that I am tired of bury-

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ing husbands in this war? That I am riding in Cousin John's troops not to find a man but to hurt Yankees?" and how Aunt Louisa said:

"At least don't call him *Cousin* John where strangers can hear you."

The third letter did not come to us at all. It came to Mrs. Compson. Drusilla and Father were home then. It was in the spring and the war was over now, and we were busy getting the cypress and oak out of the bottom to build the house and Drusilla working with Joby and Ringo and Father and me like another man, with her hair shorter than it had been at Hawkhurst and her face sunburned from riding in the weather and her body thin from living like soldiers lived. After Granny died Ringo and Louvinia and I all slept in the cabin, but after Father came Ringo and Louvinia moved back to the other cabin with Joby and now Father and I slept on Ringo's and my pallet and Drusilla slept in the bed behind the quilt curtain where Granny used to sleep. And so one night I remembered Aunt Louisa's letter and I showed it to Drusilla and Father, and Father found out that Drusilla had not written to tell Aunt Louisa where she was and Father said she must, and so one day Mrs. Compson came out with the third letter. Drusilla and Ringo and Louvinia too were down in the bottom at the sawmill and I saw that one too, on the wallpaper with the pokeberry juice and the juice not cried on this time either, and this the first time Mrs. Compson had come out since Granny died and not even getting out of her surrey but sitting there holding to her parasol with one hand and her shawl with the other and looking around like when Drusilla would come out of the house or from around the corner it would not be just a thin sunburned girl in a man's shirt and pants but maybe something like a tame panther or bear. This one sounded just like the others: about how Aunt Louisa was addressing a stranger to herself but not a stranger to Granny and that there were times when the good name of one family was the good name of all and that she naturally did not expect Mrs. Compson to move out and live with Father and Drusilla because even that would be too late now to preserve the appearance of that which had never existed anyway. But that Mrs. Compson was a woman too, Aunt Louisa believed, a Southern woman too, and had suffered too, Aunt Louisa didn't doubt, only she did hope and pray that Mrs. Compson had been spared the sight of her own daughter if Mrs. Compson had one flouting and outraging all Southern principles of purity and womanhood that our husbands had died for, though Aunt Louisa hoped again that Mrs. Compson's husband (Mrs. Compson was older than Granny and the only husband she had ever had had been locked up for crazy a long time ago because in the slack part of the afternoons he would gather up eight or ten little niggers from the quarters and line them up across the creek from him with sweet potatoes on their heads and he would shoot the potatoes off with a rifle; he would tell them he might miss a potato but he wasn't going to miss a nigger, and so they would stand mighty still) had not made one of the number. So I couldn't make any sense out of that one too and I still didn't know what Aunt Louisa was talking about and I didn't believe that Mrs. Compson knew either.

Because it was not her: it was Mrs. Habersham, that never had been out here before and that Granny never had been to see that I knew of. Because Mrs. Compson didn't stay, she didn't even get out of the surrey, sitting there kind of drawn up under the shawl and looking at me and then at the cabin like she didn't know just what might come out of it or out from behind it. Then she begun to tap the nigger driver on his head with the parasol and they went away, the two old horses going pretty fast back down the drive and back down the road to town. And the next afternoon when I came out of the bottom to go to the spring with the water bucket there were five surreys and buggies in front of the cabin and inside the cabin there were fourteen of them that had come the four miles out from Jefferson, in the Sunday clothes that the Yankees and the war had left them, that had husbands dead in the war or alive back in Jefferson helping Father with what he was doing, because they were strange times then. Only like I said, maybe times are never strange to woman: that it is just one continuous monotonous thing full of the repeated follies of their menfolks. Mrs. Compson was sitting in Granny's chair, still holding the parasol and drawn up under her shawl and looking like she had finally seen whatever it was she had expected to see, and it had been the panther. It was Mrs. Habersham who was holding back the quilt for the others to go in and look at the bed where Drusilla slept and then showing them the pallet where Father and I slept. Then she saw me and said, "And who is this?"

"That's Bayard," Mrs. Compson said.

"You poor child," Mrs. Habersham said. So I didn't stop. But I couldn't help but hear them. It sounded like a ladies' club meeting with Mrs. Habersham running it, because every now and then Mrs. Habersham would forget to whisper: "—Mother should come, be sent for at once. But lacking her presence . . . we, the ladies of the community, mothers ourselves . . . child probably taken advantage of by gallant romantic . . . before realizing the price she must—" and Mrs. Compson said, "Hush! Hush!" and then somebody else said, "Do you really suppose—" and then Mrs. Habersham forgot to whisper good: "What else? What other rea-

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son can you name why she should choose to conceal herself down there in the woods all day long, lifting heavy weights like logs and——"

Then I went away. I filled the bucket at the spring and went back to the log-yard where Drusilla and Ringo and Joby were feeding the bandsaw and the blindfolded mule going round and round in the sawdust. And then Joby kind of made a sound and we all stopped and looked and there was Mrs. Habersham, with three of the others kind of peeping out from behind her with their eyes round and bright, looking at Drusilla standing there in the sawdust and shavings, in her dirty sweated overalls and shirt and brogans, with her face sweat-streaked with sawdust and her short hair yellow with it. "I am Martha Habersham," Mrs. Habersham said. "I am a neighbor and I hope to be a friend." And then she said, "You poor child."

We just looked at her; when Drusilla finally spoke, she sounded like Ringo and I would when Father would say something to us in Latin for a joke. "Ma'am?" Drusilla said. Because I was just fifteen; I still didn't know what it was all about; I just stood there and listened without even thinking much, like when they had been talking in the cabin. "My condition?" Drusilla said. "My——"

"Yes," Mrs. Habersham said. "No mother, no woman to . . . forced to these straits—" kind of waving her hand at the mules that hadn't stopped and at Joby and Ringo goggling at her and the three others still peeping around her at Drusilla. "—to offer you not only our help, but our sympathy."

"My condition," Drusilla said. "My con . . . Help and sym—" Then she began to say, "Oh. Oh. Oh." standing there, and then she was running. She began to run like a deer, that starts to run and then decides where it wants to go; she turned right in the air and came toward me, running light over the logs and planks, with her mouth open, saying "John, John" not loud; for a minute it was like she thought I was Father until she waked up and found I was not; she stopped without even ceasing to run, like a bird stops in the air, motionless yet still furious with movement. "Is that what you think too?" she said. Then she was gone. Every now and then I could see her footprints, spaced and fast, just inside the woods, but when I came out of the bottom, I couldn't see her. But the surreys and buggies were still in front of the cabin and I could see Mrs. Compson and the other ladies on the porch, looking out across the pasture toward the bottom, so I did not go there. But before I came to the other cabin, where Louvinia and Joby and Ringo lived, I saw Louvinia come up the hill from the spring, carrying her cedar water bucket and singing. Then she went into the cabin and the singing stopped short off and so I knew where Drusilla was. But I didn't hide. I went to the window and looked in and saw Drusilla just turning from where she had been leaning her head in her arms on the mantel when Louvinia came in with the water bucket and a gum twig in her mouth and Father's old hat on top of her headrag. Drusilla was crying. "That's what it is, then," she said. "Coming down there to the mill and telling me that in my condition—sympathy and help— Strangers; I never saw any of them before and I don't care a damn what they— But you and Bayard. Is that what you believe? that John and I—that we—" Then Louvinia moved. Her hand came out quicker than Drusilla could jerk back and lay flat on the belly of Drusilla's overalls, then Louvinia was holding Drusilla in her arms like she used to hold me and Drusilla was crying hard. "That John and I—that we— And Gavin dead at Shiloh and John's home burned and his plantation ruined, that he and I— We went to the war to hurt Yankees, not hunting women!"

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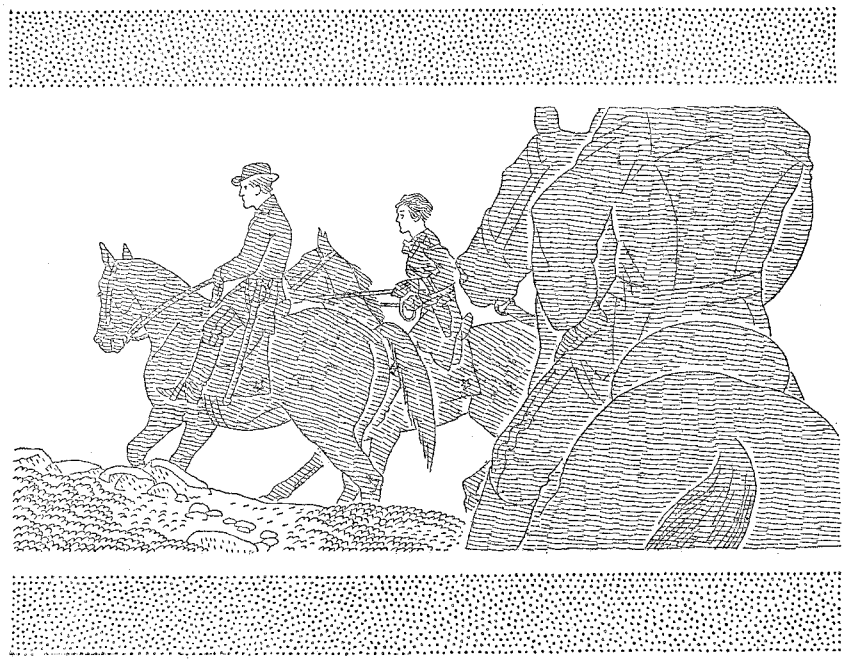

"I knows you ain't," Louvinia said. "Hush now. Hush."

And that's about all. It didn't take them long. I don't know whether Mrs. Habersham made Mrs. Compson send for Aunt Louisa or whether Aunt Louisa just gave them a deadline and then came herself. Because we were busy, Drusilla and Joby and Ringo and me at the mill, and Father in town; we wouldn't see him from the time he would ride away in the morning until when he would get back, sometimes late, at night. Because they were strange times then. For four years we had lived for just one thing, even the women and children who could not fight: to get Yankee troops out of the country; we thought that when that happened, it would be all over. And now that had happened, and then before the summer began I heard Father say to Drusilla, "We were promised Federal troops; Lincoln himself promised to send us troops. Then things will be all right." That, from a man who had commanded a regiment for four years with the avowed purpose of driving Federal troops from the country. Now it was as though we had not surrendered at all, we had joined forces with the men who had been our enemies against a new foe whose aim we could not always fathom but whose means we could always dread. So he was busy in town all day long. They were building Jefferson back, the courthouse and the stores, but it was more than that which Father and the other men were doing; it was something which he would not let Drusilla or me or Ringo go into town to see. Then one day Ringo slipped off and went to town and came back and he looked at me with his eyes rolling a little.

"Do you know what I ain't?" he said.

"What?" I said.

"I ain't a nigger any more. I done been abolished." Then I asked him what he was, if he wasn't a nigger any more and he showed me what he had in his hand. It was a new scrip dollar; it was drawn on the United States Resident Treasurer, Yoknapatawpha County, Mississippi, and signed "Cassius Q. Benbow, Acting Marshal" in a neat clerk's hand, with a big sprawling X under it.

"Cassius Q. Benbow?" I said.

"Co-rect," Ringo said. "Uncle Cash that druv the Benbow carriage twell he run off with the Yankees two years ago. He back now and he gonter be elected Marshal of Jefferson. That's what Marse John and the other white folks is so busy about."

"A nigger?" I said. "A nigger?"

"No," Ringo said. "They ain't no more niggers, in Jefferson nor nowhere else." Then he told me about the two Burdens from Missouri, with a patent from Washington to organize the niggers into Republicans, and how Father and the other men were trying to prevent it. "Naw, suh," he said. "This war ain't over. Hit just started good. Used to be when you seed a Yankee you knowed him because he never had nothing but a gun or a mule halter or a handful of hen feathers. Now you don't even know him and stid of the gun he got a clutch of this stuff in one hand and a clutch of nigger voting tickets in the yuther." So we were busy; we just saw Father at night and sometimes then Ringo and I and even Drusilla would take one look at him and we wouldn't ask him any questions. So it didn't take them long, because Drusilla was already beaten; she was just marking time without knowing it from that afternoon when the fourteen ladies got into the surreys and buggies and went back to town until one afternoon about two months later when we heard Denny hollering even before the wagon came in the gates, and Aunt Louisa sitting on one of the trunks (that's what beat Drusilla: the trunks. They had her dresses in them that she hadn't worn in three years, and Ringo and I never had seen her in a dress until Aunt Louisa came) in mourning even to the crepe

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bow on her umbrella handle, that hadn't worn mourning when we were at Hawkhurst two years ago though Uncle Dennison was just as dead then as he was now. She came to the cabin and got out of the wagon, already crying and talking just like the letters sounded, like even when you listened to her you had to skip around fast to make any sense:

"I have come to appeal to them once more with a mother's tears though I don't think it will do any good though I had prayed until the very last that this boy's innocence might be spared and preserved but what must be must be and at least we can all three bear our burden together"; sitting in Granny's chair in the middle of the room, without even laying down the umbrella or taking her bonnet off, looking at the pallet where Father and I slept and then at the quilt nailed to the rafter to make a room for Drusilla, dabbing at her mouth with a handkerchief that made the whole cabin smell like dead roses. And then Drusilla came in from the mill, in the muddy brogans and the sweaty shirt and overalls and her hair sunburned and full of sawdust, and Aunt Louisa looked at her once and began to cry again, saying, "Lost, lost. Thank God in His mercy that Dennison Hawk was taken before he lived to see what I see."

She was already beaten. Aunt Louisa made her put on a dress that night; we watched her run out of the cabin in it and run down the hill toward the spring while we were waiting for Father. And he came and walked into the cabin where Aunt Louisa was still sitting in Granny's chair with the handkerchief before her mouth. "This is a pleasant surprise, Miss Louisa," Father said.

"It is not pleasant to me, Colonel Sartoris," Aunt Louisa said. "And after a year, I suppose I cannot call it surprise. But it is still a shock." So Father came out too and we went down to the spring and found Drusilla hiding behind the big beech, crouched down like she was trying to hide the skirt from Father even while he raised her up. "What's a dress?" he said. "It don't matter. Come. Get up, soldier."

But she was beaten, like as soon as she let them put the dress on her she was whipped; like in the dress she could neither fight back nor run away. And so she didn't come down to the log-yard any more, and now that Father and I slept in the cabin with Joby and Ringo, I didn't even see Drusilla except at mealtime. And we were busy getting the timber out, and now everybody was talking about the election and how Father had told the two Burdens before all the men in town that the election would never be held with Cash Benbow or any other nigger in it and how the Burdens had dared him to stop it. And besides, the other cabin would be full of Jefferson ladies all day; you would have thought that Drusilla was Mrs. Habersham's daughter and not Aunt Louisa's. They would begin to arrive right after breakfast and stay all day, so that at supper Aunt Louisa would sit in her black mourning except for the bonnet and umbrella, with a wad of some kind of black knitting she carried around with her and that never got finished and the folded handkerchief handy in her belt (only she ate fine; she ate more than Father even because the election was just a week off and I reckon he was thinking about the Burdens) and refusing to speak to anybody except Denny; and Drusilla trying to eat, with her face strained and thin and her eyes like somebody's that had been whipped a long time now and is going just on nerve.

Then Drusilla broke; they beat her. Because she was strong; she wasn't much older than I was, but she had let Aunt Louisa and Mrs. Habersham choose the game and she had beat them both until that night when Aunt Louisa went behind her back and chose a game she couldn't beat. I was coming up to supper; I heard them inside the cabin before I could stop: "Can't you believe me?" Drusilla said. "Can't you understand that in the troop I was just another man and not much of one at that, and since we came home here I am just another mouth for John to feed, just a cousin of John's wife and not much older than his own son?" And I could almost see Aunt Louisa sitting there with that knitting that never progressed:

"You wish to tell me that you, a young woman, associated with him, a still young man, day and night for a year, running about the country with no guard nor check of any sort upon— Do you take me for a complete fool?" So that night Aunt Louisa beat her; we had just sat down to supper when Aunt Louisa looked at me like she had been waiting for the noise of the bench to stop: "Bayard, I do not ask your forgiveness for this because it is your burden too; you are an innocent victim as well as Dennison and I—" Then she looked at Father, thrust back in Granny's chair (the only chair we had) in her black dress, the black wad of knitting beside her plate. "Colonel Sartoris," she said, "I am a woman; I must request what the husband whom I have lost and the man son which I have not would demand, perhaps at the point of a pistol.—Will you marry my daughter?"

I got out. I moved fast; I heard the light sharp sound when Drusilla's head went down between her flungout arms on the table, and the sound the bench made when Father got up too; I passed him standing beside Drusilla with his hand on her head. "They have beat you, Drusilla," he said.

II

Mrs. Habersham got there before we had finished breakfast the next morning. I don't know how Aunt Louisa got word in to her so quick. But there she was,

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and she and Aunt Louisa set the wedding for the day after tomorrow. I don't reckon they even knew that that was the day Father had told the Burdens Cash Benbow would never be elected marshal in Jefferson. I don't reckon they paid any more attention to it than if all the men had decided that day after tomorrow all the clocks in Jefferson were to be set back or up an hour. Maybe they didn't even know there was to be an election, that all the men in the county would be riding toward Jefferson tomorrow with pistols in their pockets, and that the Burdens already had their nigger voters camped in a cotton gin on the edge of town under guard. I don't reckon they even cared. Because like Father said, women cannot believe that anything can be right or wrong or even be very important that can be decided by a lot of little scraps of scribbled paper dropped into a box.

It was to be a big wedding; all Jefferson was to be invited and Mrs. Habersham planning to bring the three bottles of Madeira she had been saving for five years now when Aunt Louisa began to cry again. But they caught on quick now; now all of them were patting Aunt Louisa's hands and giving her vinegar to smell and Mrs. Habersham saying, "Of course. You poor thing. A public wedding now, after a year, would be a public notice of the . . ." So they decided it would be a reception, because Mrs. Habersham said how a reception could be held for a bridal couple at any time, even ten years later. So Drusilla was to ride into town, meet Father and be married as quick and quiet as possible, with just me and one other for witnesses to make it legal; none of the ladies themselves would even be present. Then they would come back home and we would have the reception.

So they began to arrive early the next morning, with baskets of food and tablecloths and silver like for a church supper. Mrs. Habersham brought a veil and a wreath and they all helped Drusilla to dress, only Aunt Louisa made Drusilla put on Father's big riding cloak over the veil and wreath too, and Ringo brought the horses up, all curried and brushed, and I helped Drusilla on with Aunt Louisa and the others all watching from the porch. But I didn't know that Ringo was missing when we started, not even when I heard Aunt Louisa hollering for Denny while we rode down the drive. It was Louvinia that told about it, about how after we left the ladies set and decorated the table and spread the wedding breakfast and how they were all watching the gate and Aunt Louisa still hollering for Denny now and then when they saw Ringo and Denny come up the drive riding double on one of the mules at a gallop, with Denny's eyes round as doorknobs and already hollering, "They kilt um! They kilt um!"

"Who?" Aunt Louisa hollered. "Where have you been?"

"To town!" Denny hollered. "Them two Burdens! They kilt um!"

"Who killed them?" Aunt Louisa hollered.

"Drusilla and Cousin John!" Denny hollered. Then Louvinia said how Aunt Louisa hollered sure enough.

"Do you mean to tell me that Drusilla and that man are not married yet?"

Because we didn't have time. Maybe Drusilla and Father would have, but when we came into the square we saw the crowd of niggers kind of huddled beyond the hotel door with six or eight strange white men herding them, and then all of a sudden I saw the Jefferson men, the men that I knew, that Father knew, running across the square toward the hotel with each one holding his hip pocket like a man runs with a pistol in his pocket. And then I saw the men who were Father's troop lined up before the hotel door, blocking it off. And then I was sliding off my horse too and watching Drusilla struggling with George Wyatt. But he didn't have hold of her, he just had hold of the cloak, and then she was through the line of them and running toward the hotel with her wreath on one side of her head and the veil streaming behind. But George held me. He threw the cloak down and held me. "Let go," I said. "Father."

"Steady, now," George said, holding me. "John's just gone in to vote."

"But there are two of them!" I said. "Let me go!"

"John's got two shots in the derringer," George said. "Steady, now."

But they held me. And then we heard the three shots and we all turned and looked at the door. I don't know how long it was. "The last two was that derringer," George said. I don't know how long it was. The old nigger that was Mrs. Holston's porter, that was too old even to be free, stuck his head out once and said "Gret Gawd" and ducked back. Then Drusilla came out, carrying the ballot box, the wreath on one side of her head and the veil twisted about her arm, and then Father came out behind her, brushing his new beaver hat on his sleeve. And then it was loud; I could hear them when they drew in their breath like when the Yankees used to hear it begin:

"Yaaaaa—" But Father raised his hand and they stopped. Then you couldn't hear anything.

"We heard a pistol too," George said. "Did they touch you?"

"No," Father said. "I let them fire first. You all heard. You boys can swear to my derringer."

"Yes," George said. "We all heard." Now Father looked at all of them, at all the faces in sight, slow.

"Does any man here want a word with me about this?" he said. But you could not hear anything, not even moving. The herd of niggers stood like they had when I first saw them, with the Northern white men

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herding them together. Father put his hat on and took the ballot box from Drusilla and helped her back onto her horse and handed the ballot box up to her. Then he looked around again, at all of them. "This election will be held out at my home," he said. "I hereby appoint Drusilla Hawk voting commissioner until the votes are cast and counted. Does any man here object?" But he stopped them again with his hand before it had begun good. "Not now, boys," he said. He turned to Drusilla. "Go home. I will go to the sheriff, and then I will follow you."

"Like hell you will," George Wyatt said. "Some of the boys will ride out with Drusilla. The rest of us will come with you."

But Father would not let them. "Don't you see we are working for peace through law and order?" he said. "I will make bond and then follow you. You do as I say." So we went on; we turned in the gates with Drusilla in front, the ballot box on her pommel—us and Father's men and about a hundred more, and rode on up to the cabin where the buggies and surreys were standing, and Drusilla passed the ballot box to me and got down and took the box again and was walking toward the cabin when she stopped dead still. I reckon she and I both remembered at the same time and I reckon that even the others, the men, knew all of a sudden that something was wrong. Because like Father said, I reckon women don't ever surrender: not only victory, but not even defeat. Because that's how we were stopped when Aunt Louisa and the other ladies came out on the porch, and then Father shoved past me and jumped down beside Drusilla. But Aunt Louisa never even looked at him.

"So you are not married," she said.

"I forgot," Drusilla said.

"You forgot? You *forgot?*"

"I . . ." Drusilla said. "We . . ."

Now Aunt Louisa looked at us; she looked along the line of us sitting there in our saddles; she looked at me too just like she did at the others, like she had never seen me before. "And who are these, pray? Your wedding train of forgetters? Your groomsmen of murder and robbery?"

"They came to vote," Drusilla said.

"To vote," Aunt Louisa said. "Ah. To vote. Since you have forced your mother and brother to live under a roof of license and adultery you think you can also force them to live in a polling booth refuge from violence and bloodshed, do you? Bring me that box." But Drusilla didn't move, standing there in her torn dress and the ruined veil and the twisted wreath hanging from her hair by a few pins. Aunt Louisa came down the steps; we didn't know what she was going to do: we just sat there and watched her snatch the polling box from Drusilla and fling it across the yard. "Come into the house," she said.

"No," Drusilla said.

"Come into the house. I will send for a minister myself."

"No," Drusilla said. "This is an election. Don't you understand? I am voting commissioner."

"So you refuse?"

"I have to. I must." She sounded like a little girl that has been caught playing in the mud. "John said that I——"

Then Aunt Louisa began to cry. She stood there in the black dress, without the knitting and for the first time that I ever saw it, without even the handkerchief, crying, until Mrs. Habersham came and led her back into the house. Then they voted. That didn't take long either. They set the box on the sawchunk where Louvinia washed, and Ringo got the pokeberry juice and an old piece of window shade, and they cut it into ballots. "Let all who want the Honorable Cassius Q. Benbow to be Marshal of Jefferson write Yes on his ballot; opposed, No," Father said.

"And I'll do the writing and save some more time," George Wyatt said. So he made a pack of the ballots and wrote them against his saddle and fast as he would write them the men would take them and drop them into the box and Drusilla would call their names out. We could hear Aunt Louisa still crying inside the cabin and we could see the other ladies watching us through the window. It didn't take long. "You needn't bother to count them," George said. "They all voted No."

And that's all. They rode back to town then, carrying the box, with Father and Drusilla in the torn wedding dress and the crooked wreath and veil standing beside the sawchunk, watching them. Only this time even Father could not have stopped them. It came back high and thin and ragged and fierce, like when the Yankees used to hear it out of the smoke and the galloping:

"Yaaaaay, Drusilla!" they hollered. "Yaaaaaay, John Sartoris! Yaaaaaaay!"

"Green Hills of Africa," by Ernest Hemingway, begins in the May SCRIBNER'S.

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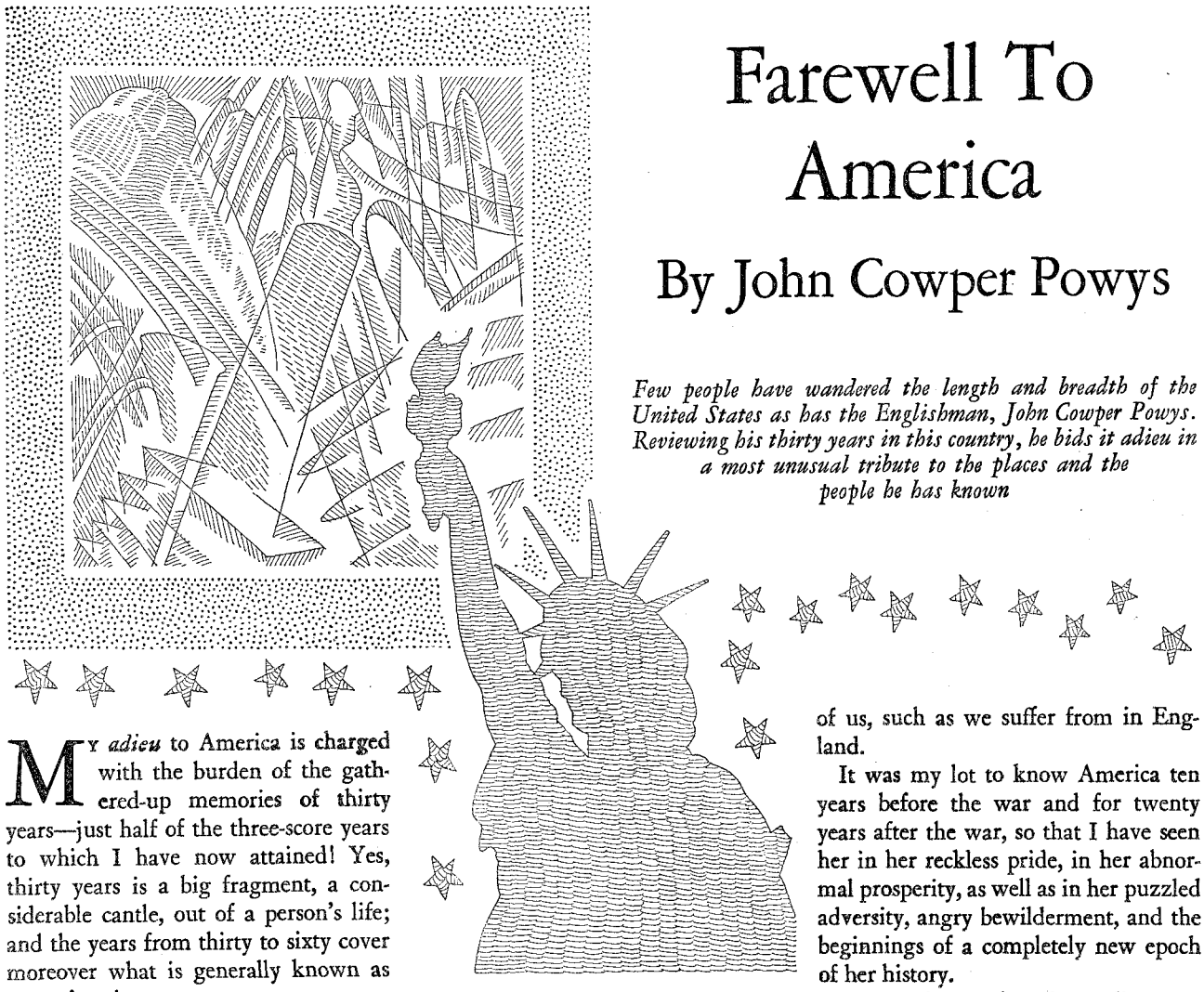
Farewell To America

By John Cowper Powys

Few people have wandered the length and breadth of the United States as has the Englishman, John Cowper Powys. Reviewing his thirty years in this country, he bids it adieu in a most unusual tribute to the places and the people he has known



My *adieu* to America is charged with the burden of the gathered-up memories of thirty years—just half of the three-score years to which I have now attained! Yes, thirty years is a big fragment, a considerable cantle, out of a person's life; and the years from thirty to sixty cover moreover what is generally known as a man's prime.

For good or for evil, then, my human output, both as a speaker and writer, has already been achieved, and achieved in the American milieu and under the the American influence. But however this may be, what have I got from my thirty years in America? Certainly no "modest competence" as one friendly newspaper puts it, wherewith "to live out my days at peace in my native land"!

No, I am not in the position of an Englishman returning from the exploitation of far-off "natives" to live and die in comfort at home. It is much rather as if—aged sixty-two—I find myself, save for a certain measure of literary reputation, fated to begin my whole life over again from the ground up.

But what have I gained from my thirty years of life in America if I have not gained money? Well, to try and analyze this is precisely the subject of the present sketch.

There is no doubt that with all the unscrupulousness and the anti-social brigandage wherewith so many Americans exploit their simpler and less predatory companions, and in spite also of the universal esteem that the possession of riches excites, there is a real spirit of social equality in America. Rich men are respected in America, and we admire them, for having, by their energy and cunning and their lively geniality, obtained what we would all like to obtain; but we do not feel in any way different from them.

Save among certain small circles in Boston and Philadelphia and Charleston and New Orleans—the old aristocratic centers of historic culture—there is fundamentally no difference of class in American life at all, none of that irrevocable cleavage between those who have gone to a particular kind of school, or those who have been brought up with particular privileges, and the rest of us, such as we suffer from in England.

It was my lot to know America ten years before the war and for twenty years after the war, so that I have seen her in her reckless pride, in her abnormal prosperity, as well as in her puzzled adversity, angry bewilderment, and the beginnings of a completely new epoch of her history.

Have I been what they call *Americanized?* I do not think so; not at any rate in the particular physical senses in which that phrase can be employed. My accent, though certainly not what they call an "Oxford" one, has remained, in spite of living all these years in America, unmistakably English.

But in certain much subtler ways I cannot help feeling that I *have* been Americanized, or at any rate immensely affected by my life in America.

The larger part of this influence has taken the form, if I am not mistaken, of the release of tendencies already within me, rather than of the imposition of new tendencies from without. But this is of course the most vital method in all intellectual and spiritual education. If, as Goethe says, outside influences do not draw forth a response from your own deepest nature, they remain nothing to you.

I think, as so often happens with Englishmen, who tend in their own

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island to grow gnarled and crotchety and perverse from too close contact with one another, the mere fact of moving about in a larger country, where the very horizons seem more extensive, compels you to wrestle with the world with the free unrestrained force of your whole being. A human soul struggling in detached desperation against the universe tends to treat its fads and its fancies, its crotchets and its manias, with less absorbing pre-occupation.

Few foreign visitors, indeed few native commercial travellers, know the length and breadth of North America as well as I. What strange scenes, what queer vignettes of the way, come floating back into my mind as I write! My feeling at present is that I shall never return, that I shall lay my bones—or rather some one else will—in the land where I was born and under the sovereignty to which I have never renounced my adherence. But who can say, in a world like this, "I will do so and so," or "I will *not* do so and so"? If I have learned anything in all these turbulent years it is the wisdom of sinking down into the present, like a plummet into a deep sea, and letting past and future, like the scriptural Mercy and Truth, "kiss each other" and settle their receding mysteries over my submerged head.

But for the moment—a moment that seems to me now likely to stretch itself out to the end—I am minded to bid a long farewell to all these exciting scenes.

A long farewell, for instance, to the proud city of New York, that air-hung, sea-washed, weather-white Megalopolis, with its two millions of intelligent Jews and its thousands of club-swinging Irish policemen. Majestic in their polished, towering façades, those up-town commercial palaces, with the gay exclusive shops at their feet, remain in my mind as the supreme challenge of hard, unsympathetic matter, raised up in obedience to the dictates of a haughty and extravagant commercialism, and defiantly directed towards all subtler human values. This up-town district, with its cloud-aspiring architecture, glittering shops, palatial hotels, sumptuous cars, returns upon me as the realm of the rich mistresses, the richer wives, the petted daughters, the reckless salesmen and saleswomen, the insolent doorkeepers, of those magnificent gamblers who labor, after their fashion, in the pleasanter purlieus of the yet more mountainous office-buildings, where Wall Street plays her ambiguous game.

I used greatly to prefer this "down-town" section to that other. The rich men of Manhattan, engaged in their predatory sport, exhaled, to my thinking, a more agreeable, a more natural, a more affable aura than that which emanated from their proud harems and colossal picture-palaces in the residential quarter.

But as I kiss my hand in everlasting farewell to this dazzling wave-washed, marble-frocked cosmopolitan baggage, "kept" by these industrious rogues, this iridescent harlot of the nations, to whom all the mountebanks and all the peddlers of the world flock with their antics and their wares, this tireless courtezan with her white skin, her cold eyes, her dazzling tiara, her trailing unwashed skirts, it is really neither of the "up-town" nor of the "down-town" districts of Manhattan that I think most. It is of that intermediate region, that Alsatia of artistic pimps, that Grub Street of literary panders, that Bohemia of "creative work" and no less "creative" play, which radiates, like the dim spokes of a dusty wheel, north and south, east and west, from the famous square, where the double images of the Father of his Country—supporting the "standard" of the questionable "event"—gaze sphinx-like up the great Avenue.

For it was within five minutes' walk of this, now almost historic, square that in the top-floor-front of a house in Patchin Place I used to hear the Jefferson Market clock-tower tell the hours.

Perhaps, as I have tried so often to explain, the sweetest and deepest sense of silence, "silence, eldest-born of all divinities," that I have ever known, used to come to me between seven and ten of a Sunday morning, as I lay, half-awake and half-asleep, staring at the tops of the ailanthus tree and listening to the far-off sounds of the boats on the river.

Greenwich Village, like Chelsea in London and like the Left Bank of the Seine in Paris, resembles God, in that it is a circle whose circumference diminishes and increases according to human volition! But Patchin Place is unquestionably near its center; and in Patchin Place—where it was my good luck to live for five years—I met some of the most interesting and singular human beings I have ever known. May the mysterious Tao of the great-little Kwang-Tze, then, as still, my chosen household god, hover, with the waving of those ailanthus boughs—his own favorite branches because of their Taoistic freedom from self-assertion—forever over that room and over him who inhabits it and over all those who shall enter into it!

Thirty years of wandering about the United States have rather deepened certain prejudices of mine than lessened them. My personal happiness was so mysteriously increased by my contact with the mellow natures and musical voices of the colored race that I was always finding myself uneasy and disturbed in those southern states, where, to regard these people as human beings, with rights and sensibilities like our own, is to be a suspected and detestable interloper, "who does not understand the Negro Problem."

I understood only too well "the Negro Problem"; at least those aspects of it which belong to the bad red blood, the same under all skins, wherein flows the natural selfishness and cruelty of our common human heart.

And if my prejudices—or, as I would myself put it, my instructive conscience—stirred within me over the Southern attitude to Negroes, another aspect of my nature was always being "rattled" by the puritanical and illiberal temper which I so often encountered in New England. This disturbance, this feeling of human indignation in the presence of ideas so different from those of Socrates mounted up to an angry outburst of moral wrath when I contemplated the proceedings of the magnates of Massachusetts in the affair of Sacco and Vanzetti.

My personal farewell to America contains certainly no grain of regret at never seeing the "aristocratic" South again or "cultured" Boston again; and I confess, too, that it is an immense relief to me to say good-bye forever to the Pacific Coast.

How differently I feel to the City of New York, how differently to the whole expanse of the great State of New York! When I finally gave up lecturing and settled down to the quietness of a country life I did so under

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the psychic aura of the ghosts of the proud Mohawk nation, and surrounded by descendants of the great Dutch families who colonized the banks of the Hudson River.

It is curious that as an Englishman I should be driven to say such a thing; but my personal feeling is that the ethnological strain in America which has been least corrupted by the insidious elements in the soil and climate and atmosphere is the Holland-Dutch strain, and my instinct about this is borne out by the fact that the present President—in my opinion second to none in the whole roll of the chiefs of the nation—has, of course, just as Walt Whitman had, a line behind him of Dutch ancestors.

But it is not only towards New York City and New York State that I "raise," as Walt Whitman would say, "the perpendicular hand" in a deep-felt affection of emotional farewell—I feel the same about Philadelphia and about Reading and Lancaster and York and Wilkes-Barre and Williamsport and Harrisburg and Altoona and many another town in the Quaker State. To every portion of New Jersey also I wave an affectionate *adieu*. No state have I been happier in, from the borders of Rockland County to the "board-walk" of Atlantic City! Trenton for instance will always remain one of my favorite capital-cities. She is indeed, to my taste, one of the mellowest and friendliest of all the old-fashioned repositaries of the liberal American tradition.

But with the exception of the State of New York and the City of Philadelphia my most tender farewell to this huge weird chaotic country where I have been so happy and so unhappy must be—and will ever be until I die—to the Middle West.

This is the real America, this is—let us hope!—the America of the future, this is the region of what may, after all, prove to be, in Spenglerian phrase, the cradle of the next great human "culture."

It is in the Middle West—I am not speaking of Chicago, because to my Taoistic mind, a sinister aura must always emanate from animal-slaughter on so stupendous a scale—that there seems to be growing up, in spite of all the simplicities of those barbarous "Main-Streets," and in spite of all the perversities of those drabs, rogues, cheats, degenerates, philosophers, whores, bankers, imbeciles, editors, and drunkards, described by our great poet in "Spoon River," a human temper and a human attitude to life that is really a new thing in the world.

It is significant that both Dreiser and Masters, the greatest novelist and the greatest poet of the America of today, come from the Middle West.

New England used to be the mouthpiece for American expression. The cleverest young American writers of our time—those who are experimenting most boldly with forbidden subjects and with new tricks of manner and style—come from the South, where the mere presence of the wicked lynching-spirit seems to evoke a sadistic magnetism all its own. I confess to being at once tempted and repelled, attracted and repulsed, by this ammoniac smell of psychological bedlam-wine, but when the cruelty of its aura deepens and I get sounds as if from a vivisection-laboratory, I turn from the whole thing with a sick distaste. The great Middle-Western writers, though it must be admitted that like Homer they nod now and again, depend for their effects on the cubic solidity of the reality they handle, while these fantastical writers from the South pulse and throb and jerk spasmodically in some queer mental region where reality is forever appearing and disappearing, like a drowning goblin spitting bloody flukes.

Visitors to America who cannot feel the enormous difference between the spiritual and emotional tone of the Middle West and that of the rest of the continent are unworthy to cross the borders of Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Indiana, Iowa, Arkansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, and Kansas. And what will be the psychic essence of this new Spenglerian culture which according to my geographical divining-rod may refresh the jaded over-civilized spirit of the human race? In the first place, let me say at once, it will realize the prophetic intimations of some of the greatest discerners of spirits. It will realize Rousseau's idea of what the syllables "America" might come to mean for the human race. It will realize what Goethe meant by this same "word of liberation" when he used it in *Wilhelm Meister*. It will have a mystical correspondence not easy to analyze with the spirit of Soviet Russia; for although the Middle West is temperamentally as remote from the theory of Communism as any land on earth, it holds so passionately to the great Rousseauish idea of what might be called "the equality of all souls" that it evokes in the very heart of capitalistic America one of the most singular moral phenomena that it has ever been my luck, as an observer of the *animula vagula* of perplexed humanity, to catch on the wing.

In Ruth Suckow's work the Middle West becomes more articulate than in any other writer, but quite independently of this autochthonous Iowan I did manage as I went about to catch *some* revelations of its secret.

As with the Russians—and there is a singular resemblance between the great Russian horizons and these Middle Western ones—you feel in these parts as if it were natural and inevitable to call people by their "first names." The rich drawling accents of their speech even, not melodious with the full-throated languor of the South, yet not in the least "Yankee," remain, though my ear could never really catch the exact tone of those broad prairie-sounds, full of a heart-to-heart insouciance, a nonchalant affability, which, like the sun-baked door-yards of those ramshackle dwellings, levels human consciousness to a certain homely acceptance of the common lot that gathers dignity from its mere simplicity, and solemnity from the mere presence of its vast-stretching background.

The cold of the winters, the scorching heat of the summers, all these "extremities of the skies," along with the devastating fury of the monstrous winds, do indeed level down, and we must admit it and make the best of it, to a majestic monotony, to an overwhelming commonplaceness, to a staggering ordinariness, all those passionate subtleties and sharply cut distinctions, which for fastidious spirits are the salt of life upon earth. But life goes on, and what you come at last to feel is, after dwelling with these sublimely ordinary people, that by the relinquishing of the æsthetic values and the levelling out of all intellectual refinements there comes into existence a certain bare drab dusty primordial human

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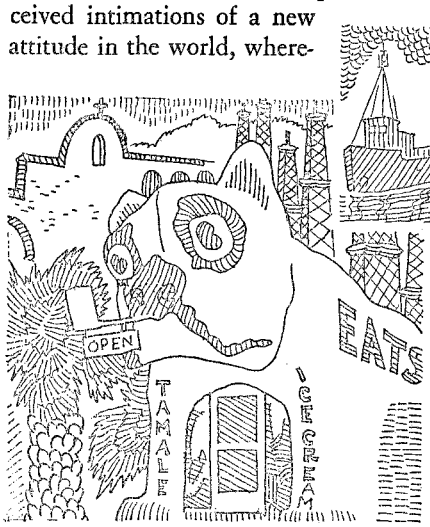
grandeur (a grandeur not exactly poetical, but one that draws its weighty essence, all the same, from the "old essential candors" of human experience).

In old market-towns, in old and new college-towns, throughout Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, I tore my heart—such as it is—to pieces, and stretched my intelligence—such as it is—to the breaking-point to disturb all this titanic commonplaceness with "thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls," or with thoughts beyond the dusty monotony of those blistering suns and interminable horizons.

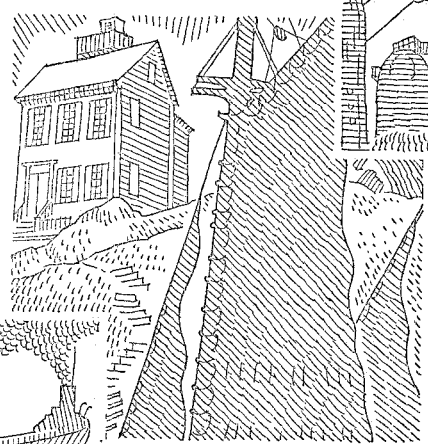
But I went on doing this only to discover that in exchange for the spasmodic eruptions of the "perilous stuff" of the spirit that I stirred up I received all manner of earth-born intimations of the dawning of a new temper. I received intimations of a new attitude in the world, where-



in certain tremendous human simplicities, sometimes infinitely genial and friendly, sometimes infinitely stark and grim, gather the power to shake themselves free of all "fine shades" and of all subtle nuances, the power to be *just what they are,* not without reserves, for they are too close to Nature, the mother of all reserves, for that, but without the posturing, gesticulating, elaborating, embroidering with which the demons of artistic cleverness trick up the solemn and tragic lineaments of our common destiny.

The vast Jewish population of New York City is in my opinion the best arbiter of literary judgment in America; and so intensely intellectual is this ancient and impassioned race that they are much less victimized by the artistic fashions of the hour than are the groups and cliques of the modernistic Gentile youth. I suspect it is by the intellectual Jews, more than by any other readers of books in the country, that the great Middle-Western figures of Dreiser and Masters are kept alive in a due and rightful appreciation.

But while our newest young men, led by the feverish Southerners, have turned from Dreiser and Masters, just as the French Dadaists turned from Anatole France, the young

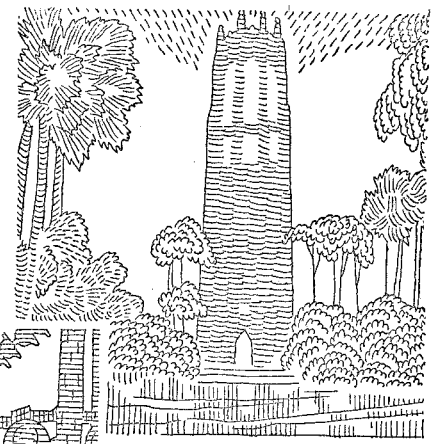


Jews of New York City continue passionately interested in these great men from the Middle West.

And I too—closely allied, as most Englishmen are, with the moving tents of Israel—also continue interested in this sort of imaginative realism, a realism stark and grim and simple, but totally impervious to literary fashions.

Alas! I know only too well that my own work has much more in common with that of these morbid young Southerners than with that of either Dreiser or Masters. I am feverish and hectic and evasive and perverse, where these great Middle-Westerners keep their heads; yes, and keep too, as the elder of them almost savagely insists, the unchristian clarity of the ancient classics. The secret of the Middle-Western spirit, this royal commonplaceness, this miraculous ordinariness, this heroic goodness, too un-mystical to be called Christian though as full-fleshed and as four-square as Fra Lippo Lippi's angels, took on its first outline and shape through Dreiser and Masters.

But Dreiser and Masters are at once too individualistic and too comprehensive to concentrate their whole mind upon what I am alluding to now. Ruth Suckow, just because she deliberately narrows her sphere, comes nearer it.



But in my humble opinion as a reverent and fascinated observer, no writer has really yet—no! not Vachel Lindsay or any other—fully articulated this new way of taking life, this reserved-genial, animal-religious, unmystical-pious, moral-profane "culture," so totally unsophisticated, so close to nature, and yet so profoundly initiated as if by some terrestrial revelation, into that particular aspect of Saint Paul's mysterious *Agapé* which emphasizes, not only the "equality of all souls," but the sin of brooding on those negative thoughts that cast an evil eye upon the roots of life.

As I thus wave my farewell to America I cannot help recording what seems, at least to some deep vein of superstition in me, to be a definite occult influence exercised upon my nature by the psychic aura, diffused through that whole vast land, from the life of the aboriginal Indians.

And there were other definite influences too, that of the colored people for instance, and that, as I have been trying to make clear, of the mysterious spirit of the Middle West. To these I must add—though perhaps they will seem incongruously joined together—my growing respect for the revolutionary youth of America, largely Communistic, and my constantly revived respect for the Roman Catholic Church. Finally it is impossible for me to help adding to this list of the various psychic vibrations that follow me back to my native land, that emanating from the pragmatical personality of the liberal-minded gentleman in the White House.

But what—when I come to turn whatever psychological powers of analysis I possess upon my own character—what I have definitely and palpably added to my own moral stature from

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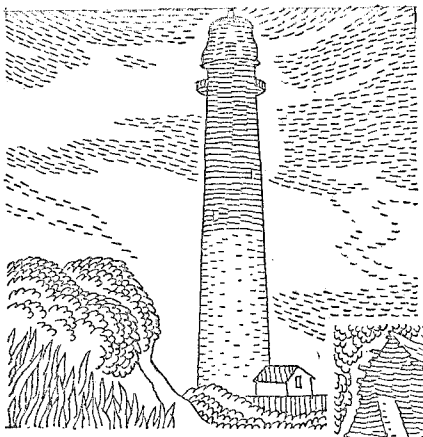
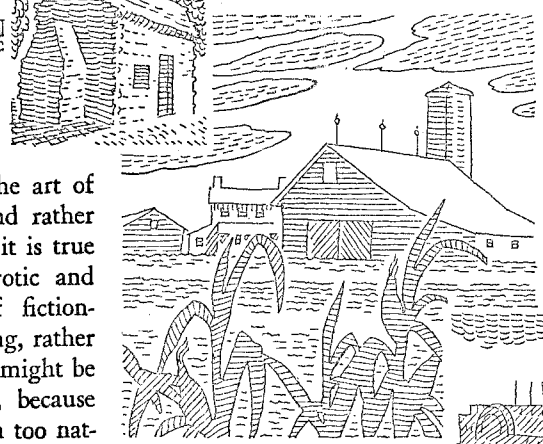




all these various and in many cases contradictory influences is a more subtle matter. I would say I have acquired the art of a particular kind of stark and rather grim stoicism. And although it is true that I have found the neurotic and reckless Southern school of fiction-writers, most of them so young, rather a temptation to me and what might be called a disintegrating force, because of its influence upon my own too natural morbidity; my imaginative weakness has always been strengthened and hardened by the more solid, less bizarre realism of Dreiser and Masters. Robinson Jeffers, on the other hand, though dwelling so far from the South and dealing with the elemental powers in a manner much more congenial to the stronger side of my nature than anything I could ever get from the South, remains, in his way, a temptation too! In plain words I have more than enough of non-humanity, or anti-humanism, or elemental lust in my nature to need any stimulus along *those* lines!

What my morbid nerves most need is just what I have been able to get from America as a whole, this especial sort of stark stoicism, which, like a vast continental "Salt Lake," so many formidable American writers, as different from each other as Whitman from Melville, have at moments tapped.

Primarily I think it springs from the American sense of the instability of everything, a sort of Heraclitean awareness of the universal flux that both the wise and the stupid feel. This awareness encourages the nomadic mania of all Americans.

As far as England itself is concerned, though, as I have hinted, we Britishers are forever shooting off to remote places to get more elbow-room for our personal peculiarities, our temperamental tendency is to accept as inevitable, and make the best of, whatever "location" or state of life it may be to which fate has called us.

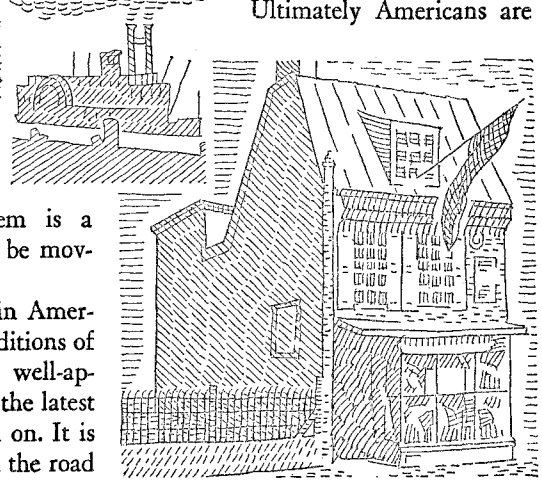
But Americans treat their destiny in a more profane and less resigned manner—they reluct at regarding themselves as "called" to any particular "state of life." They "get a move on"—they pull up their stakes and are off and away! What they have in their mind to discover they hardly know themselves. Money with them is a mere symbol of the power to be moving somewhere.

And this nomadic instinct in Americans is encouraged by the conditions of their life. It is not only the well-appointed city apartment full of the latest improvements that lures them on. It is not only their passion to be on the road in the latest invention among automobiles. Nature herself with her terrific extremes of hot and cold takes a hand in it. The truth is, nature is much less under control with them than with us; and none of the works of their hands sink deep into her bosom or arrive at a permanent understanding with her. Energetic though the Americans are, and though their architectural achievements are so awe-inspiring, one never feels that their houses, their bridges, their piers, their pavements fuse themselves with nature, as do our own less stupendous erections. They seem barely to scratch the surface of their intractable native elements. The sky seems always so much further away than with us; while their villages and farms seem perpetually invaded by the unredeemed wilderness and the unconquerable jungle.

How should Americans not have a tendency to move on to "some place else" when their household gods sink such shallow roots into the soil and they themselves have only to intermit their labor for a few short weeks to find their hard-won cosmos overrun by chaos?

In England there has taken place during the last thousand years a singular truce between man and nature. Nature in England is like an immortal pet, upon whose spine the hair may start up at the presence of a stranger, and whose aged teeth may snap, while with the familiar inmates who understand her ways she remains grandly and sublimely harmless.

But it has been this very sense of impermanence, this very sense of being separated from nature by an impassable gulf that has endowed your average American with the stark stoicism of which I speak.



Ultimately Americans are much harder and grimmer than we English are, though we are calmer, tougher, and far less strung up. American humor is more cruel than ours and their slang more ferocious. Their slang indeed is much nearer bed-rock than ours. *Our* slang is part of our "protective coloring," part of that artful and elaborate play-acting, by which under adverse conditions we "save our face."

English resistance to fate is an ancient and complicated tradition, as with the Chinese. It has become in the long course of history a kind of secular ritual, I might almost say a conventional drama. Yes, it is our best evidence of *propriety* to "carry on" as though our tragedy was merely "a bit of an annoyance." Yes, we English always keep up our optimistic play-acting, our "cheerio" tone, as if to fool God himself into

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thinking we feel no more than a pin-prick when he shoots at us with his worst arrows.

But the stoicism I have learned from America is quite a different thing. It hits back at God; and instead of diminishing the magnitude of the divine blow, it sardonically exaggerates it, and then proceeds to condense and drag down this exaggeration in some laconic piece of profane gallows-wit at the expense it might seem of Omnipotence itself. Well have I come to know the tight-lipped American mouth, drooping at the corners, the mouth shared alike by trappers in the Rockies and by stock-brokers in Wall Street, the mouth with an expression as if nothing short of catastrophic repartees to fate had opened it for years!

My own mouth has not grown habitually like that yet, but I fancy sometimes it turns that Indian-at-the-stake-look upon its enemies!

But I have learned from America something much more definite than just this grim delight in a profane stoicism, this delight in being at odds with the universe like a spiritual gangster and of saying to myself, like Satan —"What though the field be lost, *all is not lost!*"

I have learned the further secret—and this I regard as of the utmost importance—of being able to fall back upon the great basic elements of the planet, wherever I may be, and in spite of the particular things that would fain pound and grate and harrow every pulse of my peculiar nature. You see I never trod the side-walks of any American town, from Portland, Oregon, to Shreveport, Louisiana, or from Fargo, North Dakota, to Fort Worth, Texas, without walking and walking till I reached some strip of parched grass or some stump of a wretched tree.

And it was in these eternal walks about the towns of half a hemisphere, that I acquired the mental habits of isolating myself as a perambulating skeleton-shape moving betwixt zenith and nadir. Though like the people of the Middle West, and like Jean Jacques Rousseau, and like Dostoievsky, I religiously believed in the "equality of all souls," I preferred the society of such among them as were disembodied, such among them as reached me only through their thoughts. Nor did I greatly worry as to matters of geographical nomenclature. I would say to myself *not* "this is Bowling Green, Kentucky," or "this is Columbus, Ohio," but "this is the surface of the earth upon which I, an anonymous individual, am walking in time surrounded by space."

In England—and I feel it particularly as I look round me after my return—every man, woman, and child is surrounded by a dense, though subtle, medium, a medium made up of old traditions, old habits, old customs, old laws, old prejudices, old injustices, old oppressions, old wrongs, old protests against wrongs, old resignations under wrongs, old panaceas and anodynes for immemorial if not irrevocable wrongs. As each person in England, each man, each woman, each child, gazes at you through this legendary medium, you feel as if the individual's personal power and personal value was as nothing compared with the power and value given him by this vaporous medium, which, with its diffused distillation of old habitual customs, old respects, old distinctions, old venerations prevents us from catching with any clear outline the stark lineaments of his personality.

Superficially of course the standardizing methods of America militate against the self-assertion of powerful and eccentric personalities. But what *is* this standardization? It is the expression of the psychology of the mass-instinct working through the individuals that compose it and deriving a human satisfaction from the contemplation of vast numbers of energetic and friendly people, acting just as we ourselves are acting, and not one of them making any petulant claim to be regarded as essentially different from the rest. American "standardization" is in fact, when you come to analyze it, the outward and visible materialization, under democratic idealism, of that passionate wish to bring people to a common level, to lift them up and pull them down till they can pass under the same yoke in the service of the nation, which, under communist idealism, we see today actually dominating Russia.

When however I look round me in my native land I am conscious of the fact that there hangs about every English person I meet a sort of airy chrysalis or emanation of invisible light-rays, which represents, not so much their own personal weight, or value, or power, or formidableness, or dignity, or heroism, or nobility; as some legendary *simulacrum* of these things clinging about the inherited idea of their position in the social fabric, whether they be tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, rich man, poor man, farmer's son, thief.

The amount of touchy awareness that I carried with me to America in 1905 would fill a volume, if I had Proust's inspiration or Henry James's genius. But my thirty years of acquaintance with the railway stations of America have changed all this. I can still—in the interest of pure analysis—discuss these English niceties but I am no longer touchy about them. I don't care. And not only don't I care, but I am bold where formerly I was diffident.

All this I owe to America and I like to think I especially owe it to those perpetual walks to escape from the pavements of Kansas City, of Saint Louis, of Cleveland, of Cincinnati, of Denver, of Des Moines, of Buffalo, of Detroit, of Pittsburgh, of Boston,—I never needed to "escape" from the old brick side-walks of my favorite Philadelphia—for it was in these walks that my life-illusion of myself as a perambulatory skeleton, a skeleton isolated from the competitions of humanity, if not from humanity itself, took what may easily prove to be its last and lasting avatar.

It is risky to boast; and I won't go so far as to say that English class-distinctions mean absolutely nothing to me any more; but they certainly have lost their power to make me skip and dance and utter ferocious maledictions. And the same thing applies to people's praise or blame, admiration or contempt, and their estimate of my mental qualities. I am far prouder than I used to be; but it is Indian pride. It is pride in myself as an anonymous human-skeleton, stalking up and down the face of the earth, adjusting its spirit to the necessities of life and death, and giving itself up to the most thrilling of all sensations, the sensation of sharing the little, evasive, casual waftures of mystic happiness, coming on the air in a doorway, on the sun-rays in an old barn, on the moon over a turnip-field, on the wind across a bed of nettles, and of sharing these *with the forgotten generations of the dead.*

What I owe to my thirty years of train-life and hotel-life in the New Hemisphere is nothing less than a plunge into chaos with its accompany-

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ing loss of all the traditional securities of our English Cosmos.

For after all there is such a thing as too much order, too much respect for old habits, many of which—considering the selfishness of our common human nature—are bound to be packed with convoluted injustices. I have seen of course, in the America I am leaving, things far more patently abominable, things far more deliberately cruel, than anything I can imagine happening here in my native land. There is no need to give particular examples of this; for such things "cry to heaven" from all over the United States.

The psychology of the South for instance is always approximating to the brutal attitude towards the Negro Question of what Southerners call "White Trash"; and though there *are* Southerners who feel differently, many quite educated persons down there have a point-of-view fundamentally the same as that of these morbid "nigger-baiters." The brutality of the police all over the country, but especially in the great cities, is as shocking to a civilized person's nerves as the equal brutality of the gangsters and kidnappers upon whom they make war, while the unscrupulous thefts of the bankers and the great monopolists are only rivalled by the reckless "coups" of the bandits who break open their safes. Public opinion in America, though easily worked up to a murderous frenzy over any sort of sex-crime or passional-crime, takes the embezzlements of their wealthy rascals as something humorously inevitable, and the brigandage of their outlawed gunmen as something heroically spectacular.

Intensely individualistic though America is, I feel clearly, as I bid her farewell, that I have learned from her many of the lessons that I should have learned—as an "educated" Englishman—were I bidding farewell to Russia. Out of all the countries in the world it is, I fancy, only in Russia and America that one feels the real pulse of the creative future of humanity.

We English are naturally eccentric. It is easy for us to become obstinate and ascetic reformers of normal human weaknesses. But with all our eccentricities we are deeply afraid of one another, distressingly conscious of the opinions of our neighbors, and made embarrassingly uneasy in the presence of traditional authority.

What I have brought back from the hotels in Hoboken, in Baltimore, in Boston, in Jacksonville, in Cedar Rapids, in New Orleans, in San Diego, in Albany, in Buffalo, in Saint Louis, in Topeka, in Pittsburgh, in Rochester, in Saint Joseph, in Santa Fé, in Denver, in Philadelphia, as well as from looking out of the train on the waters of Salt Lake, or on the windings of the Susquehanna, or on the strangely colored deserts of Arizona, is something more formidable than mere eccentricity. I have learned to fall back upon the elements as craftily as a red man, to think of religion all the time as obstinately as a black man, to keep my own affairs to myself as shrewdly as a Quaker, shamelessly to express myself and profoundly to conceal myself just as Whitman used to do, and above all to grow more and more stark in my acceptance of myself in my ultimate loneliness as a queer "guy." Farewell to America!

But a certain proud grim humor, as "unsquared" by the devils as it is "unsquared" by the angels, that I have learned over there I shall go on hugging against the inmost ribs of my being until the day of my death. I have learned from the aboriginals of America and from the colored people of America and from the stoical farmers of America that it is possible to detach yourself with an indifference that might be regarded as cosmogonic "slickness" from the whole "Triad," as the old Welsh Bards would call them, of the three "great curses" of modern existence: the superstitious obsequiousness in the presence of science, lending itself to such a monstrous crime against our conscience as vivisection, the superstitious obsequiousness in the presence of public opinion, destructive of the individual soul, and the superstitious obsequiousness before the material universe, blighting to the experiments of the spirit. I know the abominations—who better than I?—of the great Republic to which I am kissing my hand in farewell. I know the weird, ghastly, appalling feeling that comes upon you so often in America when you get a sensation of sick terror in the presence of the work of men's hands. Such works often strike me as so garish and so artificial compared with the ways of nature as to evoke that peculiar shudder that turns human flesh into "goose-flesh" when it is confronted by objects that have a shocking reality and yet seem to have so little connection with the normal realities of life that they resemble the sight of a corpse extended at length in a well-appointed bath, or the sight of an advertisement of some toilet article scrawled across an altar-front.

And yet, in a sense that is really abysmal, you drink up, as you cross those titanic expanses, the sense of a positively dizzy freedom, freedom not only from political human traditions and social human traditions, *but from the human point of view itself!* Yes, this is the gist of the matter; this is the crux; this is the rub. I can never, never, *never* repay the debt I owe America in the inmost penetralia of my soul. For the enormous mass of the soil of America has itself poured into me a formidable kind of super-magic—not "black" nor "white," but beyond them both! It is as though the excess of magnetism, exuding from a continued contact with such an enormous segment of planetary matter as this huge continent supplies, turns a person into a sort of cosmogonic medicine-man. The salt water, washing the cliffs and pebbles and sands of my native land, acts, on the contrary, it may easily be, as an electric "transformer," diverting, modifying, mitigating, diluting, the magnetism of the earth-substance.

But with its sky above your head so much further away, and its earth-surface below your feet a thousand times more overpowering, continuous contact with America isolates a person from the nuances of human society, paralyzes and numbs and atrophies his more fussy social and normal antennæ, till it really does *de-humanize* him a little!

For even if the crimes committed in America are a thousand times more violent, more numerous, more appalling, than those committed in England, even if the attitude towards cheating and lying and stealing in America is far more recklessly and childishly indulgent than in England, even if existence in America is a wild chaos compared with the orderliness of England, it still remains that you can sink your soul down behind the desolate litter, the ghastly realism, the mad idealism, and the Panurge-like cynicisms, till it touches a hidden spring of the purest, simplest, shyest water of life, a spring that is not only hidden, but is, in a true sense, *inland*.

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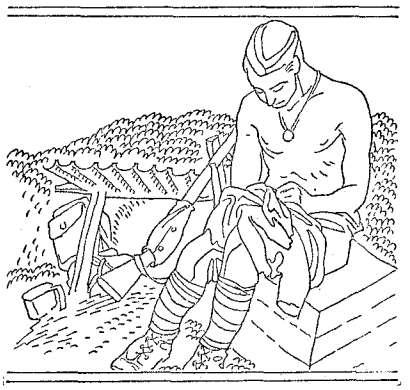
The Case for the Soldier

A Commentary on Critics

By Major John W. Thomason, Jr.

U. S. M. C.

A soldier defends the profession of arms and replies to some of the criticisms which have been hurled at military men. Without defending war as an institution, he comments particularly upon the quality of recent anti-war advertising



THERE are always two wars: the last one, and the next to be fought. Current life now dates itself pre-1914 or post-1918, and we have not yet been able to assess the cost, or to estimate the results, of the World War, now designated by certain authorities as the First World War. In Europe and Asia the kindling is piled and ready for a lighted match; and restlessness runs through Africa; and the Americas wait uneasily upon the event. More men stand under arms than marched in 1914. The armaments of sea and air have been renovated and extended, and new and dreadful appliances for killing, unimagined by the simple, earnest warriors of twenty years ago, wait to be disclosed.

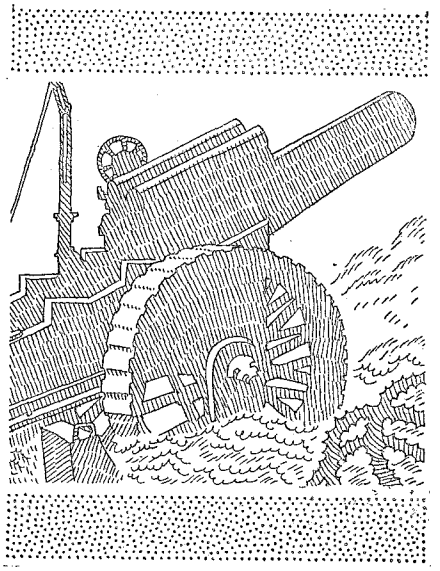
The volume of war talk and war writing is very great. Commentators are hampered by an inability to forecast the line-up: who will fight whom, and for what: but the confusion of international relations affords a free field for speculation and surmise. The Cassandras point with alarm; the nationalists fulminate and thunder; and economists, statesmen, pacifists, and even generals and admirals attain the widest publicity for their views. It is quite possible that the next war, lacking more cogent reason, may simply be talked into being.

Much of the discussion proceeds from uninstructed sentimentalists, who run the scale from rhapsody to hysteria. Some of it is mischievous and conceivably dangerous. Some of it is informed and useful. The hopeful thing about it is that we begin to look with attention at the trend of affairs. Hitherto, Americans have been largely disinterested in matters beyond their personal concerns, and our previous wars have surprised us profoundly.

As one studies these popular expressions, it is seen that they follow two channels, both condemnatory in principle. The first is directed against the institution of war, and the second assails the military profession. This is unfortunate, because to condemn an institution, and everything connected with it, is not to eradicate it, unless another expedient is substituted for the purpose that it serves.

II

The institution of war is one of the oldest of human activities. Soldiers locked in an infantry tussle revert simply and naturally to the Stone Age; and populations in the grip of war psychology react, in hate and fear and frantic courage and galvanic energy, as Stone Age folk. When the Western civilization emerged from barbarism, warfare was the business and recreation of the nobility and gentry. It became the major weapon of the kings, but the Wars of the Spanish Succession were about the last of the purely dynastic assaults upon society. Warfare got out of hand in the German religious troubles, and devastated sections of Europe with a thoroughness not exceeded by the late World War. Then, for some centuries, professionals did the fighting as political instruments, economically and, on the whole, humanely. The populace took control with those wars ushered in by the French Revolution, and in its popular form war became intolerably burdensome to whole peoples. Where Marlborough and Eugene operated in narrow theaters, with neat, restrained formations, Napoleon loosed upon Europe hordes that ate up the land like grasshoppers, and mounted battles that imposed prohibitive drains upon national birthrates. The hideous mass slaughters and destructions of the World War, the war of physical and economic exhaustion, are the logical projections of the institution in its modern or parliamentary form. It is doubtful that Western civilization can endure such another ordeal, and emerge recognizable.



An incorporated organization with a mellifluous name has, recently, published a series of full-color pictures in the advertising sections of the slick-paper magazines. I recall one, the work of a skilful color-photographer, with ideal models at his disposal. A fine young woman, tastefully gowned in figured silk, tosses her man-child high, to his delight: he waves his rattle and crows gleefully. His blue rompers are appealingly tight on him, and his arms and legs are chubby, and his hair is dusty gold. Across the picture is scrawled in letters of angry red: *To Be Killed In Action*. Two quarter-columns of small print, lower left, balance the composition, and the hand of the go-getting ad-writer is evident, with his heart-throb stop pulled out: "No—he's never going to grow up at all. If

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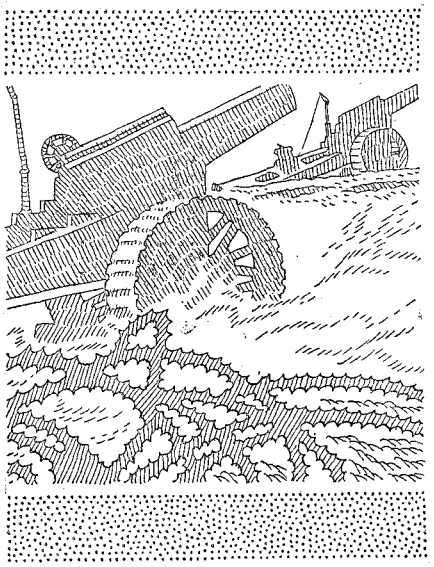
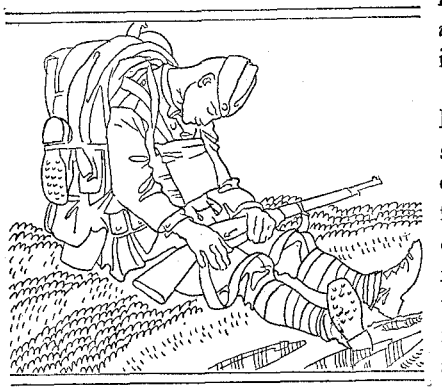


another war comes, he and his mother and thousands like them are going to die in action." Then the reader is chillingly informed that there will be no non-combatants in the next war; that wide-cruising submarines and bombing planes will laugh at front lines: that gas—"gas so powerful that one drop on your skin will kill you—will not be particular whose skin it touches." There will be no glory and no victory. Hysterical protests, it continues, will not avert another war, nor will preparedness. Then it mentions reason and intelligence in high terms, and says the advertisers have a plan: send in your name and address.

One concedes admiringly the artistic and mechanical skill behind this spread: but the whole thing is hysteria, of the purest ray. Submarines are still aquatic in their habits, and the bombing plane, although improved considerably beyond the types of 1918, remains an auxiliary weapon of known characteristics and strict limitations. Our chemists, patient and capable fellows though they are, have not yet discovered the fatal military essence therein described. The next war will be mechanized to a greater degree than the last one, the civilian population will be more efficiently regimented, and the operations will be, as they always have been, difficult and dangerous to many; fatal to some. The American automobile knocks over more Americans every year than were killed in action by the Germans throughout our participation in the World War. The little chap of the colored picture is more likely to be cut down by a roadster in the street, outside his mother's suburban home, than to be shot in battle.

Along the same lines were the horror pictures, which lately disfigured the Sunday supplements: corpses in every stage of disintegration and disarray. My young son, a regrettable militarist because most of his short life has been spent within the sound of the bugles, tired of them after the second week.



"Bunch of old stiffs," he remarked, searching for the Funnies, "who wants to look at them?"

Such measures are not effective towards the prevention or the eradication of war. Men can neither be frightened nor horrified into any permanent change in their behavior.

No normal person wants war. It is doubtful that even the participants have enjoyed a modern conflict, after about the first three weeks. The people at home dislike it. They eat cornbread and endure meatless days, and pay war taxes, and search for casualty lists through headlines studded with unfamiliar names out of the Marne salient. The embattled patriots dislike it. They are brought under arms, these days, by draft laws with teeth in them, galled by the yoke of the military ritual and the slings of their combat packs, loaded like mules with lethal equipment, and subjected to alternations of exhausting labor, profound boredom, and dangerous episodes. The Roman plebs probably complained under equivalent annoyances while Cæsar's communiqués were coming down from Thither Gaul, and the Tenth Legion doubtless met its misfortunes with the same glum obscenities the Fifth Marines uttered in the same area two thousand years later. In a word, the essential characteristics of human nature have changed, in recorded history, very little more than the essential principles of war.

But war is, if not a normal activity of mankind, an habitual one. There are statistics somewhere to show how many wars have been fought in the last two thousand years, and they average at least one of importance to every generation. It is the expedient adopted for decision when a group reaches an impasse in its affairs with other groups. Men become weary of talking, and they fight. War, if no longer literally the *ultima ratio regum,* is still the ultimate instrument of national policy.

The case for war is briefly stated. Disregarding the consideration that some very noble virtues have flowered out of warfare, and that many of our finest examples of unselfish devotion to creed and principle derive from the military annals, it is a fact that, in a world where aspiration invariably outruns achievement, war gets things done, and gets them done in a large and spectacular way. War is the agent of decision. The political structure of our world has been shaped with the sword.

There is a school of historians who contend that the progress of the race, as pointed by decisive events, is the result of ideas, implanted and nourished patiently through slow generations by thoughtful men; and they quote a very able soldier, Napoleon, to the effect that ideas rule the world. But, going further, they minimize or deny the importance of military episodes; suppress them in their narratives, or reduce them to the briefest mention; so that wars intrude upon the record as stupid butcheries, unrelated to events before or after. The tendency of modern instruction is toward this school, rather than away from it. Youth, so educated, is denied knowledge of an occupation which has engaged a very large portion of the race's energy and resources. When this generation must in its turn face war, it will lack the historical background essential to an intelligent appraisal of existing situations. Here appears a dangerous and palpable absurdity. Too few of us read history.

As a concrete example of the way ideas and historical trends are affected by warfare, there are the Punic Wars. Two civilizations, the Phœnician at Carthage and the Latin at Rome, grew together on the Mediterranean shores in the dawn of history. One was Asiatic, the other European. They fought it out at length, and the debate between

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Scipio and Hannibal, terminated at Zama, was of sufficiently vast consequence to the world. To understand the Roman system of war is to understand the Roman people, with their strengths and their weaknesses. The waging of war is pre-eminently the measure of social stamina and economic organization.

There were the great assaults of the east upon the west: Attila, who rolled into France as far as Châlons, and was stopped on the Marne by Ætius and the Roman counts; and the Mohammedans, who surged out of Africa and over Spain, and came to Tours, where Charles Martel met them. Charlemagne was the grandson of that Charles the Hammer, and his elevation induced large events.

The modern historians hold up to admiration old Martin Luther, pondering upon the iniquities of Holy Church, until he nailed his ninety-odd theses to the door of Wittenberg Church: but without Gustavus Adolphus and his long-legged Swedish brigadiers, the Great Reformation would have languished. And no college of theologians or learned clerks went out to argue the matter when the Armada stood into the Narrow Seas. Lord Thomas Howard the High Admiral of England, with Drake and Hawkins and Fenner and Frobisher, and the gentles and commons of England, in *Arkroyal* and *Swiftsure* and *Warspite,* and fifty Queen's ships more, fell from the western ports upon the Armada's flank, and saved the English land and the English speech from the cold hand of Spain. Behind the smoke of that fight, Sir Francis Bacon was safe to write gravely of grave things, and young Will Shakespeare free to muse in English lanes and dream long dreams. The Elizabethans would have written in any event, being highly expressive people; but if they had been obliged to carry on under the threat of a Spanish pike, their output would have been propaganda.

In the United States, the decisive characteristic of war has been peculiarly direct. We owe our existence to a certain aptitude for fighting. The cerebrations of Benjamin Franklin and of Jefferson, and the eloquence of Patrick Henry, together with the invincible disinclination of the American people to pay taxes, and the stupidities of the Crown, all wrought powerfully together to launch us upon the national career.

But, lacking General Washington and his much-enduring continental formations, and a very timely French expeditionary force under De Grasse and Rochambeau, and the impressive naval adventures of John Paul Jones off the English coast, the philosophers and politicos and orators of the Revolution would have finished in the hands of His Majesty's constabulary, rather than in the Pantheon of the Founding Fathers.

We had the southwestern quadrant of the United States from Mexico, in a war that it is the fashion to call mean and shabby. The War between the States cannot be ignored, either. Its causes were inherent in our social fabric; and if, as my Confederate grandfather used to say, it could, and should, have been fought out in Congress, the ultimate debate was in the field. We are still struggling with its consequences. Immigration from central Europe flooded upon us, to fill the spaces left vacant by its battle casualties. The conception of centralized government, which now shapes our internal economies, was the thing that triumphed at Gettysburg. The Confederacy was put down by force of arms. The decision at Appomattox was a military decision, and there has been no appeal from it.

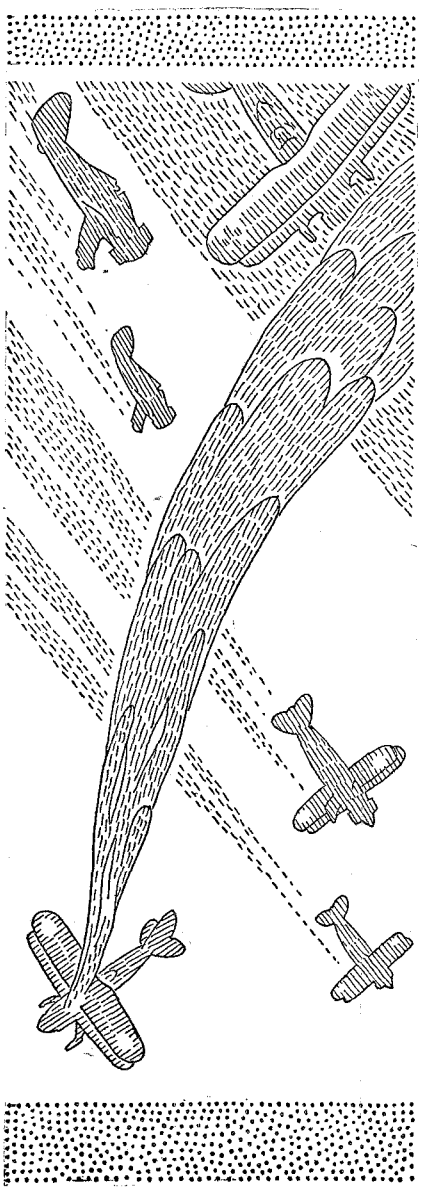
In our own time, military operations have brought to us our sphere of influence in the Caribbean—including the Panama Canal; and, whether for good or evil, our foothold in the Pacific. We were more than spectators in the recent crash of three great empires: the German, the Russian, and the Austro-Hungarian. And there is war news in this morning's paper.

The conflict of ideas is vague, and open to many interpretations, giving safe and congenial employment to colleges of accomplished persons. But when the conflict of ideas is armed, and proceeds to a military decision, you have a fact. Sooner or later, facts have to be faced.

The force of ideas is undeniable. But an idea without a weapon in its hand can be drastically deflected by the local *gendarmerie.* The historians may ignore war, the humanists deplore it, and the young gentlemen in colleges pass resolutions against it; but all human experience indicates a recurrence of military episodes. In one hundred and fifty-eight years, the Republic has fought six formal wars; or one about every twenty-six years. There is nothing valid to assure us that another will not develop in due season.

III

It may be conceded that the institution of war exists because it serves a purpose; and that it will continue to exist until something more effective is devised in the way of adjusting national differences. It follows that, once involved in the resort to arms, a nation had better win than lose. Deplorable as war is, to have imposed upon one people the will of another is probably worse. The professional military man



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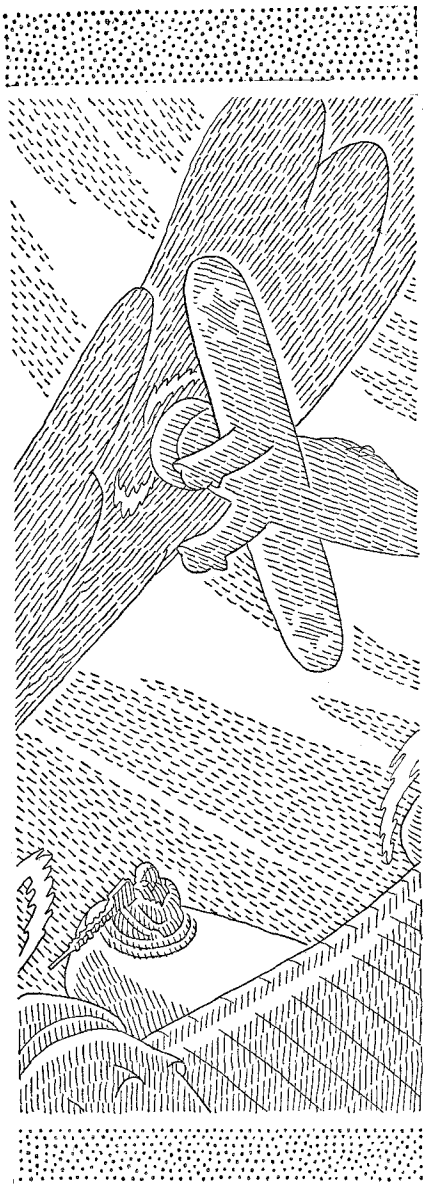

has been entrusted with the problem of national security, and it is his mission successfully to prosecute such military enterprises as his people see fit to undertake.

The professional soldiers and sailors of this country are a singularly self-contained and inoffensive group, connected in no way with any one region or caste, but constituting in fact a cross-section of the whole population. The Army, as the buffalo and the Indian, subsists remotely on reservations. The Navy is at sea, or concentrated in a few navy yards and shore stations. Their personnel seldom write letters to the papers, or publish books on other than professional subjects, or engage in politics, or otherwise poach upon the legitimate pursuits and pleasures of the civilian population. The occasional exceptions to this rule are conspicuous because they are exceptions, rather than otherwise. Their social record is commendable, and their standards of education and physical fitness rather high. They have their regrettable members, in common with other callings, but some of them have deserved well of the Republic for activities outside the military province. Matthew Fontaine Maury was a naval officer, Walter Reed and Colonel Ashford, Army surgeons, and Colonel Eads an Army engineer. The American Corps of Officers has never set up a "Man on Horseback," or threatened with bayonets the liberties of a free people.

These considerations do not save them from assaults against their professional competence, a quarter in which they are rightly sensitive. Aside from their professional competence, they have no reason to exist.

It is difficult to focus upon a blanket condemnation. Here, however, is an article, selected because it is typical of such assaults, and perhaps better informed than most. It is one of three such essays in a single issue of a widely circulated American magazine.

The author, who has a doctor's degree, and is a professor of history, ingeniously identifies himself as an "armchair critic," "the *bête-noir* of the professional military man." When attacked by armchair critics, he continues, "professional soldiers show the same lofty sort of resentment that a college of surgeons would demonstrate towards an intruding chiropractor at one of their own post-mortems." His figure seems to me well-chosen.

He opens with a quotation from Dean Swift, the eminent satirist, to the condensed effect that education and soldiers are incompatible. There are, of course, soldiers and soldiers, but I have heard them say, in the detail office recently, that all the officers are either in professional schools, about to go to school, or just coming away. This, when they were making up a force for some special mission or other.

There follows the youthful reminiscence of an occasion when the author sat at the feet of a "great non-professional soldier," Commandant Christian De Wet, and heard him talk of the South African operations, in which British Regulars were defeated and Camberly Staff reputations humbled in the dust by the valiant Commandant and his informal but talented comrades. War, he reports the Commandant as saying, is entirely common sense; and by inference, the Regular is devoid of common sense.

It is recalled that there was a warm and tender sentiment twoards the Boers, in this country, and also towards the late Sandino, in Nicaragua—underdogs, and all that. But you reflect that the Africanders lost their war. Their system of fighting may have been intelligent and even brilliant, but it failed to establish South African independence, directly because it lacked those qualities which the British Regulars and the Camberly Staff possessed. One recurs to the proposition that, if you must fight, it is best to win.

The Doctor then proceeds to more serious matter. Other professions, he notes, expand and flourish through healthy criticism, while in the military field criticism is ruled out in the interests of discipline. He cites, in proof, passages from the ever-delightful Jean de Pierrefeu, a Frenchman who, after brief combat experience, found employment for his talents at the French GQG, drafting official communiqués for the press.

De Pierrefeu was not a professional soldier—he was a journalist. He is admittedly an authority on the backstairs gossip of great headquarters, exceeded in that field by Colonel Repington alone. But he is hardly an authority on the system of military education obtaining in the service schools. Criticism is the salient feature of such instruction. The comments of the umpires, delivered to the classes of student officers after battle problems, are savage and cogent, and the broadest sort of discussion is stimulated. Yet it is not the fashion for an instructor to say: "This is *the* approved solution." He says: "This is *an* approved solution." If the Doctor would wangle a course at the Army War College in his sabbatical year, I believe he might revise his opinions. He would certainly find it less dangerous to voice dissentient views before a military staff than to a faculty meeting under a vigorous dean. Nor would he, I think, hold his chair of history very long if he differed too widely from the accepted policies of his university. One recalls cases outside the profession of arms, of very notable

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savants. . . . More to the point is the story told the other day by an officer of ours, returned this year from a course in the *Ecole Supérieure de Guerre*. In one of the final problems for his class, he was detailed to act as Chief of Staff to a *Corps d'Armée*. Marshal Pétain, present to observe the exercises, was pressed into service as this Major's operations officer. Later, the Major mentioned the incident to a French fellow student, because Pétain's name is one of the great names. *"Eh bien,"* says the Frenchman, "that old fellow! Was he any good?"

It is true that commanders notably exhibit impatience with divergent views among their subordinates, after the troops have entered the zone of action. There has to be a central control in war, and the convention of discipline. It is reported that the Russians brought open discussion and the sweet reasonableness of the forum to the front-line trench, and had no profit of it. The Doctor mourns for Sir Horace Smith-Dorien, a fine and skilful corps commander, who differed from Sir John French in the Marne battles, and was sent home. But Sir John French commanded the B. E. F., and in war there is no place for minority reports, nor any second prize in battle. More to the point would have been the case of Lanrezac, commander of the French Fifth Army at the opening of the war. Lanrezac was one of the most able of the French generals, and a famous teacher and expounder of the military art in pre-war years. His station in the opening phase, in 1914, was on the left flank of Joffre's line of armies. While the Staff launched the abortive French offensive through Lorraine and Alsace, Lanrezac divined the German thrust through Belgium. From covering the unguarded north, he was compelled to come into line with the rest of the French armies, turning aside from the real danger. Both as a patriot and a soldier, his ordeal was frightful. He was right, and he knew it; and he was powerless. When Joffre, who had a brusque way with discordant subordinates, removed him, he acquiesced. Somebody must be boss, and give the orders. The same principle applies to railroading, and navigation, and teaching school.

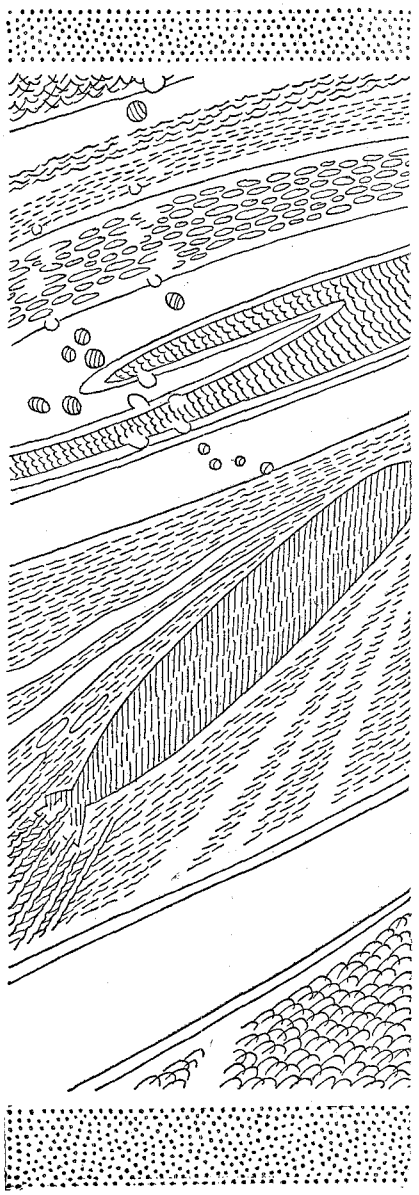
In the second section, the Doctor goes to sea. It is immediately apparent that he has read the works of Sir Percy Scott, disgruntled because the Admiralty failed to adopt his naval patents; and of Sir Reginald Bacon, whose career was in its outcome a disappointment. Why didn't the British Navy modernize its gun-mounts, and why were their target frames imperfectly constructed, and why did they carry sails into the age of steam? Charges more grave, to the rim of national disaster, might be brought against British conservatism, in circles wider than the Admiralty. But for all the superior elevation of the German guns, and the fine internal construction of the German ships, the Germans lost the Naval War, as they lost the war on land. War is more than a matter of ballistics. And there is German opinion that von Tirpitz was wildly wrong himself, in matters of armament, ship-construction, and naval administration.

The Doctor cites the belated adoption, by the British Navy, of Captain Colomb's hydrostatic valve in the firing mechanism of the submarine mine. Some of our naval people think it should never have been adopted at all: one of our destroyer skippers had a moving experience with the Colomb device, when a British mine exploded prematurely under his fantail, and very nearly blew his stern off. Officers, personally and professionally responsible for national security, are quite likely to be conservative, and they ought to be.

Further glorifying the amateur over the professional, the Doctor asserts that the fisherfolk of England, in drifters and trawlers, sank more submarines than any other class of vessel in the British Navy. But, according to official records, they didn't. The largest bag for any one class went to the British submarines themselves in submarine duels.

Getting his teeth into more solid matter, the Doctor discusses the French concept of war in 1914; poor de Grandmaison's doctrine of the offensive; the romantic red pantaloons, the lack of machine-guns, the horse-hair crests of the French heavy cavalry—and Plan XVII, the plan that Joffre took to war. One sees that he has studied with attention Repington, and Churchill, and Liddell Hart. Also, I think, Maurice. None of them, at the time, had any better schemes to offer. There is the story of Joffre's reply, when M. Poincairé reproached him: "You assured us, my General, that it would be a short war—an affair of four months!" "M. Le Président," says Joffre, "it appears that I was mistaken."

Old Joffre's ineptitudes particularly distress the Doctor, and he gives instances of Joffre's persistent wrong-headedness. But let it not be forgotten that Joffre, with Plan XVII gone disastrously to pieces in his hands, with northern France inundated, and the enemy battering at the eastern gates, kept his blood cold and his head clear, and was able to recognize opportunity, to halt his mutilated columns, and to pass—always the most difficult operation in battle—from the defensive to



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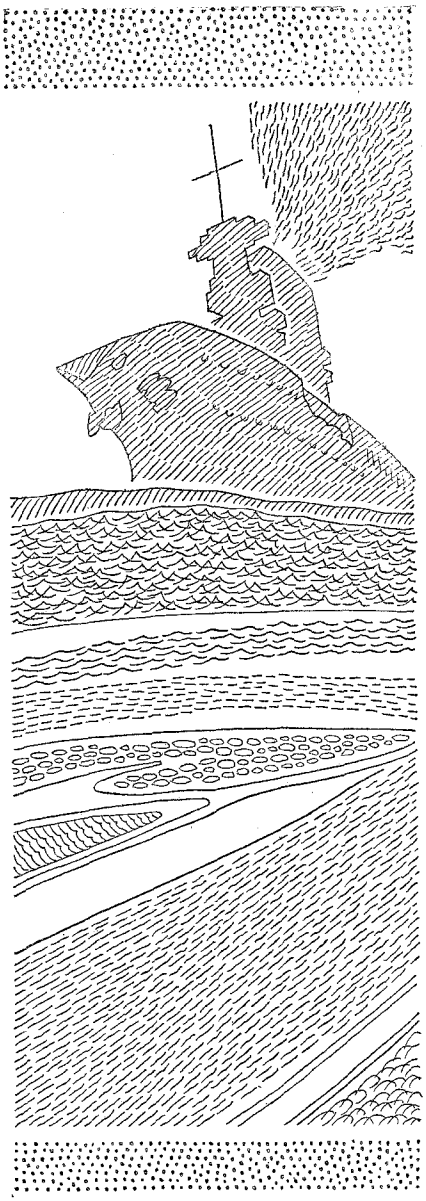

successful counter-attack. Joffre, in his time, saved France and the rest of us with her: while the civilian heads of government were running south and west by every available conveyance.

There is another point, notably not considered by the Doctor. In war there are at least two sides. The enemy enters into all situations. Many excellent Allied plans were upset by the Germans, and in this respect the Germans also had their difficulties. The soldier, like the business executive, proceeds as far as he can in his planning by exact data and demonstrable facts. Beyond a certain point, he encounters the imponderables, the incalculable factors of weather and morale, which are decisive elements in every equation. Beyond these stands the enemy, ready to comment upon his solution with the most emphatic sort of military criticism. When the armaments are equal, and the human factor about equal in weight and training, the chances for deadlock exceed the chances for decision. Only transcendent genius on one side or the other can be depended upon to incline the balance.

In the World War, there were many excellent technicians, but no genius in whom burned the flame of Bonaparte, or Ghengiz, or Hannibal. Brave and able commanders did not lack, but they, no less than their soldiers, were the victims of the machine age, which had grown beyond all the old techniques, economic as well as military.

If it was stupidity not to foresee that monstrous deployment without flanks, from Switzerland to the Belgian dunes, where the nations wallowed for four years in slaughter, the soldiers have been the earliest critics, and the best informed. It is von Seekt, the distinguished German general, who observes that, for all the universal levy in mass, the war did not end with the decisive destruction of the enemy on the field of battle, but rather in exhaustion, when the springs which fed to one of the combatants its personnel, its material, and its morale, dried up behind it. Is it necessary, he asks, for whole nations to hurl themselves upon one another whenever recourse to arms is unavoidable? "The soldier must ask himself," he concludes, "whether those giant armies can ever be maneuvered in accordance with a strategy that seeks a decision, and whether it is possible for any future war between these masses to end otherwise than in indecisive rigidity." And here it is the proved soldier, not the armchair critic, who goes to the root of the matter and seeks the solution.

The Doctor's final paragraphs detail the triumph, so to speak, of unarmed forces: how a civilian is to be credited with the initial impulse of the tanks; with the tactical use of poison gas (and may that civilian fry in hell for it—the military have invariably owned a feeling for the decencies); and for trench helmets; and for the increase in machine-gun armament, another excessively destructive idea. Couldn't the civilians have minded their own business? He flings a wreath to T. E. Lawrence, the non-professional, "who rallied the Arabs and broke up the Turks." The operations of Colonel Lawrence were admirably effective, and projected along approved strategic lines, but without the support of Allenby's formal army, his career would have been merely rural assassination on a grandiose scale. One gathers that the stupid professional soldiers did nothing about this war, except to fight it.

The Doctor closes on a picture of the military professionals: "with pride undimmed by their performance on the world-stage from 1914–1918 . . . studying their time-worn dogmas, harnessing their potential man-power to outmoded chariots, and looking wistfully toward a new Armageddon." There is, he concludes, only one voice raised in warning against their shortcomings: the voice of the armchair critic.

I would submit certain corrections. Our generals and admirals are not looking wistfully towards any such thing. There is no class of people on earth so inclined to seek peace and pursue it, as our military professionals. They have seen war, and they know about it. In this country, the military is subordinate to the civil authority, and ought to be: our regular soldiers and sailors have never brought about a war. With the sureness of experience, they consider that, if we do get into one, it is best to win it. Their record is respectable: somehow they have brought the United States victorious out of such wars as we have fought. In the sense that the basic principles of war do not change, they follow ancient dogmas. But the material of war has changed a great deal, and the armchair critic would find it instructive to visit an Army ordnance demonstration, or to observe a maneuver of the Fleet; or to compare the showing the combat services made in 1917 with, say, 1898; or the administration and supply methods and results of 1918 with 1865. Let him look at the record. It is a thing that critics, armchair and otherwise, seldom examine, either with thoroughness or with open mind.

[NOTE: The opinions or assertions contained in this article are the private ones of the writer and are not to be construed as official or reflecting the views of the Navy Department or the naval service at large.]

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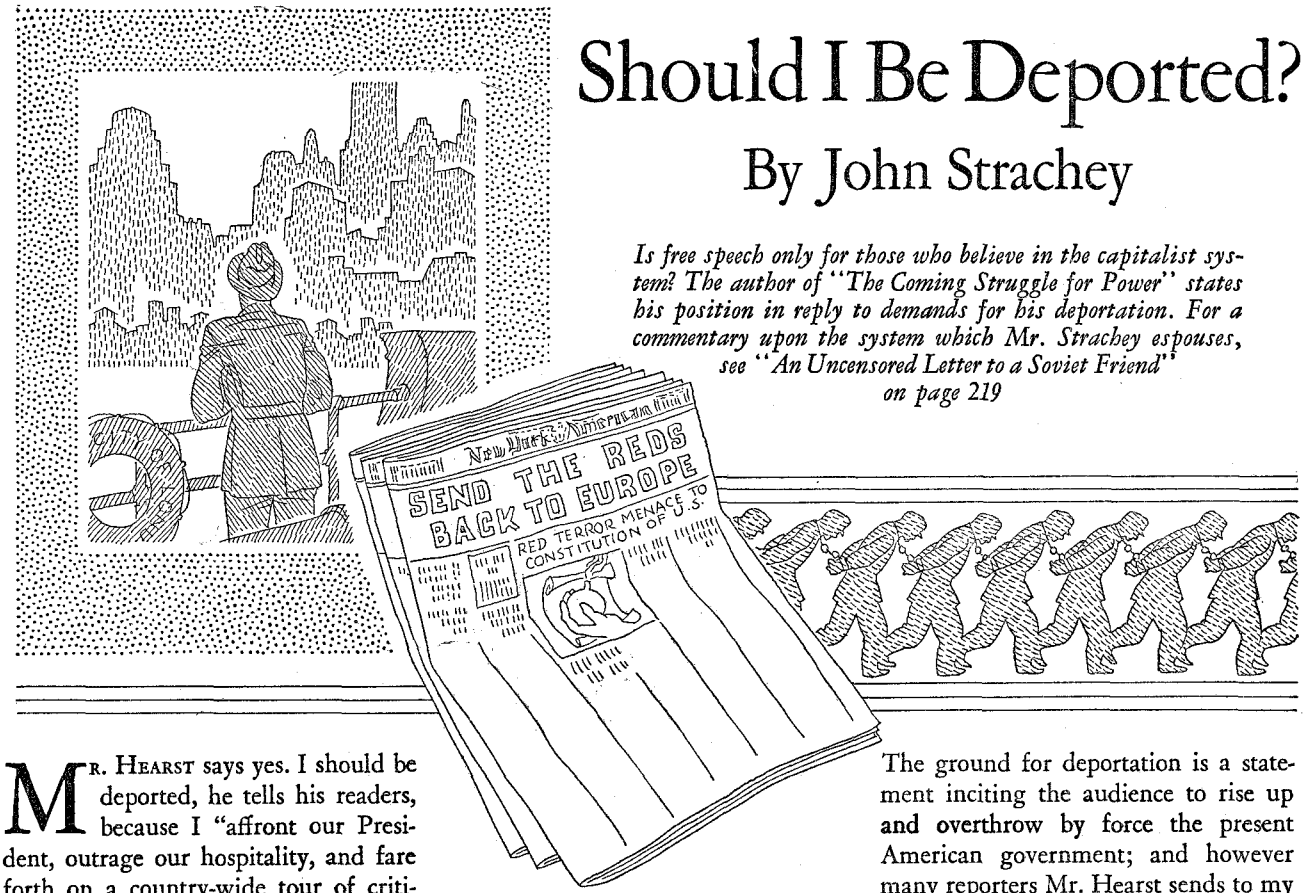
Should I Be Deported?

By John Strachey

Is free speech only for those who believe in the capitalist system? The author of "The Coming Struggle for Power" states his position in reply to demands for his deportation. For a commentary upon the system which Mr. Strachey espouses, see "An Uncensored Letter to a Soviet Friend" *on page 219*



MR. HEARST says yes. I should be deported, he tells his readers, because I "affront our President, outrage our hospitality, and fare forth on a country-wide tour of criticism and assault upon our institutions and the foundations upon which our government rests."

The question of whether I should be deported or not is in itself of little importance to any one except myself. I think, however, that certain issues of principle lie behind the question which are worth discussion. Let us then examine Mr. Hearst's charges. He first accuses me of affronting President Roosevelt. The only evidence he is able to submit of this charge is that in an interview I remarked that the President seemed to me politically clever. It is interesting that such a statement is now regarded as an accusation. A friend of mine suggested that I ought to contradict Hearst's accusation. I replied that I could not state, in order to please Mr. Hearst, that on reconsideration I had come to the conclusion that Mr. Roosevelt was politically stupid. Such a statement would not only be rude, but grossly untrue. Mr. Roosevelt is certainly an extremely able politician.

To come to Mr. Hearst's more serious charge, however: Am I making "assault upon our institutions and the foundations upon which our government rests"? Let me first make it clear that I never deliver political speeches while in the United States of America. I have sometimes taken part in English politics. I have, that is to say, sometimes urged my fellow countrymen to take one political course of action rather than another. But it would be quite unbecoming for a foreign lecturer to enter American politics in any such way, and I should never dream of doing so. What American audiences employ me to do is to give them, to the best of my ability, a scientific and accurate account of certain modern political theories and movements. They want an account of Fascism, an account of Communism, an analysis of the causes of modern war, and of the present difficulties of the capitalist system, and this is what I endeavor to give them. Naturally, I do not attempt to conceal my own opinions on these matters, or pretend to an impossible impartiality. Nobody is impartial upon these vital issues of modern life; they are merely hypocritical if they pretend to be. But I certainly do attempt to give, for example, an account of what the Fascists claim for their movement as well as a criticism of this claim.

I am informed that there is nothing in the present American law which makes it illegal to deliver such lectures. The ground for deportation is a statement inciting the audience to rise up and overthrow by force the present American government; and however many reporters Mr. Hearst sends to my lectures he will not find me making any such statements. Hence it appears that if Mr. Hearst wishes me deported he must alter the law. He must make it a crime to criticise the present workings of the capitalist system; for this system is that "foundation," I take it, to which he refers, and on which he says his government "rests."

And certainly it is true that my account of the capitalist system is critical. Now, at present it is not a crime in either Britain or in America to make such a criticism of the existing system. But it is a crime to do so, for example, in Germany and Italy; and Mr. Hearst, and similar persons in Great Britain, evidently wish to make such criticism a crime in these countries also.

This, then, is the important issue which is raised in principle by the very unimportant question of whether or not I ought to be deported. And it is this issue: namely, should we or should we not retain our liberty to criticise the workings of our present economic system, which I desire to place squarely before the readers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

It may, perhaps, be possible to lay down two propositions which will secure general consent. They are: first,

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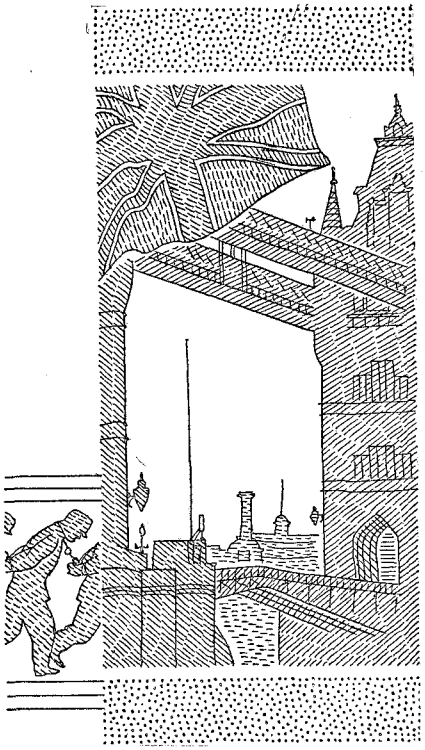

that our present social and economic arrangements are not working satisfactorily; that they are, indeed, working so unsatisfactorily that alteration sooner or later will be necessary if human civilization is to develop, or even, perhaps, continue to survive; and second, that it is desirable to make these necessary alterations with the minimum possible amount of social disturbance, economic dislocation, and above all, civil and international violence. Now, contrary to many people's sincerely held opinions, the second of these propositions is as strongly subscribed to by all responsible Communists as is the first. A Communist is as keen as the most extreme pacifist on minimizing the degree of violence which will occur and which is now occurring in the world, and for a very good reason: he is likely to be the chief sufferer from both civil and international violence. But the Communist holds very different views from the pacifist, and, indeed, from the liberal, on how the amount of present and future violence being used in the world can be minimized.

All those of us who hold the Communist point of view believe that certain scientific discoveries, strictly comparable to the great basic discoveries of physics and biology, were made during the last century in the young sciences of economics and sociology. We believe that these sciences were put on their feet by the elucidation of certain basic laws. In just the same way the science of physics was established on a rational basis by Newton's law of gravity, and the science of biology was established by Darwin's theory of evolution. The analogous discovery in the field of economics was, we maintain, made by Marx when he elucidated what he called "the law of motion of modern society."

Incidentally, I believe that the comparison of Marx's discovery with Newton's and Darwin's is illuminating, as showing not only what Communists claim for Marx's work, but what they do not claim. Just as no physicist or biologist would dream that he was slighting the achievement of Newton or Darwin because he worked at the development of physics and biology, so no Marxist supposes that Marx's work has become out of date because Lenin and others have developed it and applied it to the present condition of capitalism, which has changed perceptibly since Marx's day. Marxists, in other words, again contrary to a widely held view, are not the inheritors of a dead body of dogma, but of a living, struggling, developing science.

Marx, we believe, discovered certain laws which were working themselves out and which have since, to a great extent, worked themselves out in the development of capitalism. Moreover these laws work independently of the wills of human beings. Marx, we believe, discovered that certain results were bound to occur if and when you collected together a number of entrepreneurs, or capitalists, each owning means of production, and each employing a group of wage-workers, and set them to exchanging their products on a free market.

He believed that quite independently of the good will or ill will of the capitalists concerned, such an economic system must develop in a certain way. To particularize, he believed that such a system must from the start be subject to periodic crises of glut in which the capitalists would be unable to sell their products, and large blocks of capital and vast numbers of workers would become unemployed. He believed that as the system developed these crises of glut must become ever more severe and devastating. He believed further that the number of competing entrepreneurs independently owning means of production would become smaller; that this process would go on to a point wherein competition within certain branches of production would die down and even, in some cases, disappear altogether and be succeeded by the monopolistic ownership of all the means of production in this particular branch.

Marx believed further that these two tendencies, viz., towards instability on the one hand, and monopoly on the other, would make it more and more impossible for the capitalists both to obtain an adequate return of profit on the ever growing masses of capital which they employed, and to allow sufficient purchasing power to the non-capitalist elements of the population to enable them to buy the products of industry. This difficulty of obtaining a market for industry's ever growing product would, Marx believed, create ever growing tensions between the various national capitalist groups, and would drive them to seek for the outlet of foreign markets. As the number of these available outlets, provided by undeveloped countries, diminished, the tension between each of the capitalist nations would grow ever greater, and would result in worldwide wars.

Marx, it is extraordinary to remember, worked out this theory in the 1850's and '60's, when capitalism was at its most triumphant. None of the developments which he stated to be inevitable was yet apparent to almost any one else. Today, however, it is possible to verify the truth of Marx's basic "law of motion of modern society," not only by following his train of reasoning, but by observing the law's fulfillment in the world around us. We can all see that capitalism has actually, and on the most gigantic scale, fulfilled Marx's predictions; we can see that a correspondence between Marx's law and the facts is written only too plainly across the whole world. It is written in the too legible handwriting of recurrent crises of ever more widespread destitution and insecurity, and, above all, in the flaming sky-sign of the last war, and in the ever mounting preparations for the next.

Now we Marxists may be right or wrong about all this. Our criticism of capitalism may be well founded or ill founded. Marx's basic "law of motion of modern society" may be true or it may be false. There can, however, be

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no doubt of the importance of this question. Surely, if there is even a possibility that Marx's law is true it deserves the very closest examination. For there can be no doubt that if it is true, then the only way in which the present unhappy condition of the world can be ended, and horrors of violence and social decay, a hundred times worse than any we have yet seen, be avoided, is by the abolition of our present economic system. How, then, are we to decide whether Marx's discovery is true or not?

Now, there are two ways by which opponents of Marxism can combat our doctrine. One way is to make a rigorous, searching, and scientific examination of Marxism. Marxists are exceedingly anxious for such an examination of their doctrines. We ask for the very maximum of open discussion and debate; we ask that our theories should be subjected to every conceivable test; that every link in their chain of logic should be tested and re-tested; and, above all, that at every point they should be compared with the reality that they claim to describe and explain.

It is interesting to notice that in the past eminent capitalist thinkers have agreed with us as to the necessity for the fullest examination and discussion of Marxism. Probably the most gifted capitalist critic of Marx's discovery was Profesor Böhm-Bawerk. Böhm-Bawerk was not only one of the greatest capitalist economists who ever lived but was an eminent statesman also. He was Minister of Finance in the Austrian Empire when that empire was still a great power. Böhm-Bawerk himself wrote a closely reasoned book (*Karl Marx and the Close of His System*), specifically attempting to disprove Marx's "law of motion of modern society," and he called for more of such works. Marxism could be disproved, he said, "by the secure linking of causes and effect," and by a close comparison of Marx's theories with the facts of the world. But Böhm-Bawerk's appeal has gone unheeded. There exist no attempts to refute Marxism of an equal seriousness and importance to his own, which was written as far back as 1896. And yet it can hardly be said that Marxism was destroyed by Böhm-Bawerk's attack; for since that time it has become the accepted basis of the intellectual life of one-sixth of the world, and is exciting passionate discussion in the other five-sixths. The professors and other spokesmen of capitalism seem less and less anxious, however, to take up the discussion of Marxism. Though it becomes more and more difficult to do so, they seek to ignore its existence.

But this does not mean that attempts to combat Marxism are not being made. On the contrary, they are being made increasingly, but by another method. In Böhm-Bawerk's own country, Austria, in its greater neighbor, Germany, and throughout Central Europe, the intellectual struggle against Marxism has been abandoned. But the struggle against Marxism is being intensified: it is being carried on by more direct methods; it is being made a crime to discuss the doctrine at all. In Great Britain, also, there are many people who would dearly love to make it illegal to criticise the workings of the present economic system, or to discuss the possibility that Marx had discovered the truth about the nature of that system. And now in America we find that Mr. Hearst, at least, is of the same opinion. He does not at all agree with old Professor Böhm-Bawerk that the maximum of free and scientific discussion will serve to destroy Marxism. On the contrary, he evidently thinks that any one who raises this discussion at all is better deported.

Here, then, we have the issue fairly joined. Are we, as rational, grown men and women, to be allowed to examine our present economic system, to study all the various theories which have been put forward to explain the workings of that system, and decide for ourselves whether or not the system will in future serve our needs? In particular, are we to be forbidden to examine at all the most famous of all those theories? Are we to make up our minds blindly that we must sustain capitalism whatever the consequences? Are we to be forbidden even to examine the question of whether the maintenance of capitalism will necessarily involve us in an unending series of ever worsening crises, one of which must finally plunge the world into war?

Perhaps we Marxists are entirely mistaken in supposing that the very nature of capitalism is such that these must be its fatal consequences. If we are so mistaken, surely sufficiently scientific and rigorous discussion will demonstrate the fact. But surely, if there is even a possibility that we are right, it is unwise to attempt to silence us by force. For if the contentions of Marxism are even approximately true the prospects which sticking to capitalism holds out to all of us are very dreadful.

It appears to me, then, that the American audiences which do me the honor to invite me to discuss these questions with them are in the right of the matter as against Mr. Hearst, who would forbid them to hear me. Certainly only a tiny minority of those I speak to in America are convinced, either before or after I speak to them, of the truth of the Marxist critique of capitalism. The vast majority of Americans, like the vast majority of us in England, are soaked in the capitalist tradition of economic thought. But it is the special quality of Americans that they are willing to experiment; and to experiment intellectually as well as practically. Their minds are genuinely open, they do genuinely desire to hear and discuss unfamiliar theories and views. And it is this willingness to experiment which may enable them to find, sooner than the British people, the one solution to their difficulties: that is, the abolition of the profit or capitalist system. But it is precisely this willingness on the part of the great majority of Americans to examine new views on their merits which so alarms Mr. Hearst. It is this open-mindedness which makes him feel that American audiences must if possible be prevented from discussing and considering the Marxist criticism of capitalism. Americans must make up their minds for themselves whether or not they wish Mr. Hearst to decide on what views they may or may not listen to. I cannot but believe, however, that they will desire to decide to have all the facts and all the theories laid before them, so that they will be in a position to make up their own minds for themselves.

If they do so, if they resist the attempts which will increasingly be made by interested parties to censor the opinions which they may be permitted to hear, if they refuse to allow their sources of information to be hand-picked for them by Mr. Hearst or by any one else, they will certainly perform a very great service not only to themselves but to the whole world. Communists believe that

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that degree of dislocation and violence, which class history teaches us has hitherto always accompanied the breakdown of one form of society and the building up of another, is very greatly attributable to the fact that the mass of the population has always hitherto been denied effective access to the true facts of the situation. Thus the vast majority of mankind have always entered such periods of rapid social change blindly and without conscious realization of what was happening to themselves, and to their world. Thus they have perforce fought out their conflicts, blundered desperately into international and civil strife, bled and died for intrinsically impossible ideals, or hopelessly lost causes.

Once a period of open international or class conflict has begun it is no doubt futile to hope for freedom of discussion. Neither the capitalists, nor the revolutionaries, can any more give the right of free speech to their opponents, than can a government engaged in war. The Communists are forced, like every one else, to suppress their opponents' opinions during such periods. To do anything else would be to surrender to opponents who would certainly use every possibility, not for vigorous, scientific discussion, but for the extirpation of Communism. We must all, whether Communists or anti-Communists, recognize that in such periods of open conflict both sides inevitably deny freedom of speech to their opponents.

The question at issue is whether during our remaining years of comparative social stability—and we do not know how long they may be—we shall hear each other's views and meet in careful and scientific discussion. I believe that it is enormously important that such discussion and debate should take place. For I believe that it is only by such discussion that the degree of dislocation and violence which racks the world today, and threatens to engulf it tomorrow, can even be minimized. I believe that it is only by achieving a scientific comprehension of the nature of our present economic system, of its past achievements and its present disorders, that we can hope to prevent the supreme violence of modern international war, and to diminish, at any rate, the ever growing civil violence which a failure to understand the nature of our system is bringing upon us.

The Fabulous Man

A STORY

By Hamilton Basso

THE path up the mountain had been steep and they were both glad to rest. They sat on a flat rock that looked out over the valley and David pulled out a pack of cigarettes. He offered one to Freida but she shook her head. It was just like her, he thought, not to smoke. He lit a cigarette and looked down into the valley. The little Bavarian village made him think of pictures he had seen as a boy.

"It's beautiful," he said, speaking in German. "I think you would like living here."

He spoke slowly, having had but two years of German at Princeton, pronouncing his words carefully and with forethought. He looked very serious and Freida smiled at him. Her hair reminded him of the golden color of corn in autumn and her eyes were as blue as the little houstonias that grow in mountain rocks.

"I don't speak German very well, do I?" he said.

"I can understand you," she answered. "I don't always understand Americans who try to speak German."

"That's something to be thankful for," he said in English.

"What did you say?"

"Nothing."

"But you did say something."

"I was just thinking. I always think better in English."

"What were you thinking?"

"I was thinking of all the Americans who would try to make love to you if you could understand the way they speak German."

"*Nein!*" She made a shy gesture with her hand. "It is not true. You are making fun of me."

A blush came into her cheeks and she turned her head. How naïve she was, he thought, how extremely naïve. She stood at the other end of the pole from those débutantes he sometimes danced with at parties. There was a different quality about her—the quality of innocence. Yes, that was the word. Innocence. She was just a sweet, innocent German kid. He felt like protecting her.

"I'm glad I came here," he said. "If it hadn't been for Mother, I wouldn't have. I did my best to get her to change her mind. Just think—I might never have seen you. It gives me the—the—what is the German word for creeps?"

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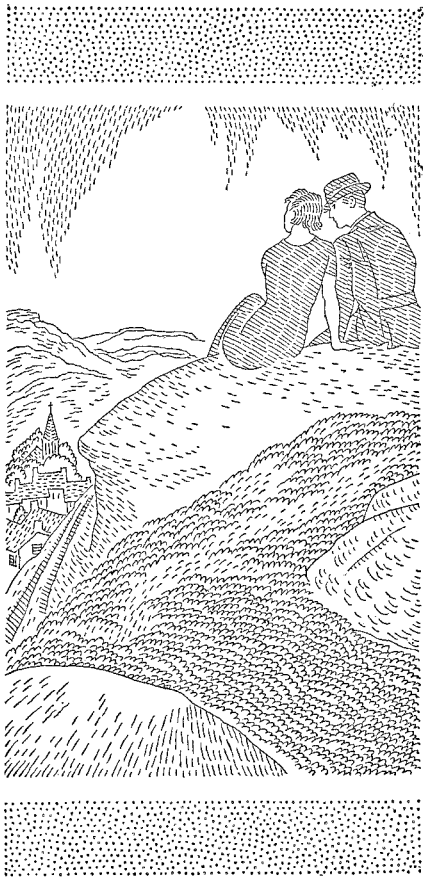

"How?" She turned her wet blue eyes upon him.

"Never mind. It doesn't matter. I'm just glad to be here."

"Why are you glad?"

"I like it. I like you."

He reached for her hand and she did not draw it away. Her hand was white and small, with slender, tapering fingers. He looked into her face and he thought he had never seen any one so beautiful.

"I love you," he said.

"No, no." She turned her mouth away. "You must not say that."

"Why?"

"You must not. We have just met each other. It is not right for you to say such things."

"Why?"

"You do not mean what you say."

"I mean every word."

"I cannot believe you. One does not fall in love like this. I want to speak of something else. Tell me about America. Where in America do you live?"

"I don't want to talk about where I live."

"I shall go then."

"No, don't go. I'll talk about where I live. I live in Iowa. Corn grows there. That's all there is to say about Iowa. Can't we talk about you now?"

Freida shook her head.

"Your university?" she asked. "Is that also in Iowa?"

"God in heaven, no. I go to Princeton. You know—where Professor Einstein is. Germany kicked him out so we took him in. I've seen him on the campus. He has lots of hair."

Freida was silent for a moment, looking into the valley. The setting sun fell on some of the mountain rocks and gave them the color of bronze.

"I do not wish to speak of Einstein," she said.

"That's all right with me."

"Einstein is a Jew."

"I know. That's why he was run out of Germany."

"That is not the only reason. He is one of Germany's enemies."

"I don't care, Freida. He's no friend of mine."

"But your university took him in. Your university harbors one of Germany's enemies."

"I didn't have anything to do with it. I don't run the place. But after all, Freida, Professor Einstein is a great man."

"He is not great. It is just as *The Leader* said over the radio. Einstein's greatness is only a Jewish myth—part of the Jewish propaganda. Germany must purge herself of all the Jews."

David crushed his cigarette on the rock. It left a dark smear and the ashes felt hot on his fingers. He was faced with something he did not quite understand.

"Even if he is a Jew, Freida," he said seriously, "Professor Einstein has done some great work. The theory of relativity, for instance. You can't deny him that simply because he is a Jew."

"His theory!" Freida's young lips curled in scorn. "*The Leader* says that his theory is already tottering. It is only you Americans who are taken in by it."

"What does *The Leader* know about it? He's no scientist. He's nothing but a politician."

"I will not listen to such blasphemy about *The Leader*. He is beyond criticism. He is Germany's savior. He is a fabulous man."

"He's fabulous, all right. Some of the stories they tell about him are fabulous too. If he did things like that in America——"

Freida jumped to her feet. Her eyes were tense with fury. Her voice trembled as she spoke.

"I think you must be a Jew yourself. There must be Jewish blood in your veins. I will have nothing to do with one who loves the Jews."

She turned away from him with a quick motion of her waist and then she was running down the path.

"Freida!" he called, speaking in English again. "Wait! You've got me all wrong. Wait! Wait a minute!"

She did not answer. The sounds of her running became more and more faint. David waited until he could no longer hear her and lit another cigarette. The sun had set and the sky was growing dark. He began to walk down the path and in a few minutes he came to the village. Lights were coming on in the houses and the steeple of the church was growing black upon the sky. As he walked to the hotel he saw a photograph of *The Leader* in one of the lighted shop windows. *The Leader* looked very stern and a lock of hair fell across his forehead. David threw his cigarette away.

"That bastard," he said.

SHARED EPITAPH

By Marion Canby

BENEATH this plot lies my life's other heart
That doubly beat for years within my breast.
Now, while the seasons and my life depart,
Both hearts, and I, may rest.

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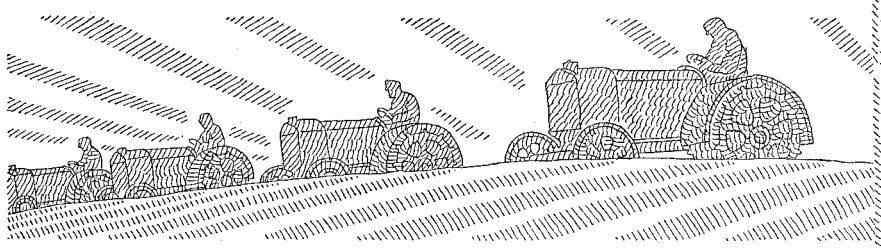
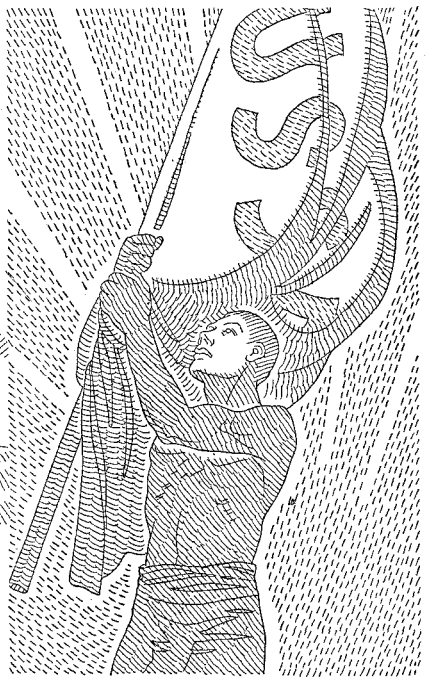
An Uncensored Letter to a Soviet Friend

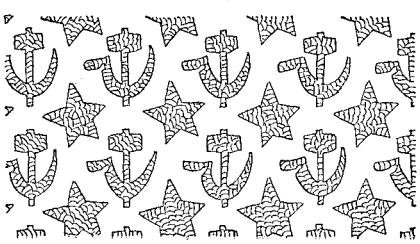
By W. Chapin Huntington





This letter was never sent. It is doubtful whether it would have been delivered and it might have caused the official addressed embarrassment by laying him open to the suspicion of improper relations with foreigners. The censorship under the Communist dictator is absolute. It affects both the written and the spoken word, as I learned when, after an absence of sixteen years, I returned to Russia last summer.

I found it impossible to have frank discussions with Soviet officials, a third person was present at every interview. However, I came away with the feeling that some of the men I met would have talked freely if I had known them long enough to establish a basis of mutual confidence and if we could have spoken in private. Comrade Ivanov (not his real name) was one of those, and I am sure that he would have been interested in my honest opinion of Soviet progress during the past sixteen years. Soviet Russia has not always been fortunate in its friends; it has received too much indiscriminate praise, too much shallow flattery, and too little constructive criticism.



Much Esteemed Comrade Ivanov:

Since I left the Soviet Union I have had time to digest my impressions. Before they grow cold I am going to write them to you, feeling certain that you will be interested and hoping that I may be candid with you without sacrificing your good will.

You recall that my approach to the study of your country is that of the economic geographer and the industrial engineer. My object is to evaluate the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics as a producing concern in terms of natural resources, industrial equipment, manpower, and management; to estimate its ability to provide material prosperity for its people. I went to Moscow with your famous slogan ringing in my ears: "We will catch up with and surpass America!"

"Have we not made great progress?" you and many others have asked me. What do you mean by progress and how will you measure it? Now, I am a practical man, and I know that the Kerensky government is as dead as a dodo but I cannot help thinking what it or a similar liberal government with the aid of foreign capital might have accomplished by now. Or, if Lenin had lived, and his New Economic Policy of controlled concessions to private initiative had continued, what might have been the standard of life and comfort of the Russian people today? Again, there is Finland, your next-door neighbor, which emerged from civil war in 1918 and is today, in spite of the depression, in extraordinary condition with advanced social legislation, excellent schools, and equality for women. I know this is a sore subject and that the comparison is not quite fair. The Finnish problem is simpler than yours, the country is small, the cultural heritage is better. Still, I saw no slums in Helsingfors.

I can think of other comparisons, but after all it gets down to this: if we admit the historic inevitability of the Bolshevik revolution and of the present policy of aggressive collectivization, progress, from the base-line of 1920, from the economic ruin and industrial prostration at the close of the civil war, has been considerable. There is order today in the USSR. The traveller feels this, and that a stable government is in charge. There are more things in the shops than at any time since the New Economic Policy was abandoned, the atmosphere is more relaxed, normal life on the new pattern is taking form. Of course this pattern is not Communism, the ultimate ideal where government shall pass away, nor even Socialism with self-government and co-operation, but State Capitalism on a gigantic scale. Yours is a huge economic commonwealth without private profit, a pyramid whose base is the peasants,

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whose center is the factory workmen, and whose heavy top is the ruling bureaucracy.

You, yourself, are well informed about life in foreign countries because of your official missions abroad, but Soviet Russia has been so isolated due to the censorship within, passport restrictions without, and the lack of means to travel that the mass of Soviet citizens have no conception of how low their standard of life still is. How struck I was not only by the rarity of automobiles and bicycles, but by the absence of baby carriages and umbrellas on your streets! How strange it was not to be able to get a doctor in a Moscow hotel for four hours, not to be able to buy a simple plug for an electric cord! The truth is that the standard is so much lower than in America that the descriptive terms and units hardly mean the same things.

Everywhere in the Soviet Union today buildings are going up—factories, office buildings, hotels, blocks of workmen's apartments. Moscow's skyline is jagged with new structures of six to twelve stories. Her narrow, winding streets, which formerly had a kind of provincial cosiness, are full of scaffolding. "Moscow is going to be the most beautiful city in the world!" says an enthusiastic writer in the *Pravda*. I cannot share his enthusiasm. All these buildings are in the ultra-modern style of architecture which is the most exacting, for unless the design is absolutely first-class the building looks like a cracker-box, and if the house is not well built and maintained within and without it soon has the appearance of a barrack. This is unfortunately the case with most new buildings in Soviet Russia. Broken windows, chipped stair-treads, plaster cracked, stucco falling off—all these are usual in brand-new structures, and go unrepaired. I know that new buildings are urgently needed and that your housing problem is acute, but such hasty, flimsy construction can only defeat its own end. If you do not take care, you will never catch up. In Soviet Russia today it is a race between construction and depreciation.

Beside these new structures, the old buildings inherited from the past seem solid and dignified but they are often dilapidated. Not only dwelling-houses, but public buildings, museums, and universities are in a sad state of disrepair. I have known of people being hurt in them by loose window frames which fell out without warning. The magnificent city of Leningrad depresses the new arrival by its run-down, shabby appearance. I wish heartily that suitable credits might be arranged so that the American paint industry could send several shiploads of paint to restore the historic capital to its former brightness! And I would remind you that these old buildings are still your chief dependence: not to maintain them will render your housing problem still more acute.

Of course I know the regular Soviet answer to such criticisms as these and it is impressive—Industrialization! "We are a backward agricultural country," you say, "primitive and poor; industrialization will make us rich and independent. We are threatened by potential enemies in Europe and the Far East; industrialization will provide the modern armament to withstand them. Therefore, let us tighten our belts, neglect non-essentials, and build factories as fast as we can; let us make industry the heart of our Plan for economic and social development."

Well, the first Five Year Plan is over, the second has begun, and what have you? A great manufacturing capacity, distributed about the Soviet Union, embodied in a series of blast furnaces, steel works, chemical plants, automobile factories, tractor works, machine building plants, hydro-electric stations, and the like. I should be ungenerous indeed not to admire the magnitude of this equipment, the iron will of your leaders, and the tremendous sacrifices they have laid upon Soviet citizens to bring about such rapid industrialization. But technically it is not a Soviet achievement. The factories were built by American and other foreign engineers. An eccentric maiden lady of wealth could have a blast furnace built on her estate, but this would not prove her to be a captain of industry.

The real question is, can you operate efficiently these plants which others have built for you? Not in most cases, I believe, for a long time. I spent my early life in steel works and I have a vivid recollection of the putting into operation of one new plant. I know what effort, time, and patience were required to achieve satisfactory quality and cost. And this with all the resources and experience of a great corporation behind the enterprise, with trained men in charge, with the American labor market to draw upon, and with the background of a century of industrial experience. How are you to assimilate all at once a gigantic new industry created out of the whole cloth, without any of these requisites?

The greatest lack in Russia now as formerly is trained brains per square mile. You are making heroic efforts to overcome this but you cannot work fast enough to keep up with your building program. Hence labor efficiency is low, costs are high, and quality is poor in most lines of production. Not only is the percentage of scrap high but the quality of the product which leaves the factory is low. A tractor which breaks down in a few weeks or wears out within a year is hardly a tractor at all. The plan to equip Soviet farms with tractors, like other phases of your mechanization, becomes again a race between construction and depreciation. Progress is undoubtedly being made in some of your plants but as a whole it is painfully slow and the effort is continually diluted by further expansion. Before you have started to assimilate one factory you are building another. I am not telling you anything new, Comrade Ivanov. Your Soviet press is full of frank disclosures and sharp self-criticism.

The difficulty is that you do not draw the inescapable conclusion, namely, that it will be long before Soviet industry can give the people what they need for a comfortable existence even according to Russian standards. Industry must serve as a training school for green hands, and much machinery must be worn out and material wasted before it can settle down to the equilibrium necessary to turn out an adequate quantity and a satisfactory quality of product. The idea of industrializing the Soviet Union is of course fundamentally sound. It is not a Communist invention, as you know. Statesmen like Witte and scientists like Mendeleyev saw the necessity for it in their time. It is the speed of realization which is irrational—the boasted "Bolshevik tempo" which does not count the cost but leaves it to the population to pay in privation and sacrifice. A Soviet workman said to me one day, "I will tell you a proverb

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that is going around: In the old days the priests used to say to the people, 'Never mind, it will be all right in the next world.' Now the government says: 'Never mind, it will be all right for the children'—but for whose children, nobody knows!"

As far as Socialist principles in the internal organization of industry are concerned, they seem to be progressively abandoned. The degree of operating success that has been achieved appears to an outsider to be less due to Socialism than in spite of it. Managerial responsibility, differential rates of pay according to skill, piece work, cost accounting, decentralization—such are the practical incentives to production in Soviet factories today.

But perhaps the claim of Soviet industry which has most deeply impressed Americans in these trying times is that you have no unemployment. An enthusiastic American admirer of your system told me in Moscow: "The Soviets have conquered the machine!" A factory manager declared to me proudly: "I cannot get enough hands. When a few of my people fail to turn up in the morning I am badly crippled." Let us look more closely into these claims. I think your publicists have grossly deceived themselves and us as to the true situation.

In the first place Soviet Russia is having a kind of business boom under the vast construction program of the Five Year Plan. The boom is dictated by an all-powerful government which is able to isolate its territory from the world economy and to finance the boom by forcing cheap food from the peasants and maintaining a standard of living so low that it would cause a revolt in America. As to consumption goods, there is such a dearth of everything in Russia, and the hunger for the ordinary necessities of life is so keen, that the potential market is unlimited as soon as the price is within range. Yours is a primitive country, starting from zero. The difficulties and complexities of a highly developed economic and social organism will come to you later.

However, this is not all. Even today in Soviet industry there is no unlimited demand for all labor, but rather a steady demand for skilled labor. The factory manager who told me he could not get enough hands was making instruments of precision. Ordinary jobseekers at the employment office would be useless to him without a period of apprenticeship. Again, the efficiency of labor, even of so-called skilled labor, in Soviet Russia is so far below the level of advanced countries that frequently three or four men are required to do the work of one in America. In open convention one of your speakers recently pointed out that, during a theoretical seven-hour day, most workmen were only working four and a half to five hours. Meetings were being held during working hours, he said, foremen were going off to the barber shop. Another speaker testified that his factory often looked like the principal street of Leningrad on a holiday. Soviet managers are struggling to overcome this condition and to attain higher labor efficiency. To this end recent government decrees aim to force desirable workmen to remain two to three years in one place, a degree of interference with personal liberty which would not be tolerated in our country. The outlook, therefore, is that industry will need less rather than more workers relatively as time goes on. Even as it is, the aim of the second Five Year Plan is to raise the number of persons employed in industry proper by only 3,000,000—from 8,000,000 in 1932 to 11,000,000 in 1937.

Lastly, there is a basic fact, perhaps the most important of all. Now as in Tsarist days there is over-population in your rural districts and it is constantly increasing due to the tremendous birth rate. According to the State Planning Commission, the surplus of agricultural workers in the Soviet Union was 7,000,000 in 1927; in 1931 the Collective Farm Institute estimated that the surplus workers in the collective farms amounted to from 6,000,000 to 8,000,000. Outside observers consider these figures far too low and one Russian estimate gave the total for the Union in 1924 as 20,000,000. Whatever the true figure may be, it is large and the progress of the mechanization of agriculture by the introduction of tractors and harvesting machinery tends to swell it. In any case, we know that such has been the movement from the country to the city that in April of last year the Soviet government instituted a strict passport control over twenty-eight important industrial cities, with the result that some 2,000,000 unemployed people were driven out of them. If our government possessed the power arbitrarily to expel hundreds of thousands of people from our cities and scatter them over the country, we too could make our unemployment figures look more favorable.

To sum up, therefore, it is my sincere conviction that your present lack of unemployment is not only founded on conditions peculiar to a new agricultural country on the threshold of industrialization, but is, taking the country as a whole, more apparent than real. I know your government has intelligent long-range plans to take care of surplus population in the future by opening up new lands, by regional development, and by the intensification of agriculture. But these solutions lie far ahead.

I was glad indeed while in Soviet Russia to hear encouraging news from the "agricultural front." Various observers confirmed my own impression that the countryside was settling down again and that the newly formed collective farms were beginning to function normally. The Communist battle for collectivization seems to be won. Over two-thirds of all the peasants are now in collective farms and in some districts there is hardly an individual farmer left. Better still, the government appears to have recognized this situation and orders have gone out from Moscow to conciliate the peasants instead of harassing them.

It was high time! You and I can never agree on the necessity for the fanatic collectivization of the past five years. But we do agree that agriculture made a bad showing in the Five Year Plan. So bad that no grain-production figures are given in the official Summary of the Fulfillment of the Plan prepared for English readers. We both know that, with the exception of the banner crop year of 1930–31, for six years the grain harvest has never been more than 90 per cent of the prewar yield, while the population to be fed has grown from 140,000,000 in 1913 to 166,000,000 in 1934. We know too that horses, cattle, and swine have been reduced by one-half during the drive for collectivization, sheep by two-thirds.

The "Kulaks," the well-to-do peasants who resisted the collectivization

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measures, have now been liquidated—that is, exiled to the forests of the North or to Siberia. But, unfortunately, they carried with them the best farming ability in the Soviet Union. It will take time to replace these capable individuals and their horses with new methods and tractors. It will take time to train capable modern farmers and to build up decimated herds and flocks. And it will take still more time to dispel the distrust, the resentment, and the trouble in men's minds which are the heritage of the years of violence and coercion. The Russian peasant has so long been alternately encouraged and expropriated according to the arbitrary variations in the Soviet policy that a long period of constant friendliness will be necessary to generate his confidence and to insure his putting forth his best effort.

From my own observations and those of loyal workers with whom I have talked, I am convinced that the success now being achieved on collective farms is largely due to the concessions made to the individual initiative and private ownership of the members. I mean such things as moderate taxation; the fair amount of produce which must be sold to the government at fixed prices; the freedom to dispose of the balance of the crop to cooperative stores, factories, and others; the sharing of the proceeds not equally, but according to skill and service rendered; the right to keep one's own house and garden, one's own cow, pig, and chickens; the right to sell fruit and vegetables in the town market or at railroad stations. Some of your extreme Communists object even to these modest concessions, but they are more potent to deliver a food supply to your hungry cities than outworn shock brigades, oratory, or compulsion. Without them, even satisfactory tractor service and agricultural advice will not avail. You have broken up individualist farming and you are teaching peasants organization as they have never known it before, but you may feel the force of this organization if ever in the future you attempt to take away the privileges that have been granted.

As for the other type of modern Soviet farm, the great State Farms ranging from 75,000 to over 500,000 acres and averaging 200,000 acres, these have been an admitted failure. I remember how opposed you were to these giant undertakings and it must be a grim satisfaction to you to see how they are now being broken up into smaller units after the tragic experience of the past few years. The ablest men I know think that even these units will have to be subdivided in order to obtain farms of workable size and that a competent manager will have to be placed in charge of each farm, with power to act without interference from theorists a thousand miles away in Moscow. Only in this way and by rewarding the management for the results it produces can irresponsibility, weeds, broken machinery, and neglect of livestock be done away with.

Leaving economic problems aside, the thing I was most anxious to observe in Soviet Russia was the psychological change for which so many Soviet and American writers had prepared me. Was Communism transforming Russian human nature in accordance with Karl Marx's theory that private profit is the root of all evil and religion an impediment to man's freedom to develop his powers? Were the Russian masses no longer passive and resigned but active and hopeful? Had the intellectuals become practical and definite instead of futile and aimless? Was the new bureaucracy honest and efficient where the old had been corrupt and incompetent?

What did I find?—That there was much truth in the comment of the American engineer who remarked shrewdly: "It's the same old place with a new crowd in power!" The masses seemed to me little altered from the resigned, patient people I knew eighteen years ago. The change was in the "new crowd" as my friend called it. The Communist Party is the governing class in Soviet Russia today, the cement which holds the Union together. A new broom sweeps clean and the Communist régime is still, after seventeen years, comparatively a new broom. It still has a quasi religious (I know you hate that word!) appeal to its followers, making them serve a cause greater than themselves.

But chiefly it is a young people's movement and youth is the period of enthusiasm. The overwhelming majority of the Communist Party are between twenty-three and forty years of age; only 3000 of its 2,500,000 members are over sixty; less than 9000 belonged to the Party before the Revolution of November, 1917. In the Soviet Union two-thirds of the population are under thirty. In Russia today life decidedly does not begin at forty! Those over forty—yes, even over thirty-five—have lived through the World War, the Revolution, and the still more terrible civil war. They have suffered famine and disease, they are exhausted, burnt out. The young people have little or no recollection of life before the war, they have grown up amidst hardships and things are better today than they have ever known them. "Life is hard now," they often told me, "but it will be better soon."

Add to the 2,500,000 Communists the 4,500,000 young people in the Young Communist League and the 5,000,000 children in the Young Pioneers and you have the 12,000,000 elite of Russia today. Their dogmatic faith gives the young men and women of this group a definite aim and their patriotism tends to make them strive for efficiency and resist corruption. Outside your Communist membership is another large group of loyal Soviet citizens, mainly from the factory workers, who enjoy privileges or are finding opportunities for material advancement in the new industrial organization. These, too, have the conviction that they are building something, the joy of creation, and the hope for the future. What will happen as the young idealists grow older and see their hopes deceived, their dreams unrealized? Will the next generation lapse into cynicism and futility, or will it be stirred to open opposition?

I found your Soviet youth engaging and appealing like youth everywhere but it is too much to say that human nature has been fundamentally changed in Soviet Russia. Not all Communists are of heroic mold as your frequent purgings in the membership of the Party show. Bureaucrat is a hated word in your country yet all signs point to a steadily consolidating bureaucracy. An old Communist remarked recently: "There are no one-hundred-per-cent Communists any more." And a foreign expert complained: "I can get cooperation right away from a bench-worker or from one of the top officials but I can't get anywhere with the bureaucrats in between. They are so tied up in red tape and so afraid of respon-

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sibility that they won't act." Saving your grace I am bound to say: "Scratch a Communist and you will find a Russian."

As far as everyday life is concerned, I did not find that Socialist organization had made human nature any the less aggressive. People called each other Comrade with unfriendly faces; the term meant no more than Mister or Monsieur. The struggle for profit has been replaced by the struggle for power and place—and a ruthless one it is. Neither has dishonesty been eliminated because the government owns the stores. The papers are full of editorials and stories about false weights and cheating clerks.

Just as soon as the pressure is lessened natural human desires are manifested. I was delighted to buy on a newsstand in a provincial capital a woman's fashion magazine called *Modes of the Season,* well illustrated. The Soviet women accomplish miracles in dress considering the poverty of materials with which they have to work, and no business is more thriving than cosmetics. I have seen Red Army officers devouring a musical comedy which contained scenes of elegant interiors and well-dressed people.

In fact, so little has human nature changed in Soviet Russia that a new system of social classes is rapidly developing. In this classification the *beau idéal* is not the gentleman as formerly but the factory worker. Let me try to list your hierarchy as it seems to me to be taking form today:

Political Bureau of the Communist Party (Stalin and associates).
People's Commissars (Cabinet).
G. P. U. (secret police, now embodied in Ministry of Interior).
Army and Navy officers.
Specialists (engineers, scientists, professors).
Actors.
Writers.
Factory workmen.
Important office workers.
Peasants.
Office workers.
"Former People" (prominent under old régime, now *déclassés*).
Clergy.

Membership in the Communist Party, which is essential for the highest categories, confers special prestige. Of course, I realize that people in the last two categories could not become Party members.

The elevation of the proletarian type to the highest place in your new Socialist society is in accord with the teachings of Marx and Lenin. The peasant plays decidedly second fiddle. In Soviet Russia the workman-type dominates but the workman does not rule—the bureaucracy does that. However, it is only fair to say that the bureaucracy is being recruited as far as possible from the working class. The privileged position of the factory workers in the Soviet Union is undeniable. They receive higher food rations, enjoy better educational opportunities, and all the best the Russian theater affords is available to them. Admission to the Communist Party is made easier for a worker than for any one else. It estranges an American to learn that this new aristocracy is hereditary like the old, that a workman's son enjoys privileges which are closed to the unfortunate son of a former manufacturer or priest.

However, by one of those quirks of human nature, no ambitious boy wants to become a manual worker, no ambitious manual worker wants to stay one. All strive to get an education and become "specialists" as you call your engineers and professional men. The specialist has salary, good living quarters, and prestige. "In Moscow," said one Russian friend, "every girl wants to marry a specialist." "No, not all," said another, "many want to become specialists themselves."

Some one has said that a revolution cannot succeed without building up a vested interest. It seems to me that a very substantial vested interest is being created in favor of about one-tenth of the population and their families. Just a reversal of Tsarist favoritism. I know you will say it is only temporary and that your goal is the classless, government-less state but I believe the movement has already got beyond your power to stop it.

I appreciate the courtesy that was everywhere shown me in Soviet Russia. I suffered no hardships and had no disagreeable experiences which could warp my judgment. Nevertheless I came away with a feeling of disappointment. Your advertising has been too well done. At the steamer landing in Nizhny-Novgorod I purchased the Volga number of your beautiful illustrated magazine for foreign readers, *U.S.S.R. in Construction.* It contained one of those frequent then-and-now pictures; on one side toiling stevedores with enormous bales on their backs, loading a steamer; on the other a belt conveyor and a smiling girl driving an electric truck. The explanation said that machinery had now replaced manpower for loading. Now, in four days on the Volga I never saw any method of loading but the same human backs I had seen eighteen years ago. However, I am ready to believe that somewhere there is a mechanical loader like that in the picture—perhaps even more than one. Russia was always a country of paradoxes but Soviet Russia is a country of samples. As soon as you have one school, one museum, one hospital, one machine, your enthusiasts imagine themselves fully equipped with such improvements.

Dare I say to you that I think the Soviet experiment has been vastly overrated, that its world significance has been overestimated? The Bolshevik government burst upon the world in the midst of a war which shook us all to our foundations. It has grown up in a post-war period of doubt and wavering, of aroused social conscience. The challenge of Bolshevism, its self-righteousness, its over-simplification of the problem, its ruthless decisiveness, impressed us. Our weakness was your strength. We took you too seriously.

The United States is going through a trying period. We are struggling to master machine production, to help the less-privileged sections of our population, to adapt our institutions to new demands. We have much to do to make our country as we should like it to be but you cannot help us. Bolshevism is a method too costly in human suffering for a goal too doubtful in human happiness. It is rather a scourge to rouse us to action than an example to follow.

As far as the future of the Soviet Union is concerned, I believe that you will continue to progress if only peace can be maintained. Your progress is apt to be irregular because of constant modifications in the strict application of collectivist principles. It must be slow because of the necessity of assimilating what was too hastily ac-

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quired. You will be handicapped by the backwardness of the population which cannot be overcome by a veneer of literacy; by the lack of trained men and women which cannot be supplied by mass production in superficial technical courses; by the unwieldy size of the Soviet Union, its harsh climate, its scattered resources, and its "roadlessness." The Communist Party has assumed a magnificent task and a tremendous burden. I am most sympathetic with your effort to raise the Russian people out of poverty, to spread education and to improve health. I admire the devotion of many workers like yourself, the individual cases of achievement which stand out. But you will not catch up with America, Comrade Ivanov! For, if at some distant time you should reach our level of today, I have the faith to believe that the United States will then have passed far beyond that level to something better.

The Milliner's Dummy

A STORY

By Selma Robinson

She stopped in front of the milliner's window and stood looking at the hat on the painted dummy. She swung her umbrella by its heavy wooden handle. It had stopped raining, but the street was still deserted and the sidewalk was still wet, its sleek gray color like the smoke-colored ribbon on the hat. Something about the dummy caught her eye and held it. Held her mind, too. Then she knew why.

She said to herself:

It is myself. Here I am, like the painted dummy beyond this pane. This wooden dummy with woollen eyelashes and a painted, soulful smile. My eyes are heavy lashed, too, with the lashes casting just such broad shadows, and my cheeks are high and pale. That is my face and that is my mouth, wide and red, with the corners down-curving. And that hat. That pretty hat. I don't know when I've seen a better one. Those are my eyes, too, with a false expression of rich emotion behind them. There is nothing behind them. Everything is before them, a whole changing, swift world is before them, but those eyes are a wall beyond which nothing passes. They watch. They see. But they do not note. They see everything that passes before them, but nothing may pass beyond them.

That is what she said to herself.

She said to herself, swinging her umbrella, and studying the hat:

Here I am, living in this city, surrounded by it. It is above me. It is around me. It is below me. My feet are planted on its sidewalks of stone. When I lift my heels, the dirt of the streets clings to them; I set my feet down again into the dirt of the city. My nostrils take it in and give it out. My hands touch walls, lamp-posts, cold store windows, subway stair rails, turnstiles, and nickels that have come from the hands of children, whores, working men. The nickel smells like money and tastes like metal, cold and dirty. My hand holds this nickel, drops it into a beggar's cup and holds it no more. But whether the beggar is sad or happy, whether he is rich with hidden money or poor without food, whether he will buy bread now for his family or whiskey to pour into his foul belly, I do not know. For there is a barrier behind my eyes with their dark lashes, thick and black, casting a broad shadow under my hat, my love of a hat that cocks over one eye. When I bought it I stood for many minutes loving myself in it in the mirror, applauding the actress in the glass, her varying expressions of hauteur, passion, gayety.

She thought:

With my hands and my feet, with my eyes and nose and tongue, I can see, touch, hear, smell, taste the city. But I cannot feel it. This milliner's dummy cannot feel it. Three people are on this block, but what they are to me or whether they are anything to me I cannot tell. Two are young girls from college, with their books upon them, and one is an old man. The young girls are pretty, coy, and vain. There is a meaning to the colt neck, the colt mane and the eye of the dark-haired one, but what it is I do not know. I would like to find the name for the way she looks at her companion but does not see her, sees instead her own wild, lovely head in a shop-window reflection. I would like to explain the vanity in her newly won knowledge that shines in the plainer one's face. The old man's face is gray and thin, with deep furrows like dry river-beds where once the blood ran proud and the hard flesh was. His shoes are worn to grayness. There are no stockings on his feet. He walks aimlessly like one to whom time is not even the movement of two hands around a clock. And that hat would do divine things to my skin and hair. The way that brim dips down would make strong men weep. That to go with my silver fox with a touch of sandalwood on the fur.

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The girls flounce past and the old man stumbles past, and where they will be in ten more years I should like to see, she thought. By what hand will the old man be fed or will he have no further need of food, and what will the young girls learn? Their clean smooth faces will still be smooth, while I shall be trying to disguise mine under a love of a hat that will cover a wrinkled eyelid and dyed hair.

She thought: in five minutes from now I shall have forgotten them and their ten years ahead. Even now I no longer remember them, for here comes a boy in a baker's coat with a basket of baker's rolls on his arm. His face is the face of an idiot, with an open mouth. His face is shaped like a keyhole with the jaw long and spittle making the red mouth gleam. He shakes his head loosely as he walks and he sets down a loose left leg. His left knee turns outward and his foot falls loose with each step. Moaning and moaning his mother bore him. What does she think now of this caricature who blinks his eyes and bobs his unsteady head as he did when he was a child in her arms? I touch him with my hand as he passes me, and his keyhole face turns, but does not change or smile. The face of the milliner's dummy smiles but does not change. That strange lemon-colored skin and the purple eyes with their wool lashes. What a brooding face she has, like a Mona Lisa! "Your face," he told me, "has a Mona Lisa smile. And your eyes are quite inscrutable, really."

She thought: today the papers said they stoned a man to death for leading a child to the woods and killing her. They found her little body with the checked dress torn and the hands clutching a colored glass marble. They caught the man and he offered no resistance to their blows, no resistance at all until his skull lay cracked on his beaten body. It was deserved, my mouth cried with a million other mouths, but my eyes did not see the murdered man nor the girl he murdered. I did not see the dreadful hunger he felt, nor the hunger of the child for the coin he offered, nor the hunger of the crowd for his blood. There must be reasons, urgent and unyielding, for these acts, but my eye shuttled the printed page and saw nothing beyond.

Here and here and here, she said to herself. The ribbon on that hat with its shiny silk spun by a worm and the gray stiff thread woven by men, its smoke color dyed in a great vat by men who mix red and blue and gray to earn bread and shoes. The dirt of the pavement stains their shoes as it does mine, but me it does not touch. The pavement on this street, laid by human hands and trod by human feet, the feet of the idiot boy, the college girls, the nursemaid, and the arrogant policeman. Once I saw a policeman arrest a boy who had broken a window. The boy was frightened and pale. The policeman pleaded with the shopkeeper for mercy but the man's heart was hard. I wanted to give my dollar, to ask the others in the crowd to give their dollars to pay the shopkeeper for his window, but I did not raise my voice. I wept then, when they led him away, and I wept that day to think of it, but since that day I have never thought of it, till now.

When I was a small girl a man approached me and offered a lollipop if I would go with him, but I had been warned of strangers. "I'll give you a penny," he said softly. I walked on. "I'll give you a nickel," he said. "I'll give you a dime and a red rubber ball and a lollipop, too. Will you come with me?" But I did not. I had been warned of strangers. Perhaps I should not have been, for now all voices are strangers.

Oh, City, City, she cried to herself, come into me as a lover might come. Your people go past me like shadows without substance. I can stretch out my fingers and touch them with my painted nails. I can hear them under my marcelled hair. I can smell their smell and taste their smell upon my tongue. They are links, twisted, and tenacious of the same endless chain, but when I try to place the link that is myself, I can find no link where I may be joined with them. I do not know why they cry, smile, moan, love, toil, carry bread, bend their backs to work, walk down the subway steps, laugh in the movies, hum songs in their tragic faces. What can that Negress do with the twelve dollars I pay her that will repay her for scouring and sweeping from noon to night? Why does that woman on the corner drag a knowing eye like a perfumed soiled handkerchief over each man that passes? What mouths will the bread feed from the arm of the idiot boy? And the farmer who raised its wheat—has he been compensated for the hours he spent in sun and rain and cold over the unfruitful earth? That conductor on the passing trolley car, with his aged crabbed face and bony hand, what will he do when his hand grows too old to jerk a bell? Streets on which I walk, heat rising from this grating on which I stand. Men in wet shirts tending the furnace that gives this heat. Men who mined the coal for this furnace. All that I might stand here on this drying street, watching a hat with a smoke colored ribbon on this dummy with the face of a Mona Lisa? Oh, no. For they are linked in a great chain and I and this dummy stand outside of it, this dummy with pale cheeks like mine, with a straight, sad, red smile, and wool lashes. This dummy that is myself. This nauseating, unspeakable, unalive thing.

This loathsome thing, she thought. But I can end it easily. I can swing out the hard handle of my umbrella with all my might and hear the glass crash beneath. I can swing again and knock this dead thing from its pedestal, beat it and beat it until it falls and the raw nails show. The storekeeper would come running at the breaking sound and he would look at me in frightened anger, shout-spluttering: "What in God's name——"

"I am sorry," I would say, "I slipped."

"I was standing here," I would say, "admiring that pretty hat."

"I fell against your window," I would say, "and my umbrella broke it."

"I am sorry," I would say, not daring to tell him I had killed myself. "I want to buy that hat and pay you for your window."

Then a thick smile would spread like syrup over his face and his greedy eyes would be happy.

She stood there thinking these thoughts. The storekeeper came toward the window and his lips shaped a soundless welcome. He smirked oilily and pointed toward the hat. Then he lifted the hat from the painted head. The red mouth was smiling its sad patient smile. The woolen eyelashes cast brooding shadows. Under them she could see the eyes. They were painted eyes, a thick layer of violet paint. Even the gleam in them was painted, a dart of white paint, cold and white as an icicle.

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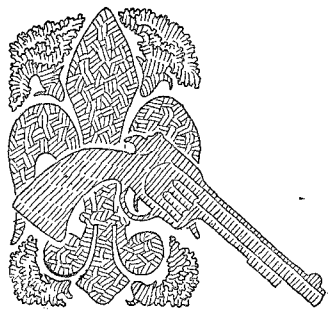
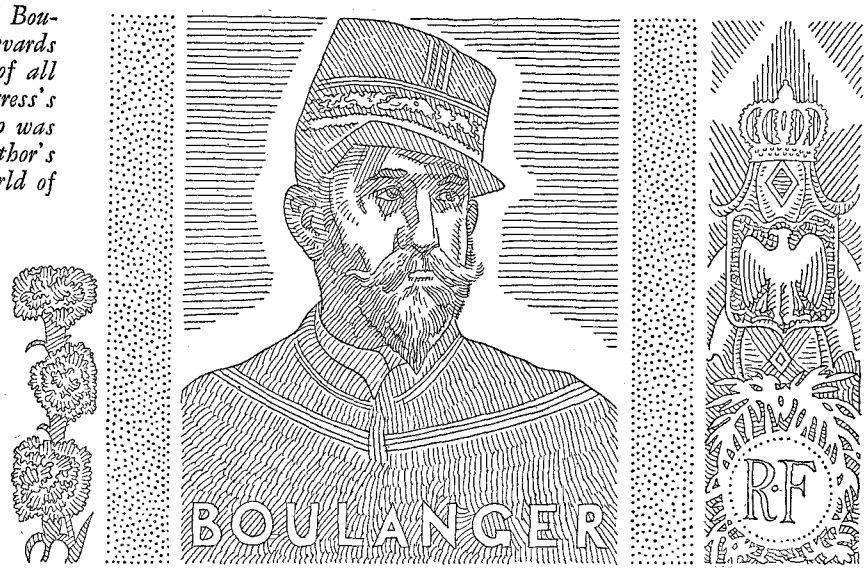


A Man on Horseback

Heyday in a Vanished World · III

By Stephen Bonsal

The amazing career of "le brav' Général" Boulanger from his place as a hero of the boulevards and a short step from the dictatorship of all France to his lonely suicide on his mistress's grave told by a famous correspondent who was "on the inside." The third of the author's stories of a "Vanished World"—the world of the 80's and 90's



Wise men disagree as to whether history repeats itself but any one who will take the trouble to place in contrasting columns the news from Paris in the ninth decade of the last century and the common run of press despatches today, will be convinced that at least the cables are repetitious. And indeed there is another parallel to the present situation, as Jules Simon the Republican statesman pointed out to me on the day in January, 1889, when the voters of Paris were following General Boulanger and his black charger they knew not whither: "The radical General wishes to revise the Constitution, to deprive the Senate and the Chamber of their large powers. I wonder if it is merely a coincidence or if he knows that was the rallying cry of Louis Napoleon—and it led to the Third Empire." Curiously enough to clip the wings of the Senate was the purpose of M. Gaston Doumergue only a few months ago. He failed and withdrew from a political arena more confusing if possible than it was on the day in 1933 when he was brought back from his well earned retirement.

Then as now all the uneasy elements in the Third Republic sought doubtless in all sincerity to save their beloved France from the dangers that were only too apparent: to restore her ancient glories, to safeguard her institutions from enemies domestic and foreign, but unfortunately each fraction of this patriotic people insisted upon a different formula. From exile in England the Comte de Paris conjured up visions of the golden age and an even more prosperous future in almost the same words with which his successor the Duc de Guise faces the microphone today.

Today many and unfortunately hostile groups are milling about the boulevards and faubourgs of Paris determined to save France in their own way and often striking down savagely others who prefer another panacea. Ministries fall in quick succession and the savior of yesterday is forgotten today, as witness Gaston Doumergue. In the light of the shipwreck that overtook his *voyage à Versailles,* where so many empires have risen and fallen, it seems an opportune moment to recall what happened in France forty-six years ago when "a man on horseback" tilted against the constitution and raised the standard of revolt against parliamentary institutions.

There was a spirit of change in the air. The poor and the disinherited were growing poorer, or so they thought, and who should have known better? As in 1848, and again as in 1933 even in realistic America, men were talking of abolishing poverty by organizing industry on other bases than those of competition and capitalism. In France some dreamed of an ideal socialistic state, others demanded a strong man on a throne or at least in a position of unlimited power which he could exercise for the benefit and profit of all.

At home the administration of President Grévy was regarded as mean and grubby and, in its foreign relations, lacking in dignity and above all "punch." His son-in-law Wilson was convicted in the courts of selling decorations and of other corrupt business practices. In these circumstances it was not difficult for a handsome soldier with a gallant air to make himself a popular hero and, as a matter of fact, the world of Paris went wild with enthusiasm at the sight of General Boulanger on his black charger returning from the review of troops at Longchamp, held every year on the fourteenth of July to celebrate the fall of the Bastille and the liberation from serfdom of the French people.

The popularity of the young General with the flashing eyes and the blond beard was heightened by his firm attitude toward Berlin when a minor French official was dragged across the

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frontier and placed under arrest by German soldiers. The resignation of Grévy was enforced because no one would consent to form a ministry under him but when Rouvier came into power he gave the war portfolio to an insignificant man and sent Boulanger to command an army corps at Clermont-Ferrand far from Paris. A little later, in 1888, two events took place which brought the Republic to the brink of revolution. The popular General by decree was removed from the active list of the army and a high court yielding to political influence quashed the conviction of the corrupt Wilson. And it was then that Boulanger frankly entered the political arena. With but 25,000 francs as a campaign fund he was sent to the Chamber from the Department of the Aisne by an impressive majority.

A few weeks after I became attached to the Boulanger movement a wealthy American from Chicago and his charming wife, Nelly, friends of long standing, arrived in Paris. Billy, the husband, speculated in wheat, plunged on horses, and every now and then took a flyer in politics, and naturally enough he soon became interested in the General.

"The French are cautious and canny financially," commented Billy, one afternoon as we took our *apéritif* at a boulevard café, "but in politics they are ready for anything in the way of change—not even the sky's the limit. What I'm telling you is not from history books but from experience of a personal and convincing character. The first time I came to Paris eighteen years ago, in September, on the evening of the third to be exact, I went to bed under the Napoleonic Empire and on the next day I was living under the Third Republic."

He then asked me to present him to the General and this was quickly arranged. I had never seen the handsome soldier in better form. Never were his manners more winning, his beard more golden, his eyes more violet-hued, and Billy was captivated. On our drive back to the hotel he said, "That man is a great actor. He may go far." Then came the inquiry so natural to the business man who is not a stranger to politics. "And where does the money come from?"

"No one knows in detail. There is not much of it and it comes from many quarters. To begin with the General is venturing his own small savings. Dillon admits he has contributed 100,000 francs, Déroulède has raised some money from the League of Patriots, and Madame d' Uzès is footing the heavy bills either on her own account or for Monseigneur, as she calls the Comte de Paris.

Once in his apartment Billy spoke more freely. "Change is in the air and in France, and anything may happen. We are sailing on Saturday and I have left over at the *Crédit Lyonnais* 40,000 francs that Nelly knows nothing about. Through you I am going to contribute that amount to the Boulanger campaign fund. When I return next year, if Ernest I, Emperor of the French, is in the saddle it might prove an excellent investment, and anyway I would get quite a thrill out of it."

"You may contribute but not through me and, if you do it on your own, regard it as a speculation. The Government is making every effort to ascertain the sources of the funds and if I figured in the transaction I would, and quite properly too, be expelled as a 'pernicious foreigner.'" "I get you," assented Billy, and "that contribution will not be traced." It was not, but the general Staff of the movement was quite capable of putting two and two together and I do not exaggerate when I say I became more popular even than before. On sight the General always welcomed me effusively and on at least two public occasions he gave me the military accolade. He urged me to bring more of my countrymen to see him. He found their ideas most stimulating. It was evident he knew all about the American windfall and hoped that the wind would blow steadily from that gold-laden direction. Indications of my new importance came in the shape of invitations to dine with M. Dugue de la Fauconnerie and with Madame d' Uzès, the premier peeress of France, who represented the Boulevard St. Germain in the campaign. And when in a few days I was asked to take part in the stag hunts under the patronage of the horsey Duchess herself which were held on her broad lands at Bonnelles and in the nearby Fontainebleau Forest, I knew that I had "arrived."

Certainly events moved very swiftly in the spring of 1888. M. Floquet with a following composed of moderate Republicans and so-called "Conservative" Radicals had become President of the Council of Ministers and, with what composure and votes he could muster, was facing the rising tide that demanded change and threatened disorder. Many people were saying that the polemic over the Constitution would lead to bloodshed.

Although in his political platform M. Floquet had pledged himself to a revision of the Constitution, he refused to accept suggestions along this line made by General Boulanger, who had agitated for revision ever since his entrance upon public life. The discussion that followed in the Chamber led to recrimination, and soon most unflattering epithets were being exchanged between the man of the "Black Horse" and the shrewd little lawyer who, according to his enemies, had entered politics "through the sacristy" [1] though what they had in mind when saying this I cannot recall.

On this occasion, for once in his life at least, M. Clemenceau was a peace talker. In after years he often told me that, having secured, for the first time since the fall of the Empire, a man whom he considered a real middle-of-the-road Republican to head the government, he was exceedingly reluctant to have him carved up like a turkey by the swash-buckling soldier, and that is what he feared.

In his campaign for peace, M. Clemenceau failed. According to the court that sat upon the question, the epithets

[1] Doubtless the fact that he had been educated in a Jesuit College.

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that had been exchanged were of an unforgettable and unforgivable nature. They would have to be wiped out with a little blood, at least, unless apologies were forthcoming, and this, in the circumstances, with all France and the Boulevard sheets looking on, was unthinkable.

Many of the foreign correspondents in Paris, including myself, were present in the garden of Count Dillon where on July thirteenth, 1888, the much discussed duel finally took place. Paris was wild with excitement, and all the world was interested, for by this time *le brav' Général* had become a world figure, and a most disturbing one. I should here frankly admit that practically the whole corps of foreign correspondents in France had departed from the neutral attitude in political affairs they should have maintained, and in reviewing the situation now I can find some justification for this attitude. The government of President Grévy had fallen in disrepute. He and his associates were treated, at home at least, with deserved contempt. Details of the Caffarel and the Wilson scandals were on every lip, and Sadi-Carnot, the new President, was still unknown. In opposition to this the Boulanger movement seemed to many to promise a healthier and a more honest régime. There was of course much talk as to who pulled the strings and who was furnishing the money for his political campaign. But still the gay and debonair General did assure a breath of fresh air in the then admittedly mephitic atmosphere of the Élysée Palace.

Be this as it may, we were for the most part at the time of the duel outspoken partisans of the General and of the vague program he advocated. It should not be thought for a moment, however, that we had any feeling of ill-will toward poor M. Floquet. Indeed, quite the contrary. We spent considerable time and thought in devising methods by which we hoped he could be extricated from his perilous situation with honor unblemished and physically unhurt. Some of the older correspondents could recall with sympathy the day, twenty years before, when M. Floquet for one dazzling moment had appeared on the political stage in a romantic rôle. It was in 1867, and Alexander II was making the first of those Imperial Russian visits to France which have always marked turning points in French history. As became a traditionalist and an autocrat, Tsar Alexander, with his host Napoleon III, made a respectful pilgrimage to the Chapelle Expiatoire, erected on the very ground where during the days of the Terror some of the guillotined royalties of France had been interred with their sheets of quicklime. All Paris in its best attire was afoot and shouting gayly and thoughtlessly, "Long live the Emperor! Long live Russia!" when suddenly, as the Imperial cortège passed his house, M. Floquet opened the window and shouted, "But I say, Long live Poland, Sir!" This was of course the Poland of the revolution of 1863, to which the soldiers of the Tsar so recently had given a bloody quietus.

Upon this romantic episode the whole political career of M. Floquet was built up. But many years had passed since those stirring days, and while Floquet had become a leader in the Chamber and at the Bar, he had also become a roly-poly figure of a man, white-faced and meek of eye; as you beheld him you could hardly believe that this was the same idealist who in a moment of enthusiasm had dared to beard both the emperors as they drove their triumphal way through Paris to the shrine of monarchy.

On the morning of the duel, an historic moment if there ever was one, we were all assembled in the spacious garden at Neuilly, and the Countess Dillon, wife of the *brav' Général's* most confidential adviser (indeed many called Dillon his "inventor"), assisted by a group of charming young ladies in muslin dresses, dispensed cooling drinks. Between us and the rear garden, where the duel was to take place, there intervened groups of plants and shrubs, so though we were very near the field of honor we could not be accused of peeping at it.

We chatted cheerfully, and made the usual jokes about the duelling breakfast and as to who would be present and who would be nursing his wounds when it was served. But some of us, indeed many of us, were deeply concerned as to how the outcome of the combat would affect the General's fortunes. Not a few thought that General Boulanger at the moment was in grave danger, not of his life but of losing his reputation as an officer and a gallant gentleman. As I recall it, it was Campbell Clark of *The London Telegraph*, the dean of the Paris correspondents at the time, who first voiced our fears. He further announced that, in his judgment, so great was the danger he had felt justified in telling Count Dillon that what was most at stake was General Boulanger's reputation as a *beau sabreur*.

"He must be considerate and merciful," insisted Clark. "I told Dillon that the French people were chivalrous and that our General must be careful to let the fat and almost blind lawyer come out of the encounter with but the slightest scratch, only deep enough to permit the termination of the affair."

"Oh, I hope, too, there will be little bloodshed, and that everybody will be able to sit down to breakfast, and soon," said the charming Countess. "My chef is on pins and needles; he wants to know when he should be ready to serve."

Suddenly, one sharp-eyed observer in the front garden whispered that figures were moving up and down behind the screen of shrubbery, and then there fell upon our expectant ears the unmistakable clash of steel. But it only lasted a second, and then a harsh voice ended it with *"Halte! Arrêtez!"*

We of course commiserated with "poor M. Floquet" and thinking that now all danger was past, that probably the Prime Minister had received a scratch on his index finger causing a flow of blood sufficient to place him in a "state of inferiority," as the Code provided, we gave a more complete attention to what the Countess was saying about breakfast. And then, suddenly, to our utter amazement, through a circuitous path in the shrubbery two figures appeared. Yes, there could be no mistake, there was M. Floquet, without collar and coat, with his chest bare, walking towards us, the very picture of unconcern on the arm of M. Clemenceau, who was laughing in what seemed to us a most unseemly manner. The unseemliness of his behavior was also apparent to the seasoned duellist, but try as he might he could not suppress his mirth. Wonderful M. Floquet! He walked past us quietly, gravely saluting the ladies with a low bow. We were absolutely speechless and indeed remained so until M. Clemenceau, having turned the Prime Minister over to

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friends who were awaiting him in his carriage out on the avenue, returned to explain the situation and relieve our anxiety. Now that the Prime Minister was out of sight, M. Clemenceau became quite boisterous in his mirth.

"I am afraid your *brav' Général* is seriously wounded," he began, "but I must say he insisted upon it. This is how it happened. I said to Floquet, *'Cher ami,* you are blind as a bat, you are at a tremendous disadvantage; as I see it, all you can do is to extend your sword-arm and he may—' and that is exactly what happened. Boulanger rushed on him like an enraged bull, and spitted himself on Floquet's rapier." Here all conversation was interrupted by a procession coming through the shrubbery. All lifted their hats, and even Clemenceau became serious, as two stretcher men carried the *brav' Général* by us with two grave-looking doctors following closely. The golden beard of the Paladin of the army was crimson with blood now.

How deep was the discontent in France and how strong was the hold that Boulanger had at this time upon the affection of the people was quickly demonstrated by the fact that the result of this ridiculous duel had little or no effect upon the General's political fortunes. For once ridicule, the most potent weapon in politics, failed, and as a dominant figure in the situation Boulanger became more powerful with every succeeding election.

I have gone into the details of this incident because it illustrates a side of the man's character which has generally been overlooked and at the same time it gives me an opportunity to reveal how this breathless career of Boulanger appeared to M. Clemenceau on one of the few occasions that he exhibited the least inclination to look back upon it.

"The papers were saying," remarked M. Clemenceau on this later day of plain speaking, "that I had invented Boulanger and Boulangism. What they said was not entirely without foundation and I see that this view of the matter has lodged in some of the volumes that deal with recent history. When I came to the conclusion that Boulanger was a menace to the Republic I felt that I should help get him out of the way since I had, as part sponsor at least, introduced him to the political scene. I suppose it is true that I tried to pick a quarrel with your brave General but he was wary and he avoided it, as he had the right to do, and then the lot to fight him came to M. Floquet and he fought very gallantly in view of his physical handicaps. Of course I never behaved on the duelling ground in the unfeeling way you seem to think I did but if it amuses you—it is all right. There is far too little amusement in this drab world. But I will make frank confession. When the absurd outcome of the encounter did not kill General Boulanger politically, at least not immediately, I was puzzled and for a moment I thought I had been mistaken and that the people saw qualities in the man that were hidden to me. But in this instance I was right and those who pinned their faith to him were mistaken."

Almost from the very beginning of his political career the devotion of the General to Mme. de Bonnemains had been an engrossing topic of gossip. As there was but slight if any attempt to conceal the General's visits to the little house in the rue de Berri, or his frequent absences from Paris in this lady's company, everybody knew about the liaison and discussed it volubly. There was little criticism of the General. In Paris at least, whatever the legal and family complications may be, all the world loves an ardent lover and it must be admitted that Madame Boulanger was a singularly austere and unattractive person and it was widely known that the tie that bound her to the popular soldier had for many years been merely nominal.

And in July the interest in this affair of the heart equalled if it did not eclipse the political aspects of the movement. The rumors of an impending divorce had been hushed in deference to the many Catholic adherents of the General and the subject would in all probability have been dropped had not Madame Boulanger by her failure to observe *les convenances* at a critical moment outraged the feelings of *tout Paris.* Immediately after the duel, from which the General emerged so seriously wounded, Count Dillon hastened to Madame Boulanger and after informing her of the General's condition invited her to take her place by his bedside.

"I have nothing to do there," she answered dryly, "but I will send a good doctor."

Perplexed and not a little outraged, Dillon then hastened to Madame de Bonnemains and she, throwing discretion to the winds, "without even putting on her bonnet," as the Boulevard sheets had it, hastened to her wounded hero. Public opinion in Paris blamed the wife and applauded the mistress and it was in these circumstances that the General, discounting the effect it would have upon his followers of the Right, sent lawyers to Rome and renewed his application for a divorce. But the Vatican turned a deaf ear to their appeal and the General was then compelled to have recourse to civil proceedings.

"Madame does not want to perform the duties of a wife," asserted the General. But Madame answered glibly, "Give me your arm, Monsieur, and let us return home," and that was the end of the civil proceedings and for the time being at least of all steps leading to a divorce.

Despite the duel and the impending divorce the General continued along his triumphant path to power. The *Vie Parisienne* suggested with fine irony that Madame d'Uzès should secure the Place de la République for her receptions and indicated that only the Parc Monceau was large enough to accommodate the new friends of M. de la Fauconnerie. The zest of these amusing and tumultuous gatherings was of course intensified by the favorable election returns pouring in, representing as they did in the eyes of the now frank conspirators so many milestones in the progress of the revolution.

In at least half a dozen departments scattered over France and representing every class of voters with ever increasing majorities the General had won. The victory in the Charente took place in June and that in the Dordogne followed. True, the General was beaten in the Ardèche because (this at least was the official version) the simple peasants could not understand the orders that came to them from the Orleanist headquarters. While I kept it to myself I was of the opinion that, as this vote followed closely on the duel with Floquet, the not so simple peasants did not see how a soldier who had been disabled by a sexagenarian *pekin* could

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be expected to lead them with success against the Prussian hosts. The celebrations, both in the St. Germain quarter and in the rue Fortuny, passed all conventional bounds when the news came of the triple victory in the Somme, the Charente, and le Nord all on one never-to-be-forgotten day. Now at least there was unanimity in the council chamber. By this series of astonishing victories the revision policy and even more the *politique plebiscitaire* was justified before all men. Many thought that all was over but the shouting—certainly there was plenty of that. It was not thought premature for the deserving to begin to pick their jobs.

And then as so often in the affairs of men, the fates intervened and presented a problem difficult for mere mortals to solve. M. Hude the obscure deputy for Paris died suddenly, and under the then existing law, a special election was ordered and all the voters of the Department of the Seine, about half a million men, were called on to choose his successor. The conservatives of his following, certainly all with Orleanist or Bonapartist leanings were opposed to the General's entering the contest. His successes for the most part had been scored in the sparsely settled and conservative rural districts, or in the revolutionary industrial centers. These had been emphatic no doubt and the voters were impressed, but why hasten? Why tackle radical, socialistic, and even communistic Paris before you had to? Before the full force of the provincial victories was appreciated? For once even Rochefort was not enthusiastic for a forward policy.

His far from optimistic pronouncement infuriated those who, headed by Dillon, were opposed to the General running at all. The only thing that would justify him in facing the voters of Paris before they were fully prepared for the new gospel was the certainty of an avalanche of votes in his favor. "If we should pull through with a small majority," these doubters asserted "that would spell defeat and the end of the movement." For once at least the General took control, and as the sequel proved, he showed excellent political judgment. Several times I heard him explaining the course he intended to pursue to those who opposed it, and finally he won them over, but had the result been different, there were many who had on the tips of their tongues the refrain, "I told you so."

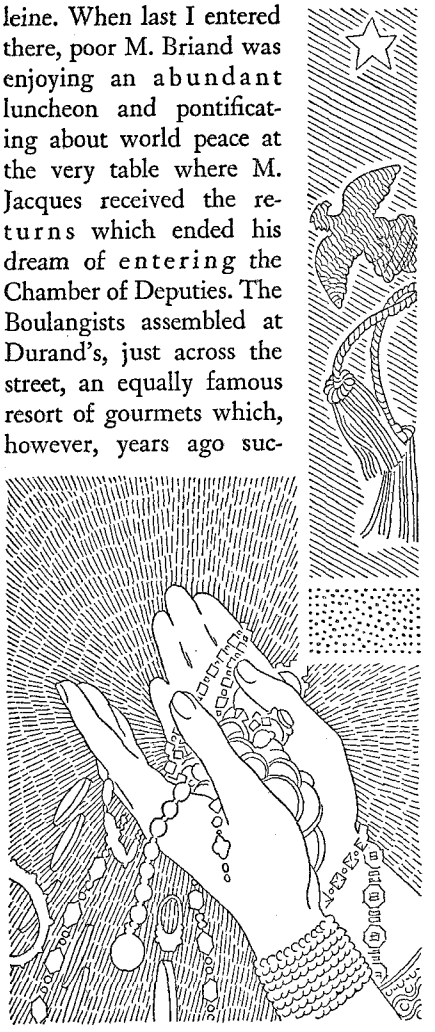
His defense of his course was admirable and I recall almost his very words. "I have presented my name and asked the suffrages of people who live in far away departments which I have never seen," he said, "and now when a vacancy occurs and an election is called in my home department, where I have lived for years, do you think I can dodge the issue? Would not all France say this man is afraid of the votes of his neighbors, the men who should know him best? Well come what will, I will contest the election."

The government of the day was not caught napping. They presented for the vacant seat a certain M. Jacques, a millionaire distiller and a stanch Republican. He was old, and an uninspired speaker, but he was willing to spend half his millions to secure a seat in the Palais Bourbon before he died; in cynical materialistic Paris and the environs, the government thought he would "go over big" and prick the absurd Boulanger balloon.

It cannot be said that M. Jacques welched on his sponsors. He certainly spent one hundred francs for every sou the Boulangists were in a position to disburse. And of course the distilling interest worked overtime and illegally in his cause. For days before the election every *débit de vins*, every drinking shop, and the saloons of the *marchands de vin* were so many centers and rallying places for the adherents of Jacques, and in most of them drinks and food and money too were dispensed freely and liberally.

But all to no purpose. Many who ate and drank and made merry on Jacques' money voted for Boulanger and when the polls closed they marched in their thousands through the streets of Paris shouting, *"Pauvre Jacques! Il est mort."* And as a matter of fact by eight o'clock, it was evident that politically, at least, M. Jacques was dead and by ten o'clock on the evening of the historic 27th of January, it was apparent that Boulanger was coming in. It was no longer a wave, he was coming in on the crest of a landslide.

On this historic evening, the adherents of M. Jacques made their headquarters at La Rue's, then, as now, a famous restaurant on the corner of the rue Royale and the Place de la Madeleine. When last I entered there, poor M. Briand was enjoying an abundant luncheon and pontificating about world peace at the very table where M. Jacques received the returns which ended his dream of entering the Chamber of Deputies. The Boulangists assembled at Durand's, just across the street, an equally famous resort of gourmets which, however, years ago succumbed to the competition of cheaper eating places.



As darkness fell, all Paris was afoot. There seemed to be literally millions of men, women, and children surging backwards and forwards along the boulevards from the Place de la Madeleine to the Porte St. Denis. The narrow strip of asphalt between the rival headquarters was the scene of many clashes between the factions and indeed fighting took place at other points. Several times, within my limited horizon, I saw that the Republican Guard was called in to support the police and clear the way for traffic. Excitement was mounting and a general outbreak of mob violence was expected, when suddenly an avalanche of returns came in from Belleville and other workingmen's quarters which made it quite certain that *le brav' Général* had been elected and indicated the wholly unexpected majority of 100,000.

The lights were out in La Rue's on the moment and M. Jacques went home but thousands upon thousands of voters

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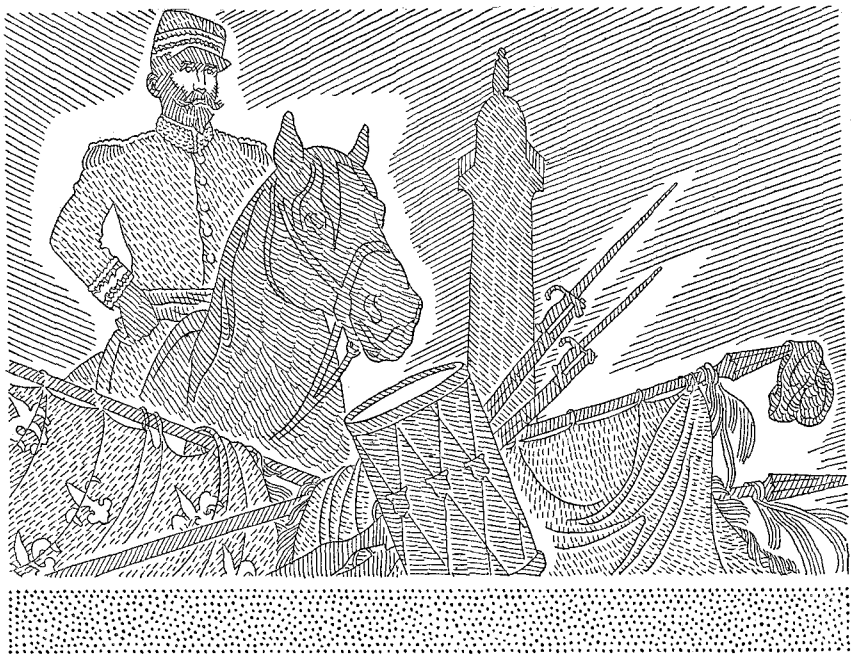

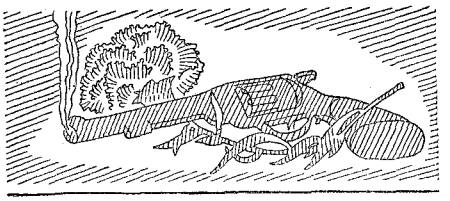

kept rushing up and down the boulevards many of them intoxicated with the liquor which the defeated candidate had so generously distributed. As they marched, they sang or rather shouted the slogans with which they capped their victory and several of them still run in my memory.

"Malheur! O! quel Malheur
De s'appeler Jacques!"

This finally blended into a funeral chant which ran:

"Hélas! Pauvre Jacques! Il est m-o-o-o-rt!"

In the expectation of stirring events, I had dined that evening at Durand's. The general staff of the movement *au grand complet* was present and as the returns became more and more favorable, all differences as to policy vanished and on many sides I heard the opinion expressed that the moment had arrived for a *coup d'état*. Time and again little Naquet sprang on a table and bellowed out inflammatory sentences. One that had popular acclaim was, "Not only is Jacques dead but also the Government! Let's bury them together!"

Soon the restaurant was invaded by thousands who came to congratulate the victor on the very field of battle. The General stood at the head of the stairway and his admirers, old and new, filed past him. It was a marvellous opportunity for him to show his power of *séduction personelle* and judging by results the General exercised it to the limit. Some, as they passed by, were too much a prey to their emotions to say anything but others whispered, "Mount your black horse, *Mon Général,* and lead us on! We will place you where you belong!" To all of which Boulanger answered, with playful gestures of mock reproach, but he was pleased all the same, as who would not have been with Paris at his feet!

About half past eleven all the members of what might be called the steering committee of the movement withdrew into one of the upstairs dining rooms. After a short confab several of them came out in search of the General but for some minutes they could not find him. Finally one of the English correspondents related that for purpose unknown he had lent the General his "Macfarlan," as the Parisians call a tweed ulster, and in this disguise had seen him slipping out a side door. Soon the General reappeared, however, and explained that he had had a delightful incognito walk down the boulevard to the office of the Gaulois where the Duchess d'Uzès was hearing the returns and there he had right in the flush of triumph thanked her for the sinews of war which she had furnished so generously.

The general staff grabbed Boulanger and all disappeared in the improvised council chamber and four or five strong-armed men were placed on guard outside the door. In the streets the monotonous refrain about the death of *"pauvre Jacques"* had died away but thousands were shouting, "The Government is dead! Let's cart it away." Others were making the welkin ring with the cry, *"En avant, Mon Général,* Paris will follow wherever you lead!" Outside by the iron grille of the Madeleine church a commissary of police stood with two score of the most villainous-looking plainclothes men that I have ever beheld. Now and again when the obstreperous paraders hustled him he would pull back his coat and expose his scarf of office and what was more unusual a brace of pistols stuck in his belt. This was Clément, an officer frequently selected for unusual work and wholly devoted to the régime in power. It was rumored and afterwards verified that he had with him a warrant for the arrest of the General in case he should by some overt act or indiscreet speech justify its use, but I very much doubt that had he served it he could have held his man.

True the *place* behind the Madeleine was filled with mounted detachments of the Republican Guard and as far as one could see up the Boulevard Malesherbes it was blocked with platoons of police. Troops too, according to reports, though I did not see them, were cached in all the courtyards of the adjacent houses, but the loyalty of these men in my judgment was questionable. Many of the agents were certainly fraternizing with the mob and not a few were drinking with the Boulangists (*Pauvre Jacques* still doubtless paying the piper!) and of the mounted men not a few had the red carnations, the General's flower, in the headgear of their horses.

In this critical moment in the history of the movement and perhaps indeed of France, while the course of the next few minutes was being debated behind closed doors, many striking remarks were made and some of these have passed into the permanent chronicle of the day. According to all accounts, in the council Naquet, Rochefort, and Laguerre urged the General to send for the "black horse," to don his uniform and lead his devoted adherents on to

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the Élysée Palace. Undoubtedly the General replied, "I am against a Revolution, especially when it is unnecessary. We are coming into our own by legal methods. Why take illegal steps and cause bloodshed?" The words of this discussion came to me second-hand but what I heard with my own ears, confirming this decision, follows. It was a few minutes after midnight when the council dissolved and, again disguised in tourist ulster and a great broad-brimmed hat pulled down over his violet eyes, the General was whisked away by a side exit. As the lieutenants and advisers now trooped down the stairway into the great *salle* of the restaurant, it was not difficult to divine the decision that had been reached or the fact that there were some who were displeased with it. The men who wanted the General to carry out the "mandate of the people of Paris" and seize the reins of government had been defeated. Those who wanted the General to bide his time and continue to float with the favoring tide looked pleased. As they appeared, I came close to Rochefort, the man of the barricades, and Thiebaud, generally regarded as the Bonapartist member of the Committee. Rochefort looked angry and Thiebaud depressed. I had often noted, as was natural, that these men were none too friendly but now, jostled together in the crowd, they became quite affable.

"Cher ami," I heard Thiebaud say to the fighting editor, "I think that for some minutes now our friend's star has been on the wane." Rochefort nodded his head wearily and then Thiebaud went on: *"Cher ami,* what is the hour? It is important that I should mark the time and I have left my watch." Rochefort pulled out from his waistcoat pocket a handsome open-face timepiece. Reading it Thiebaud said, "Twenty minutes after midnight." Smiling sardonically, Rochefort added as he turned away, "But it is at least an hour too late."

The uproar and the jollification lasted until daybreak but after this, I had no hesitancy in taking a cab to the Bourse and sending a rush cable to the effect that there would be no further Boulanger news that night. Had I not been over-cautious, I might have added, "and for many days to come." [1]

[1] Other and more important correspondence than mine was leaving Paris at this moment.

For some weeks the General remained very quiet. Some of his partisans thought his inactivity was masterly, others denounced it as suicidal. On the other hand it was quite apparent that the Ministry was girding up its loins for a trial of strength which could not be much longer postponed. And toward the end of March strange rumors began to float about Paris. One of the most startling was to the effect that, fearful of the high court that was being instituted, or even of a drum-head court-martial, the General had run away to Belgium. Upon this I made a point of seeing him and he contradicted in emphatic terms these scandalous reports. In the sequel I learned he had gone to Brussels but had been brought back by Dillon and Rochefort in a few hours. Authoritative denials are sometimes like that!

As it occurred to me that the General had been invisible for some days now, on April second, through the sleet and rain, I drove out to his home in the rue Dumont d'Urville. There was the customary activity, everything seemed to be going on as usual, but the General was occupied and was seeing no one. I then had a talk with Joseph, the *"petit* groom" who always knew more than he should have. An hour later I was on the express for Brussels and at eight that evening I was with the General in the Hotel Mengelle where he had arrived that morning. Whatever his real feelings may have been the General greeted me in a friendly manner and then sank back seemingly quite exhausted in an armchair. He was hot and tired and his silken hair, usually so docile, was in great disorder. He told me that he had been making use of the recently opened telephone to communicate to his Paris headquarters a manifesto to the French people explaining his action, and he had found the long-distance talk exhausting. He begged me to say nothing as to his whereabouts until it was officially announced and I did not file my dispatch until our Paris office got word through to me that the news of his flight had been published in the last edition of *Le Temps.*

Later in the evening the General sent for me and, stating that he had only left Paris on the advice of his most trusted advisers, he tried to draw me out as to what in my judgment would be the attitude of the foreign press on the step he had taken—but I hung back. Then he read me the manifesto he had telephoned to the people of Paris: "A warrant had been issued for my arrest," he asserted. "It was planned to drag me before an illegal tribunal. I should have been sent to Mazas prison or . . ." The conclusion of his appeal and explanation was, "I shall return to France when the people are aroused to the tyranny under which they are living. Together we shall work for the liberation of our beloved country."

While the General was talking Count Dillon came in from the corridor and Madame de Bonnemains slipped in from the adjacent room and sat down in a window recess within easy hearing distance. Dillon seemed ill at ease but on the question that the General was so eager to discuss, for the moment at least, he was non-committal. "The Deputy for Paris was not safe in the city which he had been called upon to represent in the Chamber by an overwhelming majority," the General continued. "And so for a few days I am compelled to accept the hospitality of a friendly people."

There was much that was sound in the General's contention. Even I, who thought from the first that he should have faced the music and accepted as cheerfully as possible the risks insep-

In his life of King Edward VII, Maurois quotes from a letter that was sent off to the then Prince of Wales by General de Gallifet, his constant correspondent, who dates it, "In the first year of the Boulangerie." The unfortunate Prince in these feverish days was not allowed for obvious reasons to visit Paris officially but he did slip over every now and then and was seen at least on one occasion climbing the Eiffel tower with Lady Warwick, then known as the "Babbling Brook."

"The Boulangist party," writes Gallifet, "is composed of 160,000 socialists, communists, convicts who have escaped, and souteneurs and street sweepers whose pay the General has promised to raise." Then in the next paragraph: "Today the Conservatives, whether Royalists, or Bonapartists, are alarmed by the victory of their *protégé.* They have started something they cannot stop. They have builded stronger than they planned. *Pauvres Gens!*—The two most beautiful duchesses in France, Mesdames de la Trémoille and d'Uzès dined last evening at the Café Durand to be the first to congratulate Boulanger. They were in the company of all the barber-assistants in Paris and this experience was shared with them by Messieurs de Breteuil, Hallez-Claparède, Sagan, and others." The general is wrong about the dinner-party which took place in the editorial rooms of the Gaulois but the letter reveals quite a different point of view from mine.

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arable from the career of the political adventurer, never denied this. M. Constans, the new Minister of the Interior, was a desperate fellow. In fact it was his reputation for what we were pleased to term "frightfulness" in those milk and water days that had recommended him for the job. Many were convinced that once he was placed in the Mazas prison the General never would be seen alive again. According to rumor a certain stubborn king in Cambodia who stood as an obstacle in the path of M. Constans when he was Governor-General in Indo-China had died suddenly and most mysteriously. There was a great uproar but after all there was nothing to do but to give the poor man a magnificent funeral and to this Constans contributed most generously. Of course there would be a tremendous outcry if the recently elected Deputy of Paris was arrested on flimsy charges but if the Deputy died, and deputies die like other mortals, all that could be done would be to give him a state funeral. This line of thought was suddenly interrupted by a direct question from the General whose repeated hints had failed to draw me.

"Now what will be the comment of the foreign press? How will the step I have been forced to take be judged in England and America?"

I admitted that the dangers of his position in Paris had not—could not—be exaggerated. I conceded that Constans was quite capable of assassination but—(it was hard to go on and yet the General insisted), "on the other hand you are technically guilty of desertion in the face of the enemy. You have left your troops on the firing line." Of course I softened this blunt statement of fact as much as possible but even so the General winced, as well he might. "Then you, too, would have me return to Paris?" he inquired. Obviously this suggestion had already reached him.

"On the first train," I answered. "If your trip here cannot be concealed then you should say that important business brought you to Brussels. If you move quickly you can be back in your home early tomorrow morning and then the Cocarde could say that the whole thing was merely a *poisson d'Avril,* an April Fool's day jest." A rather awkward pause now ensued. The General lit a cigarette and strode up and down the room.

Madame de Bonnemains emerged from the window recess and placed her hand caressingly on his shoulder. He smiled brightly. "You know our frank friend from America," he said, and she bowed, although as a matter of fact I had never been presented and indeed this was my first near view of the unfortunate woman who was being called with increasing frequency the *femme fatale* of the "man on horseback." Later it became apparent she helped to dismount him, and at this critical moment she certainly opposed with all the arts at her command his return to Paris, but unlike most other chroniclers of the movement I think she had absolutely nothing to do with inspiring the unfortunate flight. She simply came along, as was only natural.

On this nearer view Madame de Bonnemains was by no means as prepossessing in appearance as when seen at the races or when driving around the lake in the Bois behind her pair of spanking chestnuts. She was quite a little taller than the General, her figure was not good, and her movements were rather ungainly. Now her eyes were red with weeping and her face was lined with weariness. Her lips trembled with anxiety. Evidently during the clandestine trip from Paris, in fear of possible arrest every minute, the poor woman's nerves had given way. It was of course an unfair moment to make an appraisal of the lady's charms but she was certainly lacking in all the traditional graces of the Parisienne. Doubtless, as is so often the case with the *femme fatale,* her power of seduction was mental rather than physical.

Several other adherents of the General now dropped in. They were not outstanding men and I do not recall their names. One of them again broached the subject of a return to Paris and this time Dillon nodded his approval. "It was wise to make your escape," he said, "and now it will be wise for you to return. Now that they realize what the plot was, 100,000 men will stand between you and the desperate lawbreakers who are in power. We will all go together—on the first train." Poor Madame de Bonnemains began to sob convulsively and taking her by the arm the General led her into the adjoining room. Before the door closed I could hear the voice of the frantic woman pleading again and again, "Pay no attention to them, Ernest. They do not love you as I do"—which was of course perfectly true.

For days the adherents of the "man on horseback," whom I now considered definitely dismounted, gathered in Brussels to cheer their leader, and almost without exception to advance arguments which they hoped would induce him to return to Paris. They came singly, two by two, and then in larger groups—Naquet, Laguerre, Barrès too I think, all the lieutenants of the movement except Rochefort. In his paper the militant journalist maintained a dignified silence but personally he let it be known that he had washed his hands of the General. As to the movement, that was another matter. Rochefort had been instrumental in bringing the General back to Paris after his first breakaway, but the second?—No, he was through.

The still faithful leaders sat around in disconsolate groups in the cheerless courtyard of the hotel. They brightened of course and exuded optimism when a representative of the press appeared. At these times Naquet was almost invariably the spokesman. When he thought he was unobserved, the strange little man with the swarthy skin, long dishevelled hair, the bent shoulders that gave him the appearance of a hunchback, was bowed down with grief and disappointment, but when the occasion demanded it, he spruced up wonderfully and nothing but the most undiluted optimism fell from his lips: "When the people of France awaken to a full appreciation of the crime which was planned, our General will be invited back to Paris by universal acclaim. It was his duty to safeguard his life from that murderous crew who for a moment have usurped power which they are using with criminal purpose."

M. Naquet was slated to be Minister of Foreign Affairs under the Boulanger government. I recall a statement he made at the time when, as spokesman, he was outlining the policies of the group: "I would arrange for a general disarmament of the powers and then the blessing of universal peace will descend upon Europe—and upon the Americas too," he added as an afterthought.

I applauded the goal of the Senator's policy, but I could not follow the course by which he proposed to reach the happy conclusion. Some of the steps which he proposed taking seemed clashing and contradictory to me. This was

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quite natural, I suppose, then, as now, when every day we are told that no American can understand European politics. I am afraid this was true then, and is true now, and this want of understanding has cost us dear.

But at times the Boulangists would make the courtyard of the hotel ring with their campaign songs. Not seldom they became vocal merely to keep up their spirits, but more often it was to welcome a delegation from Paris or speed the departure of some distinguished visitor. Generally the war chorus was led by the inimitable Paul Déroulède, with his handsome, but rather foolish face.

It had a fine swing to it, their marching song, and it seemed to inspire the singers with renewed confidence in their cause and their leader—at least while they were singing. And as I remember, it ran something like this—

Il reviendra
Quand le tambour battra.
Quand l'étranger m'nac'ra
Notre frontière.
Il sera là,
Et chacun le suivra.
Pour cortège il aura
La France entière!

which in doggerel reads—

He will come back
When the drums beat.
When the stranger
Menaces our frontier.
He will be there,
And all will follow.
Behind him will stand
All France.

To me, these demonstrations were not convincing of the high hopes of the singers, and when on the last evening of my stay in Brussels a high police officer appeared and announced that, while he knew nothing about French politics, or when the General would return, of one thing he was quite certain, and that was that if the uproar continued, the General would be expelled from Belgian territory.

The following morning I returned to Paris and reported to the "Commodore." [1] "Boulanger is *ausgespielt,*" was his terse summing up of the situation, making use of one of his favorite expressions which was also the only German word he knew—and the next day he sent me to Russia.

I was back in Paris on a short vacation from the Balkans a year later. For the most cogent of reasons—my limited resources—I ate at the Taverne Anglaise in the rue Boissy d' Anglas not fifty steps distant from Durand's where, fifteen months before, General Boulanger had tasted the intoxicating wines of success and balked at the decision which might have led to triumph.

Besides the economic there was still another reason why I, at this moment, affected the lowlier *taverne*. Just across the narrow street beautiful Lily Langtry had an apartment and from time to time, generally about noon, she would dash into this hostelry to have a late breakfast or an early lunch, and when this happened she brought into the dingy place the fragrance of fresh spring flowers and the sweetness of new-mown hay.

But this day she did not come and perhaps I was inclined to be critical when Jules brought me my eggs. They were not what they should have been, they were certainly not above suspicion and, sniffing them as he took them away, Jules admitted the justice of my protest. *"Ma foi,"* he said, *"Monsieur* is right. These eggs are *bien Boulangiste."* I was thunderstruck. A few months before the name of the "man on horseback"—the man of destiny, was a talisman to conjure with. A million of his fellow citizens had voted to place unlimited power in his hands and 8,000,000 more awaited impatiently the opportunity to do so. Every one in France with but few exceptions wore his flower, the red carnation, and now his name was used to designate a category of eggs which all self-respecting restaurants and clients spurn!

This was the last of my personal Boulanger experiences. I never saw the General again but history adds a footnote to his story. Twelve months later, deserted by his fairweather friends and now almost ignored by the press, General Boulanger, in Brussels, blew out his brains on the grave of Madame de Bonnemains who had died after a lingering illness a few weeks before.

In their judgment of the movement and its leader, I differ from many writers. I think Boulanger was an honest man and sought the security and the well-being of his country. Many millions passed through his hands and he died without a sou. He was admittedly a gallant soldier and yet he exposed himself to the charge of cowardice because by so doing he thought to safeguard the movement over which he had been called to preside by the suffrages of the great majority of his fellow citizens who had had an opportunity to vote on the question.

I have read many of the "revelations" that have been published in Paris of recent years as to what happened behind the scenes and as to who pulled the wires of which the General was but the mechanical puppet but they have in no way changed my opinion of this unfortunate man. He was, of course, unequal to the task he was called upon to perform but he tried to do his duty as he saw it and as hundreds of thousands of his countrymen pointed it out to him. I readily admit, however, that men of this luckless category often contrive to do much harm.

I never saw again the sporting duchess, Madame d'Uzès, "the angel" of the Boulanger movement, though she lived to be nearly ninety and was always active in what she considered good causes. But during the Peace Conference in Paris I came in contact with one of her closest friends and so learned how it had fared with the gallant lady during the many intervening years. "Of course the collapse of the Boulanger movement was a great blow to Anne—and left her embarrassed financially. She hung on to the staghounds, naturally, but for a long time she could keep only four footmen. But, poor dear! she never complained and hated to be commiserated. Once I heard her answer an aged friend, who was also a kinsman. 'You should have thought twice before you threw away that pot of money, 3,000,000 francs!' he insisted. 'As you say it was a lot of money—but not too much I think to pay for a *beau rêve,*' was her answer."

"And now, Anne, active as ever, crippled only as to fortune, has thrown herself into another revolutionary movement. It is suffrage for women and a little—quite a little more. Her idea is that turn and turn about is fair play and that as men have made such a mess of world affairs they should be turned over to women—for a time at least." A plan that it must have been difficult to combat in 1919 and even later.[2]

[1] As James Gordon Bennett, the owner of *The New York Herald,* was generally called.

[2] Active to the day of her death, which occurred in her eighty-ninth year, the Duchess lived to see the triumph of many of the good causes she supported so generously. She passed from the scene of her many activities in February, 1933.

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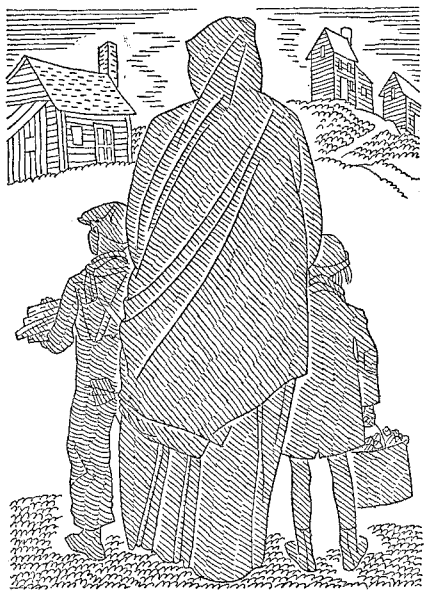
Is Our Generosity Wearing Thin?

By Ida M. Tarbell



Facts on individual gifts to alleviate suffering and a plea for resumption of personal responsibility

THERE is no surer way of finding out what is going on in American towns and cities than to listen to the talk of those informal groups which come together at annual national conventions. For a year now there has been in the discussion of town affairs by such groups a sober and anxious note.

I heard it expressed outspokenly last August by one of a group of what we call "solid citizens"—business men of high type who all their active lives had taken inordinate pride in their towns, securing everything which made a town "a good place to live." They had worked to make them healthful and beautiful, worked for good schools, for parks, hospitals, for slum clearance, for country clubs, boys' clubs, playgrounds and they had not merely given money, they had given themselves and were proud of what had been done.

But now the speaker addressed an anxious group: "When there was illness or accident or bad luck we looked on it as a community obligation and there was a lot of pride in what we did, for it was community business, not merely rich men's business. We had always taken care of ourselves in depressions and were doing so this time. Then last year along came the State administrator and told us that there was $100,000 of Federal Relief money coming to us, and along with it a bureau to distribute it, a bureau of politicians helped out by people who mean well enough but who know nothing about those we deal with. What they have done to a lot of the people we have been looking after for years trying to save their self-respect or restore it if they had lost it, you wouldn't believe. We have dozens now on relief rolls that we have kept off for years and there is nothing to be done about it. Business is steadily getting on its feet but the more people we put to work the more go on relief rolls and we don't know how to stop it."

These words are significant because you cannot today get together a half dozen men and women really experienced in the problems incident to the meeting of human needs without more or less of the same complaint. The crux of the problem lies in the danger that personal social responsibility as well as individual effort on the part of the needy is being dissipated by emergency Federal measures.

Emphasis is given to the point by the disconcerting news that, while there has been a substantial increase in employment since the low level of March, 1933, there has been a much greater increase in the amount spent on public relief. It was estimated that in September, 1934, the first stood at 40 per cent, the second at 76 per cent, and the disparity has continued to increase. In November, 1934, there were 19,017,815 persons on relief rolls—according to FERA reports over 600,000 more than in September. The increase in money spent over that with which we started in 1933—the supposed peak of our distress—was 93 per cent.

But how are we to explain this? There is no manner of doubt that the intrusion by the politically minded, which so disturbs many people experienced in social work, accounts in certain quarters for some of the increase. This was foreseen and voiced when in 1933 Congress made its first appropriation—$500,000,000. The Administrator of Federal Relief, Harry Hopkins, was prompt and emphatic in warning against any attempt on the part of politicians to administer relief:

> You cannot fool with this relief business on a political basis [he said]. Some people have tried it. I have no doubt in some parts of the United States that it is done. The Federal Relief Administration has no intention of tolerating political interference in the administration of public relief to the millions of people in this country.

In the same class with the politician Mr. Hopkins classified that individual who generally goes along with him, the man or woman who knows nothing about administration but needs a job and gets it.

> There is a perfectly amazing lack of responsibility of people who are willing to turn the administration over to incompetent people. Why, even a bootlegger hires somebody who knows his business to cut his liquor. Great guns, why aren't we entitled in the administration of $70,000,000 of taxpayers' money a month, used in the care of 15,000,000 people, why aren't we entitled to skilled and competent direction in the care for these people?

That was the way Mr. Hopkins felt about it in the beginning. It is the way he feels about it now.

Once those great sums were voted by

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Congress there was no human foresight and force that could have prevented an attack by a certain element, but while their influence accounts for a percentage of the increase in the numbers on the relief rolls, I am convinced it is a comparatively small percentage.

Certain things must be remembered when we complain that a 40 per cent increase on pay rolls does not produce a 40 per cent decrease in relief rolls. It has been reckoned by those familiar with the figures that only one in every ten of those who have been re-employed had been on relief. Those first taken back are properly the substantial workers, long with the industry. In the employer's mind, the job "belongs" to them.

But how had they been getting on? Some had nest eggs, insurance, bank accounts, stock in the industry to which they belonged, membership in fraternities which prepare for the evil days which all human experience proves come and must be provided for if lived through—the seven lean years to be cared for by the seven fat.

Generally speaking, men and women who have had the wisdom to provide for a bad time are people who know how to piece out savings. They understand "subsistence farming." Thousands upon thousands of people who never heard the term until now have from time immemorial looked to it as part of their support. Thousands of little farms and gardens existed throughout the country particularly in the neighborhood of industrial towns.

Savings, subsistence farming, odd jobs account for no small number of the one-half of the unemployed who have not been on Federal Relief. No insignificant number is accounted for by that energy and ingenuity which leads men and women in time of stress to seek opportunity, force it. Hundreds have set up little businesses in the last four years which in more than one case have developed into substantial ones.

But there are many, many people in this one-half pretty well worn out with their struggle. Their savings are exhausted. A garden may keep a family in food, a few hens may give eggs and an occasional "chicken in the pot," but where is the money to come from for taxes, up-keep, or rent if he does not own his place? With what is he to buy fuel, clothes? Probably the largest part of those added to the relief rolls since employment began to increase has come from those who have weathered four years but have nothing left for the fifth.

But if I understand the man whose experience I have quoted, his complaint goes much deeper than the fact that, through the efforts of politicians and untrained workers, people in his town are being put on relief rolls who he thinks have no business there. What alarms him is what they are doing to a fifty-years effort to build up a system under which those in need could be brought back to the point where they could take care of their own needs—a system of rehabilitation instead of one of disintegration.

This alarm is shared by many people. It is one of the phases of relief administration that should be squarely faced. The idea that men and women should not be allowed to go to pieces because they can no longer meet even such fundamental needs as food and shelter, that they should be rebuilt, came in with what we call organized charity. Every man and woman in the country over fifty who once was accustomed to giving to the beggar, the tramp, remembers the struggle he had with himself not to give to all who asked, but to give his sympathy, his time, and his money to building up institutions which would help cut off the beggars and the tramp at the source.

Over a period of years there has been developed a fine program for holding together crumbling families, for caring for dependent children, for preventing delinquency by providing boys and girls with clubs, playgrounds, vocational work, and for caring for illness through hospitals and nursing service. Men and women were trained to carry out the program. Between the institutions necessary for this work, institutions largely supported by private funds, and the local relief administration there has come to be increasing co-operation. But herein lies a stumbling block.

Not only is our sound and practical service for meeting human needs being demoralized by the obvious difficulties of mass relief but on all sides the fact of Federal Relief is being seized on by former supporters of such essential institutions as hospitals, nursing services, family restoration as a reason for backing down on contributions. "Let the government do it—we pay taxes."

That is, there is a general weakening of the sense of individual responsibility to support and strengthen the very social agencies which they have helped to build.

Who today is giving 10 per cent of his income to support human welfare? Yet there was a time when men who realized their social responsibility talked in terms of the ancient tithe and many religiously observed it. Before the writer is an accounting of one man's tithing. It is entered in four little books, six by three and a half inches, the ordinary ten-cent paper-bound note-book. On the outside in a clear strong hand—"Lord's Box." Look within and you will find on the title page "Accounts with the Lord's Box." The first account runs from January, '83, to December, '93. The second picks up the account from January, '94, and carries to August, 1903, when the book gave out and a new one was bought. The third carries the Box from September, 1903, to December 31, 1927. The fourth and last begins with January 1, 1928, and its last entry is of November 7 of the same year, within two months of his death. These little books give the accounts running over forty-five years of steady giving of 10 per cent of all money earned by the man who kept them.

This man, David L. Holbrook by name, was a minister whose salary seems never to have been over $1400 a year. Regularly he gave 10 per cent of whatever it was. You find it credited properly month by month in the Lord's Box. And he gave 10 per cent of all the little sums that came his way. There was a time when the church paid the parsonage rent and always 10 per cent is credited to the Lord. He sang sometimes and received fees, and 10 per cent went to the Lord, as did 10 per cent of the marriage fees and other small royalties and the whole was painstakingly distributed to those institutions which he believed most useful to his world.

Who can match that today? Certainly it is not to be matched by reading the Federal income-tax reports. Take the records for 1928. The returns included, in the lowest taxable brackets, 111,123 persons whose average income was $1749. Their contributions to hu-

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man needs averaged not 10 per cent but 2.2 per cent. In the largest income brackets, $5,000,000 and over, there were twenty-six people averaging $10,763,077 each. These persons gave just half of what Mr. Holbrook gave or 5 per cent. It is interesting to note that 1.8 per cent is the average donation made by the entire taxable group. Those in the lowest group with an average income of $1749 are above average in their donations to charity. Whereas those whose incomes range from $3000 to $60,000 are below average. Those whose incomes range from $60,000 up increase their average donation until a peak of 5 per cent is reached by the twenty-six whose incomes are above $5,000,000.

Not to support our needed agencies now, to find excuse in the burden of Federal tax is like hauling down a flag in battle and the worst of it is that it weakens what is the most important thing in the United States, or any democracy, the individual and his collective community efforts. They are and always have been the strength of this country. They are our true experiment stations—laboratories in which we learn how to do things, things industrial, educational, social, philanthropic.

The country is not built from the top, it is built from the bottom by those collective efforts. The great problem in this country is to save what is good in them, to correct what is evil, and go on building. The fundamental criticism of Federal Relief, as stated by the man I have quoted, was not that pork and cotton were dispensed when not needed, nor that money was poured forth to provide work for people when already the community was looking after this need, it was that their local responsibility which they were meeting with courage was invaded, that self-respect at both ends of the line, among those who received and who gave, was weakened, the one reverting to his old begging psychology, the other to his hoarding.

But the day of Federal Relief in the form we have known is passing. It never pretended to be any more than an emergency. What we could have done without it no man can say. It was essential at the moment, like building ships, training men in war times. It was done on a grand scale because the emergency was on a grand scale.

The experience now is chiefly valuable as a guide to the administration of the program with which the government plans to replace it.

The present program proposes to substitute at once jobs for the dole. Four billion dollars are asked to make work for those who have none and can find none. What kind of work? Work that men know is sound and useful, such as the projects of the CCC? Or extemporized jobs like too many of the CWA, the memory of which remains in some communities as a laughing-stock to government improvisation?

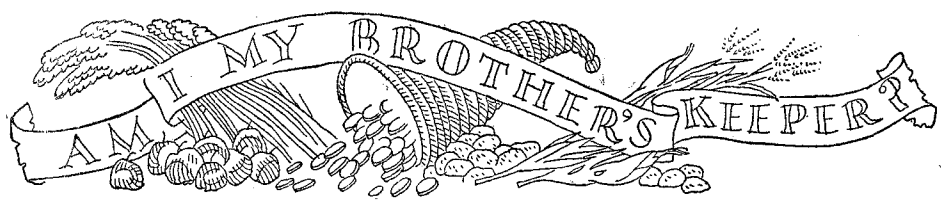
How is this vast project of public works to be managed? What are the communities affected by it to have to do with that administration? Men, given jobs and allowed to loaf on them, are as badly demoralized as men who give up jobs if they can, through political intervention, get relief.

How are the responsible citizens of the local community to be used in carrying on these attempts to replace relief money by work?

How are the citizen and his community to exercise their responsibility in the essential programs for economic security which Congress is now considering? That program is planned to take care of the worst suffering which comes with depressions. It proposes to take care of unemployment by building up funds sufficient to carry those out of work over a reasonable period of time. It proposes that State and Nation combine to make old age secure in all times, good or bad, so that, come a crisis, we have the satisfaction of knowing that men and women, too old for labor, who have for any reason been unable to provide for themselves, will be sure of a pension; it proposes to strengthen the great work for public health already in operation as well as all of the projects for child welfare now being developed. It is an attempt to make general those benefits which communities, industries, bureaus—local, state, national—have proved to be desirable and practical. But the great sums of money to be appropriated for these projects will spread thinly over the vast communities of the United States. The community and the individual must still be the main support.

And here again, how about the administration? The community alone knows its old, its children, its health. Only the community can know its individual problems.

The bill recognizes the need of cooperating with local agencies; the strength of that cooperation will depend more on the insistence of the local authority that this is their business than on any desire of outside authority to work with them. And always there will be the danger, in the administration of these great new national agencies for human welfare, that the politician holding the purse strings will attempt the same invasion of which Harry Hopkins warned when the Federal Emergency relief began in 1933. And he will succeed if those people of the United States who have been running their local affairs give up the job with the hope that all of these cares that they have been managing with more or less success are going to be taken off their shoulders, that the only thing they will have to do henceforth—and which they can do with infinite grumbling—is to pay taxes. No greater disaster could come upon the United States than releasing the individual and the locality from this fundamental obligation: to look after those neighbors who for one reason or another are out of work, old without resources, sick without funds, those for whom the responsible people of the United States have always regarded it their business to provide.



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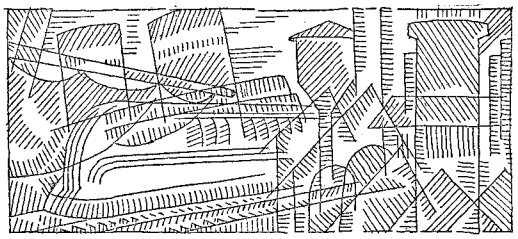
STRAWS IN THE WIND

SIGNIFICANT NOTES IN WORLD AFFAIRS TODAY

Dementia Economica

The Economic Interpretation of All Things



A critic questions the economic interpretation not only of history and literature but of economics itself

By Albert Guérard

We have no lack of critics in America who are offering us an economic (I stand corrected: *the* economic) interpretation of literature. V. F. Calverton is getting to be a veteran in that school; and the latest recruit, Granville Hicks, has managed to attract favorable attention with his *Great Tradition*. A blessing on Karl Marx and all his disciples! Literary knowledge is forever getting cluttered up with the dim and dusty masterpieces of yesterday, with desiccated names of whilom favorites, with toothless theories and outlooks long sightless. Any new method is at any rate a challenge. It goes through our critical lumber room like a devastating housemaid, with powerful Scandinavian arms and a purpose inscrutable to man. When the turmoil is over, things may be a little worse than they were before, but at least they will never be quite the same again.

So I feel a great deal of sympathy for the Economic Interpreters of Literature. My only objection is that they are not thorough-going enough. They may tell us that Willa Cather, Branch Cabell, or Thornton Wilder do not belong to literature, and that William Z. Foster is the only American author worth mentioning; but this will barely elicit a smile. If they started seeking in good earnest the iron law of wages in Homer, the sins of capitalism in Dante's *Inferno*, or the first adumbration of Leninism in Shakespeare, then they would be frankly funny. And Heaven knows we need fun, with the depression, like Charles II, taking "such an unconscionable time in dying."

Saith the prophet, Friedrich Engels: "Marx discovered the simple fact (heretofore hidden beneath ideological overgrowths) that human beings must have food, drink, clothing, and shelter first of all, before they can interest themselves in politics, science, art, religion, and the like. This implies that the production of the immediately requisite material means of subsistence, and therewith the existing phase of development of a nation or an epoch, constitute the foundation upon which the state institutions, the legal outlooks, the artistic, and even the religious ideas are built up. It implies that these latter must be explained out of the former, whereas the former have usually been explained as issuing from the latter."

This passage, involved in style but elementary in thought, shows what a fine, elusive line may at times separate a truism from a fallacy. A pamphleteer offered as an excuse for a particularly scurrilous effort of his pen: "One must live," and drew upon himself the retort: "I don't see why." But he was right, and Engels was right: "One must live." At any rate, no writer can write unless he is alive. *Primo vivere, deinde philosophari:* these words of wisdom were spoken ages before the days of Karl Marx. Engels might have added that man needs a solid earth under his feet, and therefore that geology is the indispensable foundation of all art and religion. We might further agree that geology is not to be explained in terms of art or religion, although the orthodox have made brave efforts in that line. All this is so obvious that it becomes inane. If we attempt to think with greater precision, then the doctrine propounded by Marx and Engels ceases to be even roughly true.

As man is assured of food and shelter, even of the scantiest, he is free to ponder, enjoy, and dream. No doubt his dreaming is to a large extent conditioned by the material world he leaves behind: the literature of conscious protest and wilful escape mirrors the very conditions that it spurns. But, as soon as his bodily wants are satisfied, and by whatever means they may be satisfied, man is released from immediate necessity. Forgetting for a while appetite and toil, he faces those problems which are beyond any economic régime—the whence and the whither, Nature and the beyond, love and death. He uses symbols, words, and illustrations which belong to his age, tribe, or class: but they are merely the garments of his thought.

All this may sound like idealistic nonsense: it is literally and pragmatically true. There are moments when I feel at one with Ecclesiastes or Voltaire, although their economic worlds were radically different from mine. There are moments when I am not in perfect harmony with Harold Bell Wright and Gertrude Stein, although both are the "inevitable" products of the civilization which is also responsible for me. When I settle down to enjoy music, I blissfully forget whether Beethoven was the child of capitalism or of communism, and whether I myself am a bourgeois or a bolshevist. If our critics of the extreme left need sociology before they can enjoy Homer, Fielding, or Ogden Nash, it simply proves that they re-

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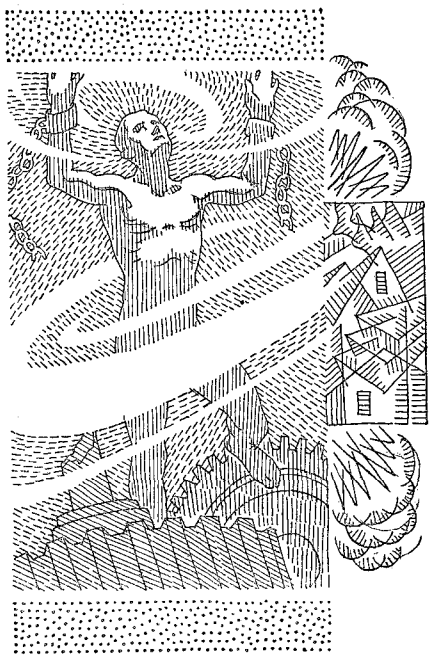

main on the hither side of literature.

But the Economic Interpreters of Literature are only imitating, after a couple of generations, the Economic Interpreters of History. If by history we mean what is still taught under that name in our best universities—the record of man's folly in the shape of wars, revolutions, persecutions, massacres and other epic amenities, then (to the credit of economics be it said) economics cannot interpret history. Economics is far too sensible for these grand sadistic pastimes.

Take two striking historical events, as historical as they make them, the French Revolution and the Great War. The French Revolution was started by the enlightened bourgeoisie, which already had wealth and influence, but wanted prestige as well. The nature of property was not in question: feudalism had long been dead; and the first flickers of socialism were barely perceptible. A duke, a financier, a merchant, an artisan, a peasant, all had exactly the same conception of property, the same awe before its sacred character. The machine age, which had barely reached its infancy in England, was not to affect French life for another half-century. The disastrous plight of the royal finances was the occasion of the Revolution, not its cause. If the upheaval strengthened the class of peasant proprietors, it was merely as a by-product. This class, the chief beneficiary of the movement, was also the most tepid in supporting it. Many peasants fought against the men who had freed them and had opened to them the gate to economic independence. Naturally, there is an economic side to the Revolution as there is to everything else. But it is wholly inadequate to explain the tumult of doctrines and passions which raged over France from 1789 to 1794.

The struggle between France and Germany has filled the unhappy annals of Europe for many a generation. At no time had that struggle an economic background. The trade between the two neighbors has always been brisk and mutually profitable. The true rivals for world markets were England and Germany. Yet they remained friends until about 1900; the misunderstanding between them was political, not economic, matters of prestige, not of interests. It was not the business elements in the two countries that urged them to a mad rivalry: on the contrary, bankers, merchants, shipowners made vigorous efforts, as late as the spring of 1914, to avert an un-economic, an anti-economic catastrophe. The tragic irony of it all is that they had actually succeeded: arrangements for Anglo-German co-operation in many spheres, in the Bagdad Railway, in the development of the Portuguese colonies, had already been prepared. When England was on the brink of war, the City was the last to yield. The most purely economic school of thought, Manchesterian laissez-faire, consistently stood for peace. War is a fit of romanticism: it is the passion, the fierceness, the splendor of it that fascinate men, who then refuse to count the cost. The secret of ancient wars was given out by Louis XV, when he said: "I am a King, not a merchant." Sir Norman Angell might echo: "Only kings, crowned or not, kings as the symbols of the picturesque and sentimental in national life, would wage war: merchants know better."

This holds true of contemporary history. The threat of war and revolution comes from wounded pride, not from the clash of economic interests. We are England's most dangerous rivals in world trade and finance: but the competition does not translate itself into terms of so-called "history," that is to say of potential armed conflict. It does not even breed enmity. There is, to be sure, a wholesome dose of acidity in our relations with Great Britain: enough to prevent our growing sickeningly sentimental about each other. But there is hardly any trace of the vicious bitterness that prevailed eighty years ago. Then it was good manners in England to insult America; and twisting the lion's tail was our national pastime. Yet, in those days, the interests of the two countries were in substantial harmony.

We refuse to talk over the debt question with the French because they have got on our nerves: our obstinacy is a matter of pride and temper, not of business sense. It would obviously be to the advantage of Ireland not to offend her best customer; to the advantage of Danzig to cast in her lot unreservedly with Poland; it would have been to the advantage of the Saar Basin to remain united with its natural complement, French Lorraine: but there are no more brittle chains than chains of gold. Most of the French Colonial Empire should be entered on the debit side: but if we or any one else were foolish enough to offer a price for it, Paris would rise in righteous wrath. If we had a navy just to protect our shipping and to keep the lanes of commerce open, it would be a disastrous investment: the premium is larger than the profit. The navy, like a gentleman's sword, is guarding not our purse, but our honor. History in war or peace is profoundly uneconomic.

You may tell me that wars, treaties, revolutions, etc., are not history, but mere accidents. History should deal with the vast secular trends which affect the daily lives of men. To be sure: if by history you mean economics, then economics will explain history. But, if you cling to the traditional conception, then I have no doubt that the æsthetic interpretation is far more valid than the economic. History is a gorgeous and costly pageant in which men are both actors and spectators. I do not much like that form of art; I do not believe that it is worth the treasures and pains lavished upon it. But it is art, and men crave it. Its place can be taken, not by economic satisfaction, but by better art. What Germany needs at present is a dramatic critic to make her feel that, after all, Hitler is rather obvious.

After denying the Economic Interpretation of Literature and the Economic Interpretation of History, why not deny also the Economic Interpreta-

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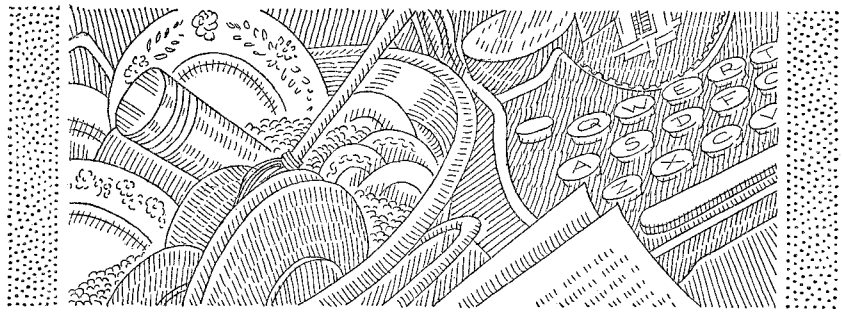
tion of Economics? This is no fanciful paradox: for a hundred years, critics have poked fun at *Homo Economicus,* that bloodless monster whose sole passion is to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest. Living economics, as distinct from the dismal theoretical science, is a part of sociology, of collective psychology, of ethics. Orthodox economy was built up on a psychological assumption, the profit motive. Socialism is not even a pseudo-science, but a moral hypothesis. It was Fourier's great merit to found his Phalansterian system not on the production, distribution, and consumption of material goods, but on an analysis of the human mind. His "Harmonian" psychology may have been fantastic in the extreme, but the principle was sound.

Never has pure economic law been allowed free play in the economic field. The heredity of private property, for instance, is by no means an economic conception: if an incompetent heir is given control of a great enterprise, the result is uneconomical. Inheritance is based on tradition and sentiment. Nationalism, which is frankly æsthetic and sentimental, has constantly been allowed to interfere with free trade, which is pure economic orthodoxy. The Tories who most vehemently condemn any "new deal" as in contradiction with economic law choose to forget that their "old deal" was based on the protectionist heresy and a few others. There is no such thing as economic law: what we call by that name is the translation into economic terms of human purposes. The Sherman Act was passed because giant Trusts were turning our economic liberalism into a mockery: but economic liberalism was defended—not vindicated—by means which were both anti-liberal and anti-economic.

Philanthropic legislation, now our chief concern, has never been totally abandoned, even in the heyday of laissez-faire. Manchester says: "Devil take the hindmost!" but the Gospel says: "Devil take the foremost!" the rich who will find it so hard to get into the Kingdom of Heaven. We are trying our best to find a workable compromise between Manchester and Nazareth: but thank the Lord! we have never been totally enthralled to *Homo Economicus.*

The best economic régime is not the most economical, *i.e.,* the one that will produce most goods, but the one which will best give men security combined with self-respect. Ultimately, the test is a moral one: any régime in which I feel humiliated is wrong to me. Self-respect may be attained in many ways which are not economic. In feudalism loyalty is a source of pride. In a theocracy the beggar, if he be a man of God, may win more respect than the millionaire. In a nationalistic state the servant of the common good ranks highest, irrespective of economic reward. If communism and capitalism are to be compared, our criterion will be, not material production, but human values.



Must Married Women Work?

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

Careers for young women are fashionable. Here is a brief for the woman who stays home

Dean Gildersleeve tells the sophomores at Barnard that every woman student should look forward to having a career as well as a husband or else to finding at the age of forty-five that her family doesn't need her. Under the auspices of the Barnard Social Science Forum, Magistrate Anna Kross and Mrs. Gretta Palmer of *The World-Telegram* both tell a group of young women that they should receive equal opportunity with men to have a family and a career and Magistrate Kross adds that marriage should be only an "incident" in a woman's life, which only temporarily "checks" and then adds "incentive" to her career. Finally, Mrs. Roosevelt, in a speech to the headmistress and seniors of many of the private schools in New York states that "it is worth while to work and if you don't work at something you are an incumbrance and the world today has no place for incumbrances."

As a happily married woman, with a son nearly three years old, and a regular job which interests me tremendously besides, I feel that at these really very fine words of advice I should throw my hat in the air with loud huzzahs. And still I can't. I am so tired of having young married women who are doing an admirable job of taking care of their children, of running, in these hurly-burly times, a cheerful and peaceful household that's an inspiration to visit, and who are leading besides very aware and intelligent lives in their communities, say to me, "My dear, you must be too clever for words—having a child and a household and a job at the same time. How do you ever do it?" The temptation, of course, is to swallow it, hook, line, and sinker, and to fool myself for a minute into thinking that I'm just a pretty smart girl. Only I happen to know that it isn't so. If I could run a house with as much grace and charm as they can, could be as completely alive to what's going on in the world at the same time, could feel their personal triumph when the soufflé comes on to the table in a state of

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melt-in-the-mouth *soufflé* instead of the sullen mass it always turns out to be in my house; if I could get the pleasure they can from remembering to have my husband's studs in his dress shirt before he gets home to dress for a party and otherwise smoothing his busy path; or from turning the conversation after dinner tactfully and gracefully as the temper of the evening seems to indicate I should, I'd change places with them in a minute and feel I was more a woman for it. We who work often think *they're* the wonderful ones.

Yet, so far has the propaganda of "by all means a career" taken us by storm, that instead of feeling the satisfaction of accomplishment that they should be allowed who make a really creative job of keeping the home fires burning, these young women are made to feel that they lack something; that they must be a little stupid because they actually enjoy doing the thing they're best fitted for. Whereas the girl of twenty-seven or so, who turned down a man some years back because she'd been brought up to believe that every girl must know how to do something to earn her own living, sits at the same old typewriter at the same old $20-a-week job, hating it, loathing it, on the verge of a nervous breakdown—but is considered o. k. *just because she has a job!* A job, certainly, if it's work or starve, and she can get one. An interest at all costs, but not a feeling that the world will think the less of her if she finds when the time comes that she wants to chuck it all for a husband and an intelligent life at home. Not a superstition that the only self-respect lies in clinging, whether married or unmarried, to just any old outside work.

Those who do aren't o. k., and they aren't happy either very often. One of my friends, unmarried, has a responsible and extravagantly paid executive job in a department store. The other day I had lunch with her and asked her if she really enjoyed what she was doing. "I'd quit tomorrow," said the well-paid executive, "only I haven't any other life any more. This nine to six, six days a week, is deadening. I don't think I'll ever be a normal human being again." I have another friend who does a splendid but demanding job of editing on one of our nationally-known magazines; another works in the woman's department of one of New York's largest banks; one of my married friends sells in a department store; and they all tell the same story. No, they aren't crazy about their work. It takes all their time, they never get a chance to read, see the exhibits they'd like to see or hear the music that they'd like to hear, let alone seeing their friends—but they just feel they have to keep on working; partly for financial reasons, it's true, but mostly because they still have the vague, not altogether reasonable feeling we were brought up with that we must have a career. And home-making wasn't ever included in the list of careers held up to us.

Part of this dissatisfaction is, of course, a mark of the times. I know a great many young men, too, who are discontented and unhappy. They feel no underlying purpose or direction in what they are doing, now that our ideal of working solely to make ourselves rich is fortunately being swept away. Most of them have set up no new ideal to take its place. In short, neither young men nor young women who are working, just to work, know where they are going.

I do know on the other hand, two young women who have a serenity and contentment in their work that is inspiring. One, a nurse, when I asked her if she were happy in her work gave an answer so different from my other friends that it was a pleasure to hear it. "Completely," she said quietly. "There are surface discontents and troubles, of course, but fundamentally, I can think of nothing else in the world that could be as satisfying. It is marvelous to see, every day, that there is a need for what you are doing." Another girl who works in a Social Service Bureau gave me somewhat the same answer. It is particularly unfortunate that these very fields, especially nursing, are at present so organized that going into them seriously with an idea of continuing them, almost means giving up any idea of marriage at all.

There are undoubtedly, however, a great many other fields in which women do find satisfaction and content, which can be combined with some home life, and these are assuredly the kinds of careers that Dean Gildersleeve and Mrs. Roosevelt and the others intend for the girls that they are addressing—work that gives complete satisfaction to the worker. About this kind of job, my argument is obviously with theirs. I should be the last to decry the unselfish and courageous work of those women who during the last century and this have struggled to make any careers for women possible today. I believe with them that women should have the *opportunity* for a career and a home, if in that way their lives may be happier, and by the same token, more useful. My only fear is that in these talks which are undoubtedly full of inspiration for some, there may be incredible discouragement for others whose ability lies in that field where some women will always, I think, find their greatest happiness and opportunity. I disagree with them only when they seem to imply that the creating of a home cannot possibly be a career. I sincerely believe that it can and often is, and that the woman who does it intelligently and well is no parasite, but a happy and useful, if unpaid, member of society. The important thing, it seems to me, is for each woman to find what is satisfying *for her* and not to feel chagrined and inferior if she finds that for her, woman's place *is* in the home.

II

There are some of us now married who have worked too long outside, who have known too long the routine of an office; have had closing dates to meet and have had to get out copy to presses that will not wait. When we are faced with work at home we are baffled and at a loss. There is no closing date. If the curtains don't go up today they can tomorrow. The messy closet under the stairs will not be seen by any one. And an indulgent husband, unlike the presses, will accept the ever-ready excuse "Oh, my dear, I just was too tired to get around to that today." And all the time the pressure of a job poorly done weighs down on us. It is not only laziness that keeps us from doing the things that we know should be done. For most of us who have had no real training at home and possess no natural knack for it, there is the feeling that even if we did do it, we'd make a poor job of choosing curtains, or hanging pictures or painting the bathroom floor. As a result, of course, we long for the office where we have our

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training or our knack. We are the result of an education that taught "career." We have not learned to take satisfaction in work well done *at home*.

And what of the children? That is a difficult thing to face. Some say that it is better for the children at this age not to be too much with their mothers. My own situation is peculiarly happy in that I work from nine till three and spend the rest of the day with my child. For me, even with the urge to work out of my home, that is the only possible way, but I can understand those for whom working is even more of a necessity than that. My doctor, on the other hand, cannot. He thinks that children are a full time job in themselves, and he is one of New York's most modern doctors. "If you were a Madame Curie, or a great actress, or a great musician with something to contribute to the world," he told me with the frankness that is his charm, "then the children wouldn't matter. The jobs that most mothers hold aren't of the slightest importance in comparison to what they might be contributing to the lives of their children." This was hard medicine to take and I protested weakly: "But as it is, I see my child as much as most mothers who spend the afternoons going to matinees or playing bridge!" He gave me what I deserved. "Is that your only other choice?" Then he went on to temper his justice. "As a matter of fact, for the present, with your one child, I think your arrangement is ideal, particularly if you need the money. But if you ever have another child—then I don't know." That's where he stands on careers for mothers.

In this discussion I have purposely steered entirely away from the financial and social aspects of the situation. When I say that some of us "must" work, I do not intend to include the financial necessity, and I have not at all considered here whether we, as wives of husbands with jobs, should have the right to work. In my own case, I feel that if I pay my salary out again immediately to the two people who now divide between them the work in my home that I otherwise should be doing, I am not upsetting the employment scales in the wrong direction. But I am not interested in that point here.

My deep conviction is that there are surely married women who are more useful both in their homes and in their communities, for the very reason that they are working at a job or career *outside* their homes. For them, combining an outside creative job with their lives at home is the only way of achieving that inner satisfaction and harmony which enables any of us to attain our greatest usefulness.

But on the other hand I cannot bring myself to believe that there will ever be a time when those women—and I know so many—whose genius lies in the field of making gracious and lovely homes, be they ever so humble, will not be useful doing just that. And I know, from my little experience at trying, that it is no part-time job, if at the same time, which is of course absolutely essential, they take time out to be what I call *mentally* self-supporting. They will not then be the type, when they are forty-five, to want to go and live on married son or daughter or to complain to father that they have nothing to do now that the children have all gone away. It is when I think of the useful, brilliant lives that some of the women I know lead, partly because they have the time to lead them with their homes as the center; and of the potential similar lives of some of the young sophomores to whom these career speeches are directed, that I wish some little allowance could be made for those who by nature are best fitted simply to enrich the lives of those around them. I don't like to think of Susie's going out trying hither and yon to find just any kind of work in the world, paid or otherwise, when all the time what she wanted to do was to stay home and sew a fine seam or help Aunt Martha give cough medicine to the babies. My plea is for her, that she may not be discouraged and lost among the exhortations for outside jobs and careers, encouraging and inspiring as they are indeed to many.

"The whirr of the spinning wheels has ceased in our parlors and we hear no more the treadles of the loom. . . . But the imagination hears them," and for some women still, "theirs is the melody of romance," the expression of their fullest lives.

College Courses in "Indecent" Literature

By Bergen Evans

Is *all* good literature indecent?" The question, asked in intense seriousness by a very earnest young lady in one of my classes which had just covered Pope, Swift, Defoe, and Fielding, was but a naïve expression of what in one form or another is being asked by many parents. And to "indecent" they add "irreligious" and "socialistic."

The tumult and the shouting over the sciences has ceased; ballyhoo has invested them with an infallibility in the popular mind such as theology never enjoyed in its palmiest days, and the humanities are left alone to bear the brunt of public (and much academic) disapproval.

The problem of the objections raised against literature as it is taught in the colleges is of sufficient social interest to warrant a little consideration of its roots and ramifications.

The majority of the parents who send their children to college hope that the child will learn certain things there which will enable him to earn a comfortable living; they feel, to put it into its simplest terms, that the instructors know certain things, secrets of commercial success as it were, which they will divulge for the price of tuition and which, once mastered, will serve as an open sesame to the rich caves of plunder.

But the fulfilling of parental desires, however laudable, is not the sole function of the universities. In so far as they prepare for the professions and business leadership they are utilitarian, but there are those who feel that personal culture is a worthy end in itself and

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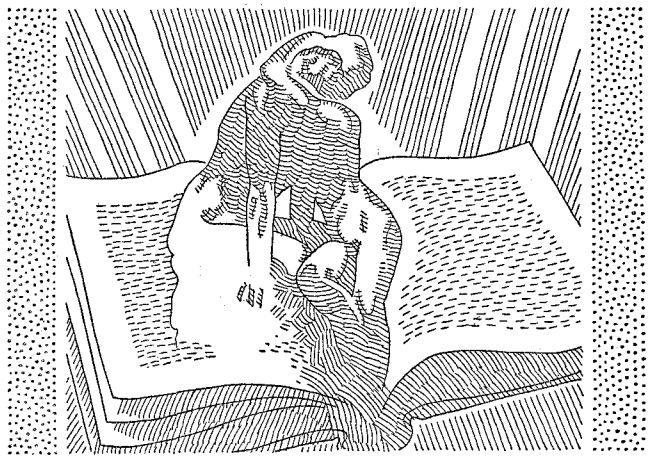

that, even when regarded from the utilitarian viewpoint, the best interests of society will be served if the institutions of higher learning should stand for a free and open inquiry into every field of human knowledge and experience. Those who take this view see in the colleges not bulwarks of social conformity to uphold the existing order but instruments to examine the means of founding a better order and to consider, to this end, the best that has heretofore been done and thought in the world.

With this many agree who do not at the same time recognize that the acceptance of a new belief usually requires the rejection of an old one and that the impartial pursuit of truth involves a conflict with any group that has already reached a decision in regard to any particular truth. And the more groups that have reached absolute decisions regarding any one subject, the more certain is conflict. How is history, for instance, to be taught so as to please the D. A. R. *and* The English Speaking Union, the Chamber of Commerce *and* the A. F. of L., the League of Nations Club *and* the American Legion?

And literature, which criticizes all of life, which relates all knowledge to human experience, which deals with the most powerful emotions, and which embodies all protests against all existing orders and all aspirations toward better ones, and which, by its very nature, cannot hide behind a technical vocabulary but must speak to the wayfaring man in a language which he can understand, is bound sooner or later to come into conflict with every settled interpretation of life, all dogma, and the sum of human prejudices.

It cannot escape being the object of a cross-fire of resentful criticism. It lies athwart the path of the student seeking merely technical proficiency, which will enable him to get the better of his fellow-men, and compels him to consider the hopes and fears of others, and at the same time it offends his dearest prejudices.

There of course does not exist any class in literature in any college in America which has for its purpose the ridiculing of any religious, political, or moral beliefs. Individual works read in the course may ridicule certain or even many beliefs, but the assignment of such works does not mean that the student is expected to accept the ideas expressed in them. In fact it would be impossible to accept all of the ideas expressed in even an elementary survey course, for how can one accept Swift and Wordsworth, Samuel Johnson and Shelley, or Arnold and Browning?

What the student may do, however, is to see that the extremest divergence of religious, political, social, and moral ideas is possible among men all of whom possess a share of the truth and all of whom approach life with nobility of purpose.

And unless he be very dull, he cannot help comparing the experience mirrored in the literature with his own and passing judgments upon it and attempting to create standards whereby he may judge. For literature and ethics are inseparable. We look in literature for similarities to our own lives and enjoy the work we are perusing to a greater or less degree according as we are able to recognize in it "kindred images and parallel circumstances" to those we have known.

Parents do not realize that this relation of literature to ethics is more often the work of the student than of the instructor, whose rôle is frequently one of restraint and moderation. Many children who have arrived through their own thoughts at ethical conclusions are inclined to be unduly bitter against their parents for their unthinking dogmatism. Those who complain that the college is undermining the home would be amazed to know what bitter attacks on parents instructors sometimes must listen to and how earnestly we have talked with angry and miserable adolescents to persuade them to see and understand their parents' view even if they could not share it.

But many of the students who come into collision with ethics through literature do not so much go forward into the problems as *back* into them in resentful protest against things in the reading which seem to ridicule their beliefs in the equality of man, the value of optimism, or any other of the host of popular catchwords with which they have been saturated in the grades. And their protest usually takes the form of an angry remonstrance against some passage which seems to impugn some belief, dogma, or label, which has the emotional value of being a part of their childhood, love for their parents, or recollections of happy hours and friendships in the church.

Those who would spare them by insisting that nothing should be assigned that could in any way offend a sincere religious belief show more feeling than understanding. For so heterogeneous are the student bodies of our great universities, and so preposterous are the limitations imposed by some beliefs that hardly anything could be taught without offending some religious conviction. Dietetics would offend an orthodox Jew and costume design would be a stumbling block to a Dunkard. Geography would stink in the nostrils of those whose religion insists that the earth is flat, and bacteriology would be abhorrent to those who believe that disease is but an error. Few courses in literature could be properly taught and remain inoffensive to those Catholics in the class who took the Index Expurgatorius seriously. And what about eugenics?

Colleges have had serious trouble with Christian Scientists over required courses in hygiene and with Seventh-Day Adventists over examinations on Saturdays. One western university that I know of met with most unexpected religious objections to its requirement that a certain costume be worn in gymnasium classes, for the edict would have compelled its many Mormon students to remove their sacred under-

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wear, without a suit of which the faithful must never be!

Usually, of course, the children are saved from concern by their blissful ignorance of the beliefs they profess, and the churches often avoid the issue by placing a generous interpretation upon their dogmas, like the mellow Superior of a Catholic university who, when told that it would be impossible to teach the Romantic Movement properly because the Index listed the *Opera Omnia* of Rousseau, replied cheerfully, "*Opera Omnia*? Why, there's no difficulty there! You don't have to assign *all* of his works, do you?"

But unfortunately such mellow casuistry is rare. What most parents and protesting clergymen really want is to have the college an agency for propagating their particular dogmas. It is difficult for them to face the fact, here as elsewhere, that the children are becoming adults, that many of our students are of legal age, and, as human beings in their own right, are entitled to examine evidence for themselves. In the course of a protest against a certain book, an indignant pastor called the author, a professor, "a rattlesnake in a kindergarten." I must defer to the student of social ophiology concerning the first part of the epithet, but the second, which reflects a widespread attitude, is emphatically wrong. Our universities are not kindergartens. Most of the students are of an age when they are liable under the law for their acts, and the boys are subject to military conscription. Surely one who is old enough to be killed for his country is old enough to be allowed to examine the bases of the beliefs upon which the institutions of that country rest and which eventually determine its policies.

To the charge most frequently brought against courses in literature, that they are indecent, the only answer that can be given, that decency is a relative term, is not likely to be very satisfactory to a parent reared on *Little Women* who has for the first time taken a peek into her daughter's copy of *Moll Flanders* or *Sister Carrie*.

Often the charge has no better foundation than the student's own ignorance, prudery, and genius for misconception. A recognition of the infinite capacity for absurd misapprehension latent in the adolescent mind is one of the great pieces of wisdom which experience brings to the teacher.

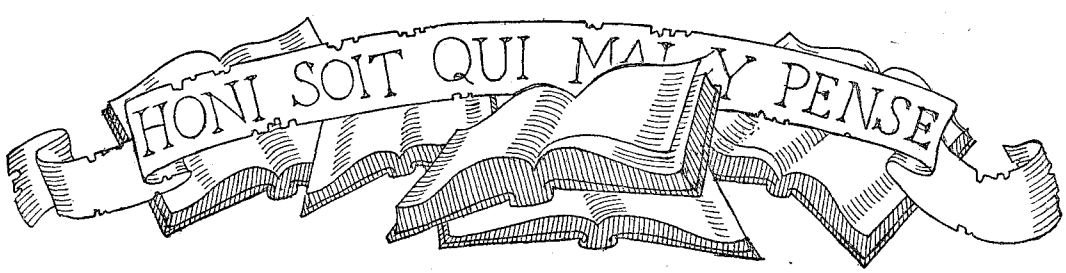
Even where there is some foundation in fact the "indecency" is often the result of disproportionate emphasis on the part of the student which necessitates the instructor's dealing directly with a passage which might otherwise have been passed over as of no consequence. In the attacks of the great satirists upon affectation and hypocrisy, coarseness has ever been, it is true, a most effective weapon, but in most other works it is incidental. *Tom Jones*, for instance, which has been objected to by many of my students as being no more than the recital of the amours of an unprincipled reprobate, comes far nearer to being a sermon on the text that charity covers a multitude of sins. And if the lesson is to carry weight, the story must carry conviction, for, as Thackeray says, "a false tale carries a false moral."

In considering courses in modern literature, which are those most frequently accused of obscenity and general immorality, the whole ground of the discussion shifts. In the first place they exist only in answer to popular demand, which is attested by the fact that they invariably have the largest enrolment of any of the courses offered for free election. Let parents and guardians of the public morals do what they can, the hopeful fact remains that our young people are vitally interested in the life around them and the world in which they must live.

Nor does any university place its sanction on the books considered in these courses in the same way that it does on those considered in the elementary, required courses. No attempt is made by an intelligent instructor to express a definitive evaluation of material so recently published. In such a course he rather accompanies his students than leads them. And if much of what is read seems indecent to the parents, it may be answered that this is not the fault of the literature itself, which presumably reflects and interprets the society of which the objecting parent forms a part. To question the fairness or fitness of the interpretation is beside the point, and certainly parents do not raise questions on that score one whit more penetrating and pertinent than those raised by the instructors themselves.

Surely if the social, religious, and moral problems which are raised in courses in the humanities are approached with the integrity of purpose and high seriousness which they merit, the objection to the discussion of them in the colleges becomes merely a part of the general objection to discussion of them at all. Parents must recognize that their children would have to consider these same questions whether they were in college or not and that in the outer world they would find them treated with a bitterness and prejudice that would almost preclude the possibility of a fair and dispassionate examination.

And it is just such an examination that is needed today if our young men and women are to have any chance of formulating for themselves an ethic consistent with the great accretion of scientific knowledge which has come to us in the last century. And literature, by relating this new knowledge to life, and by broadening the range of their sympathies, will play a large part in the inescapable translation of the new theory into action. It will, in short, serve to *humanize* all of their other knowledge. And upon the humanization of this vast new knowledge, in this age of disintegrating moral supports, increasing pressures and growing resentments, may depend the future of civilization.



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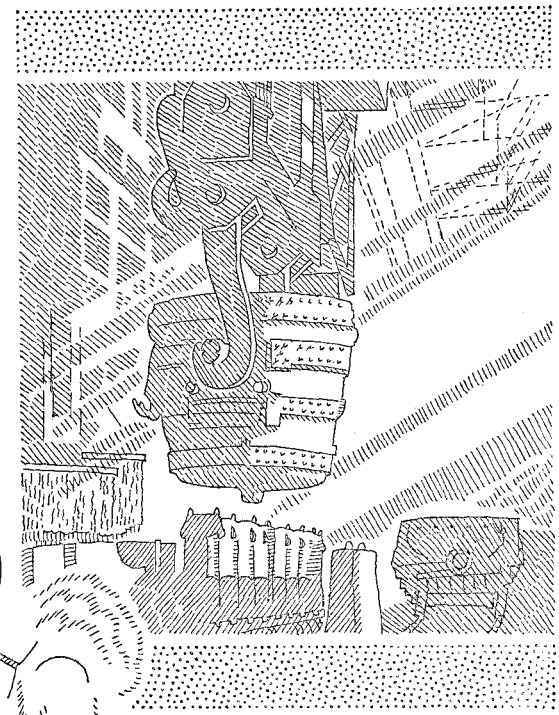
Steel Mill Lullaby

By Owen Francis

Joe Magarac is the hero in the folk-lore of the steel-workers. Owen Francis wrote a part of his saga for SCRIBNER'S *a few years ago. Here is another Joe Magarac story as told by a "hunky" mother to her son*

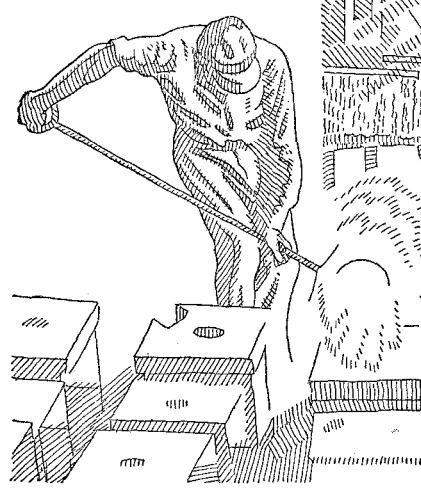


Now Johnnie you comit here for my lap and I gone tell you story and I betcha you gone sleep right away and some day you gone be strong mans joost lak Joe Magarac who now I gone tell you about.

Well, dis Joe Magarac as I told you before, was man who was made from steel. Oh sure, he was born in ore mountain long time ago and he comit for dis place dat everybody know is best steel mill in whole Monongahela Valley. And dey call him Joe Magarac for *magarac* means jackass donkey what joost eatit and workit all time dats all and dat was fine name for dis fellow for dats all he do, joost eatit and workit. My God's Almighty, you never see before mans what workit so much as Joe; day turn and night turn he workit and he no stop nothing and pretty soon everybody know dat Joe Magarac was best steel mans what ever lived for anyplace.

Now dere was living mebbe by Johnstown, mebbe from Youngstown, mebbe from Gary Indiana, some mans by the name of Vladek. And one time he hear mans say dat over by dis place was Joe Magarac who was makit more steel as ten oder mans put together. Den dis Vladek get mad lak anyting and he stomp up and down and he say:

"What kind business is dis kind of business anyway? Dem peoples down by Monongahela Valley say 'Hoorah for Joe Magarac,' dey never hear of me, Vladek, by Gods who is better mans as anybody. I tink I gone down dat place and show dem someting. Pete, you be first helper on furnace until I gone to come back. Goodbye."



So one day on 4.24 train from Pittsburgh dere comit for dis place Vladek dat mans who tink he gone show Joe Magarac dat he better stay home with old womans and not comit monkey round big mans what workit in mill. Dis Vladek was big mans allright: he have big back, big arm—so big lak dis—big hand, big everyting. But in face he lookit not so good. His mouth was tight same lak he eatit barrel sour pickle, and from his eyes he lookit joost same lak rat what peek out from behind cupboard and gone grab someting when nobody lookit.

Vladek standit on station place and he lookit for our mill and he say:

"Ho! Ho! What the hells dis I see. Dat furnaces lookit lak cook stove, dat bloomer mill lookit lak play-toy what Santa bring for kids on Christmas, and I tink in dat finish mill dey joost roll toothpick."

Den he spit big spit tobacco on feets of mans what was makit laugh at him and den he gone over to Mosley's barroom where same lak everytime mans from mill was standit round havit one, two glass beer for she was summertime and was hot lak hell. Dis Vladek he poundit on bar lak Eli Bogovich do on pay day and he say:

"Ten beers, by God. Me, I be Vladek and I was man what tellit Old Man Carnegie how to makit steel. I drinkit and I workit more as any mans whatever drinkit and workit. And mebbe nobody gone lak what I say I gone break off dat fellow arm and carry round in pocket for good luck. Givit me ten beers so dat it makit me thirsty and den I gone drinkit someting."

Well, mans in bar lookit for other mans and other mans lookit someplace else for dey was all 'shamed for somebody talkit lak dat. But nobody wanit makit trooble for dis Vladek was plenty tough mans and dey tink dey better take him easy little while. Dis fellow bang on bar so dat glasses joomp lak

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monkey on stick and he yell so loud nobody can hear rolls by bloomer mill:

"Now, by Gods, you lookit for real mans. Three cheers for Vladek! I hear somebody say three cheers for Joe Magarac. Jezus Christ A mighty dat is so foony lak Charlie Chaplin. Tomorrow I gone in mill and in one turn I makit more steel as dis Joe Magarac makit in whole damn year. Three cheers for Vladek! Better mans as Joe Magarac! Better mans as Jezus!"

Now mans was fraid lak anyting when dey hear dis fellow say dat he was better mans as Jezus and dey run home to pray for dey tink if dey gone standit round and listen to mans say dat Old Davil gone catch dem for sure. After dey all say prayer dey feelit much better.

Sure ting, next morning dis Vladek, who curse our God and laughit for Joe Magarac, was down by employment office and he catch job by open hearth. He catch job as first helper Noomber Six furnace next by side of Noomber Seven where Joe Magarac was workit. Some friend for Joe Magarac go round to Joe and he say:

"Joe, today comit for mill fellow by name of Vladek. Dis Vladek he say he gone makit more steel as you. Dis fellow is big mans all right and he talkit pretty big. He say he was better mans as you. He say he was better mans as Jezus."

Joe Magarac no say nothing for little while and den he say:

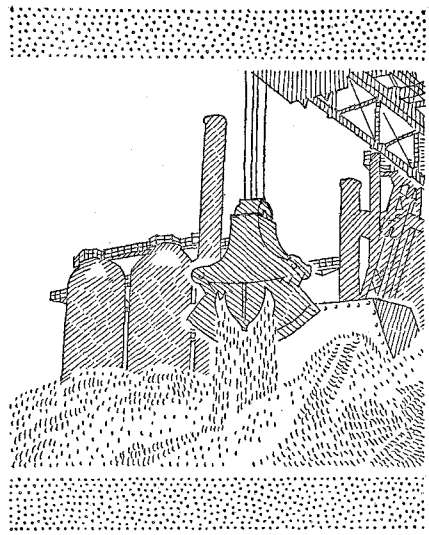
"Nobody gone be fraid nothing. I tink I knowit dis fellow Vladek. I hear one time before that he was fellow what no have Jezus and dat he was plenty bad fellow. But nobody say nothing and I gone fix 'em up everyting allright dis time."

Joe Magarac gone on back to workit and pretty soon melter-boss bringit dis fellow Vladek over by Noomber Six furnace; Joe Magarac was sitting by Noomber Seven furnace. Melter-boss he gone over for Joe Magarac and he say:

"Joe, I got new first helper by Noomber Six. His name is Vladek. And Vladek I wanit you to meet Joe Magarac. Two big mans lak you gone be nice friend, I betcha. Vladek shake hand with Joe Magarac."

Before dis fellow Vladek have time for say anyting, Joe Magarac he grin and he say:

"Please, Mr. Boss, you gone excuse me joost one minute. I wanit see how dis high carbon heat makit out."



Den Joe Magarac go by furnace and open door. By Gods, fire come out hot lak anyting. But she no burn Joe for joost lak I tell you Joe was made from steel himself. Dis fellow Vladek he never know dat and he was scared lak anyting. Den Joe Magarac reach into furnace and he take big handfuls of boiling steel and he put em up to mouth and he takit taste and smack lips same lak he eatit chicken paprikas. Den he turn round and he say:

"By Gods, she tastit pretty good dis time. I gone tap him out right away. Oh hello Mr. Vladek, you sooch little mans dat I joost see you for first time."

Joe Magarac stick out hand and he was grin lak anyting. Vladek was shakit lak he havit no coat in hailstorm when he see what kind of mans our Joe Magarac was dis time. But he no wanit mans what was standit round watching see dat he was yellow-belly so he stick out hand too. Joe Magarac give his hand squeeze, no hard to broke anyting but joost so hard as not to feelit so good and he say:

"I am plenty tickled dis time dat your gone workit on Noomber Six, Mr. Vladek. And mebbe you not gone to catch enough steam to push em out dat heat from furnace you gone call for me and I gone to help you out."

Joe Magarac joost laughit and laughit as he turn around and go back to furnace and Vladek he walkit back to Noomber Six talkit to himself lak mans who was sick in de head.

Well, dat was start of biggest fight whatever anybody see in mills anyplace. Vladek he workit lak crazy-mans: his eyes stick from head, his belly heave up and down and he run from scrap pile to furnace with piece scrap what weigh three hundred pound. Joe Magarac he smile and he lift up piece of scrap what weigh five hundred pound and den he go and sit in door of furnace and whistle happy tune joost lak gypsy on feast day. After first day what the hells you tink? When weigh-boss fix em up tonnage sheet he see that Joe Magarac makit joost same tonnage as dis fellow Vladek.

Dere was plenty talk by Mosley's bar dat night I tell you. Peoples what comit from same place as Vladek say:

"Dat's joost first day and she gone takit little time for Vladek to see what kind furnace you have here. Mebbe right away now he gone show dat big bum Joe Magarac who is best mans. Last week was pay-day over by our mills and we catch money by sackfuls. Mebbe somebody from here lak make little bet, huh?"

Den all peoples from dis place dey run home and dey takit from mattress money what dey have hide every pay-day to send for cousin, brudder, or friend in old country who wanit come dis place to makit steel. Dey bring money down to Mosley's bar and dey say:

"Ya damn right we tink Joe Magarac is best steelman, ya damn right we wanit makit bet. By Gods, we go round barefoot in snow in winter times to makit bet for Joe Magarac. Tom, mebbe you better fix em up papers so everybody know what gone happen."

So over in corner was Squire Miller who was not feelit so good with cold in head and was down by Mosley's bar for have one, two drink whiskey and dey say for Squire if he gone makit papers for dis bet business. Squire Miller takit big drink and he writit down on paper while somebody go for open hearth and bringit Joe Magarac and Vladek. Den Squire Miller takit 'nother drink, he cough coople time, he put glasses with gold chain on nose and he read for everybody:

"TO everybody in Monongahela Valley who wanit know what gone happen: Joe Magarac against Vladek. Tomorrow morning seven o'clock gone start; one weeks from today gone finish. In dat time who is ever gone makit most steel is gone be best steel mans whatever live, is gone win bets for friend, is gone catch medal from Carnegie, and mebbe is gone to have picture in paper. Signed by Squire Miller

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of Allegheny county by order of the Police."

Den dere was lots shouts. Friends for Vladek say:

"Dats good fellow you Vladek. Show everybody what kind mans you are dis time"

Peoples from dis place yell:

"To hells with big talk Joe. You joost makit steel same lak you makit every day and den we gone win bet."

Joe Magarac he bow nice joost lak Anna do when she makit speech at school. He say:

"I tank you very much dis time and ya betcha I gone makit best work I can makit. But, Gee Whiz, dis fellow Vladek is strongest man whatever I see and yesterday I workit hard as I can and he makit as much steel as me. Mebbe, I gone home now and get good rest so I can workit hard tomorrow. I feelit pretty tired dis time."

Well, by Gods, people look and nobody say nothing. Dey never hear Joe Magarac talk lak dat and before he was never tired nothing. What the hells gone to happen now anyway?

Joe Magarac he start for door and den Steve Mestrovich, who was big friend for Joe, go for him and he say:

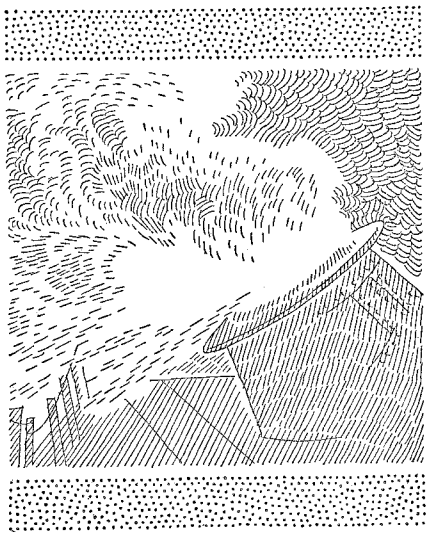
"What the hell's matter you, Joe? Mebbe you no feel so good, mebbe you be sick, mebbe you lose all steam dis time, huh?"

Joe he turnit round so dat nobody but Steve see and he closit one eye. Den Steve he understand dot Joe joost makit joke of that tired business. He was no tired anyting. He joost say lak dat so he makit fool of dis big fool Vladek. Den Steve knowit everyting gone be allright and he gone back and bet three hundred dollars more. But when Vladek hear Joe say he was tired he laugh lak anyting and he walkit up and down and show everybody his muscle and he say:

"Ho, ho! In one days Joe Magarac get tired. Me, I feel better as ever before and tomorrow I gone makit more steel as dis big bum ever see."

Den everybody drinkit and somebody yell for Joe and somebody yell for Vladek. Dere was plenty fight by Mosley's bar dat night.

Well, next morning in open hearth was big time. All bosses from mill was dere and plenty mans who work night turn stick round to see what gone happen. Everyting was allright by Noom-



ber Six furnace; everyting allright by Noomber Seven. In front his furnace stand Vladek and he have look on his face lak he was mad for everybody. In front his furnace stand Joe and on his face was big grin lak he was happy for everybody. Den Jim Mitchell, who was Boss at stock-yard and all time wanit be boss for everyting and tink he is big cheese, climb on charging buggy and he makit speech:

"Dear friends, we comit here today for biggest time for whole year. Today we gone see who is best steelmans in world. Dis time is better as record month, better as Hunkie picnic, better as payday, better as anyting. I feelit good lak anyting to have everybody take good look at dis fellow here. Dis fellow is Joe Magarac. Den you take look for dis fellow here. Dis fellow is Vladek. Now Mr. Magarac you gone stand over here; Mr. Vladek you gone stand over here. Now I gone shot dis gun and we gone start right away."

Everybody say Hoorah! Jim Mitchell shot gun; Joe Magarac and Vladek gone to work.

Nobody ever see mans makit so much workit; Joe Magarac grab hot metal and dump em in furnace den he sit in door with flames up round chin and he stir steel fast with his hand; Vladek trow em in furnace scrap, ore, limestone lak he was two men workit one time. By Gods, in three hour steel was finish cookit and both Noomber Six and Noomber Seven was ready to tap em out.

For twelve hours they workit lak dat and den dey finish for day. Weigh-boss comit and he show melter-boss how much steel dey makit. What you tink? Vladek he makit five hundred tons steel; Joe Magarac makit five hundred ton and one pound. Yes, by Gods, I tell no lie. It was joost lak I say.

Joe Magarac sit down on bench lak he was so tired he can stand no more. Joe he say:

"Dat was biggest day whatever I see. What kind mans is dis Vladek what workit so much? Gee whiz, I was tired lak anyting."

Vladek he hear dat and he say:

"Me, I no be tired nothing. Jezus Christ no! Tomorrow I gone work harder as dat. Today I joost play round little bit dats all."

Den he walkit up and down and joomp in air lak he was feelit good but everybody see he was all in and was joost talkit big.

Well, all week she go lak dat. Every day Joe Magarac say he was more tired as ever; every day Vladek say he gone workit harder tomorrow. But all time Joe Magarac makit little bit, some day one pound, some day two pounds more steel as Vladek.

Den comit last day of week. Dis time Joe Magarac drag feets on floor when he walkit and Vladek lookit same lak boogy mans from graveyard. People who be friends of Vladek and who makit bet dat he be best mans have talk with Vladek before last day start. Dey say for Vladek:

"Lookit Joe Magarac! By Gods, he be so tired he gone faint. Dat be good business for dis is last day and if you gone makit six hundred tons steel today you gone beat him all to hells. Den we gone win bet. I'll betcha you not so tired lak Joe Magarac who is joost weak man anyhow."

Den Vladek try and show dem what big strong mans he was and he say:

"Ya damn right I no be tired. Ya damn right I be strong mans and you damn right I gone makit six hoondred tons steel today and beatit him all to hell."

But his talk listens joost same lak sick man who talks with whisper.

But friends from Joe Magarac feelit little bit scared when dey hear Vladek talkit lak dat for Joe is joost six pounds more steel as Vladek. Mebbe dis last day Vladek gone to makit more steel as Joe and win dat bet. Dey say for Joe:

"How you feelit kid?"

And Joe say:

"I dunno. I feelit dizzy in head. I workit plenty hard all week and mebbe

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Vladek gone work harder today as before mebbe he gone win."

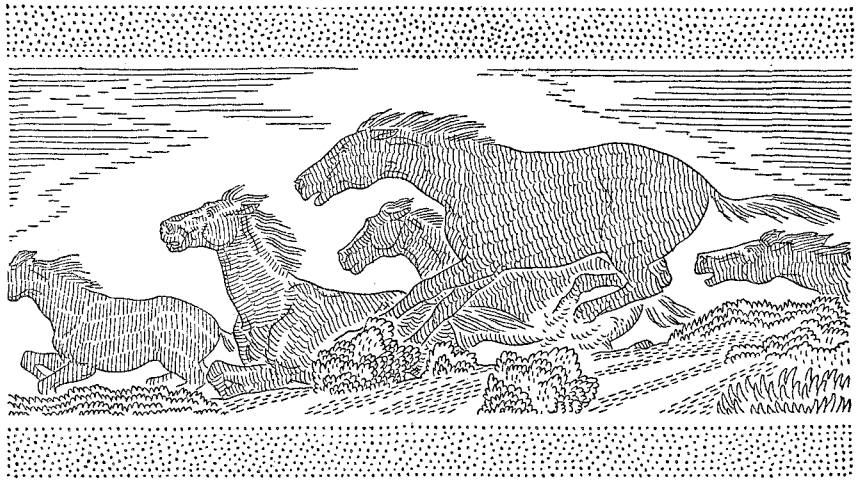
So dey start dat last turn. Joe he go for scrap pile and he lift em up piece scrap and he stagger little bit; Vladek he gone for scrap pile same time and when he see dat Joe was getting so weak he could no carry big piece scrap he grab big hunk and run to furnace. Joe he run too and dey both get for furnace both at same time. Den dey run back for more. By dis time Vladek was lak crazy mans and he run faster as ever. Ten times he run for scrap pile and back to furnace and lak I tell you before she was summer time and was hot lak hell. So last time he run for furnace his eyes turn round in head, his mouth hang open lak dog in July, and his face turn green. Den he give one big groan and he fall down and give another big groan and turn over. He lay on melter platform and he no move nothing. He joost stay dere and peoples what was gone over to pick him up see dat he has die. Yes, by Gods, he bust himself inside he workit so much.

Den Joe Magarac throw back head and he laughit and laughit. He laughit so hard dat people down in Pittsburgh say dey hear dat laugh. Den he dance jig and grab piece steel what weigh more as half ton and he break him in two with hands. He say:

"Ho Ho Ho I say I was tired. Dat is fonny lak anyting. Me, Joe Magarac what is made from steel never get tired. I joost say dat so dat dis fellow Vladek who say he was better mans as me, who say he was better mans as Jezus gone try to beat me. Now take good look for him. He kills himself right away. Anybody tink dey is better mans as Joe Magarac is crazy bug-house. Now I gone show you someting."

And Joe Magarac turn round to furnace and dat day he makit one thousand tons steel. Oh my! dere was never mans lak Joe Magarac but dat night he comit for our house and he see you was sleeping and he say for me:

"By Gods, you catch fine boy dere. Dis Johnnie is finest boy I tink ever I see. Now you gone tell him dis. If he drinkit milk, if he eatit mush, if he gone to bed every night seven o'clock, and if he take little drink prune-jack when he have pain in stomach I betcha he gone someday be mans what is as strong as Joe Magarac, ya damn right ya betcha."



Wild Horses Run

By Forrester Blake

It sounds like a story of the old West but it happened recently. Five youths bought a herd of wild horses and drove them four hundred miles to sell. One by one the youths dropped off until only the author and one other were left—and then the stampede!

THE summer of 1932 I was in New Mexico. Something interesting and exciting was occurring down there in that part of the American Southwest—men were running wild horses. Few people in the nation knew anything about it. Few Americans, for that matter, knew that wild horses still roamed even in the most remote sections of the United States. But they were running, and many thousands of them within the borders of that so-called desert state, New Mexico. I was down there because of the trapping of those wild Spanish mustangs.

New Mexico is not all a land of dryness. In it high mountain ranges rim the deserts, and where the air is cooled close to the granite peaks, the tall pines and aspens grow and cast their shadows on silent places little known by man. It is a vast country, that New Mexico, with many different landscapes and many climates, cold as the Arctic in winter and hot as the breath of hell itself in summer, but a strong country with a thrilling history held in it.

Centuries ago the Spaniards, coming out of the Mexico valleys to the south, explored New Mexico, saw the golden cities of their dreams turn to mud as they rode up, then wandered eastward to the Kansas and Nebraska prairies, westward into the land of the Hopi and Grand Canyon, and back again to the Indian pueblos of the Rio Grande.

The Spanish conquerors, Coronado and De Vargas, rode fast horses of a desert breed. The mustang, blocky and small, but quicker than a rattlesnake and with the stamina of the roving coyotes of the prairies, came into New Mexico and never left it. The fiercest stallions, the wiliest old mares stringing along in the rear of Spanish trail herds, one by one broke away and slipped into the great mountains where men did not yet dare to follow. And there in the beautiful clearings, at fords along snow-water trout streams, or under dark pines and silver spruces, they came together and went in bands, grew wild as the wildest thing in all the mountains, and their kind survived. For long and fruitful years those wild mustangs lived up near the peaks, growing more wily with the passage of

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the decades, avoiding settled places, living off bleak desert country.

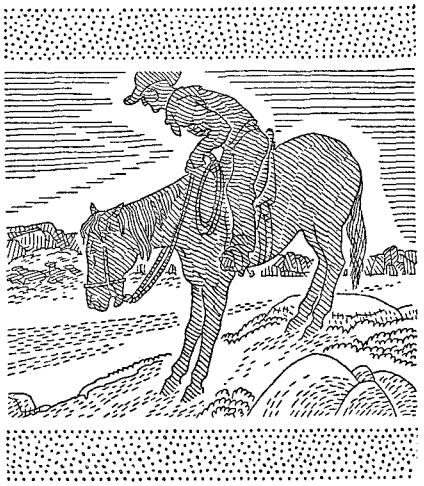
Meanwhile men were brewing history in that land of the mustang. Spaniard fought the Indian, first conquering, then conquered and driven south to Mexico—only to return and once more conquer. Later other white men came, floating cautiously around the bends of rivers, slinking always westward toward that forbidden province called Nuevo Mejico. These were the French and English and Americans, enemies of each other and all a common foe of every Spaniard. The desert basins rang with fighting and the long-haired Americans, straight-shooting rifles in the crotches of their arms, poured down from Taos and over Glorieta Pass to Santa Fé, ancient seat of Spanish power. The Americans had come, hard-riding men of cattle ranges, freighters, gamblers, gunmen, and New Mexico became in part American.

Those Americans loved horses. Lone riders spotted mustangs running the mesas, melting into the mountain aspens up a canyon, high-tailing away across the open prairies. They saw some beauties, black stallions, chunky paints, and palominos with slim legs, and they wanted those that caught their fancies. Some they captured and broke to ride, and mixed with other breeds.

The Indians too were horsemen. Many a battle they fought from the backs of Spanish mustangs, raided, plundered, killed, and then escaped, until the new government sent soldiers to fight the outlaw bands, subdue them, and place them closely guarded on Indian reservations.

From this time on New Mexico saw peace. The great silence of the open country and the mountains flooded in again. On the cattle ranges horsemen put away their six-guns and paid attention to the shorthorn herds that spread as thickly as the buffalo before them. On Indian reservations wild Apaches grew tame from following sheep and cattle that shared the rich grass of high meadows with the bands of Spanish mustangs. The mustangs took the best. They grazed until their bellies almost cracked open and they grew swayed in the back and could not run fast. They ate so much good grass that there was none left for the cattle and sheep. Men of the mountains began to talk.

They said the government would



take a hand, and the government did. It said get rid of the mustangs, save the meadow grass for cattle and sheep. Spread the word, so directed the agents, tell them all over New Mexico there would be wild horse round-ups in the spring, and riders, the hardest *hombres* in the hills and up from the baking plains, were needed to turn the trick. It would be the Old West again, so "Come on, boys, let's hit the trail to Mescalero!"

That word got around, even out of New Mexico to the ears of some boys over the line in the Cimarron River country. Five of us heard the stories drifting up from the south. There was money in horses. We decided to chance it, get together an outfit, strike for the Mescalero Reservation horse-camps, buy up a herd and trail them northward out of New Mexico. Interstate freight rates were high, so we would ship east from over the border, and laugh at the interstate freight rates. It would be a great drive, across country not one of us knew; days and days we would ride northeast, well over four hundred miles. It would be like the old days of the trail, when the Texans drove their longhorn cattle across the Indian country to Kansas and the railroad. That settled it. The wild horses would be gone in a year; perhaps not for fifty years more, if ever again, would a man take the long trail with Spanish mustangs fresh out of the mountains. We struck fast for the Mescalero.

One hundred and ten scrubby, roman-nosed broom-tails made the herd that we bought. We left the Mescalero horse-camps and trotted through the foot-hill canyons to the pretty Rio Hondo, and headed straight into the land of Billy the Kid, famous outlaw. Through Tinnie and Arabela, not so far from Lincoln, we went, with the mustangs stringing along behind the man riding point. We came out of the canyons and looked east at the plains, gazed long over our shoulders at the Capitan Mountains, and wished ourselves luck, for we felt that we needed it. Then for days it was riding an ocean of short-grass, losing directions at noon with the sun overhead, but never leaving beyond the horizon that same Capitan range. Across dry, woodless grasslands we rode, ever trusting to luck to find the water holes hidden in gullies and canyons ahead. It was rattlesnake country to Sumner, where Billy the Kid is buried; from there northward topography changes and mesas rise up like old tombstones.

Day after day we kept that trail, with one man sick from bad food and water, another one hated and talking of quitting, until we came off the cap-rock and into the valley south of old Tucumcari. That evening, for one, it was quit or be murdered, for another, it was home or perhaps even death, so two of us, a Texan and I, were left alone with those wild little mustangs. They gave us a pack outfit, told us to drive slowly northward to the ranch of a friend and stay there the night, then head on into the north. The new men would catch us somewhere close to Tucumcari Mountain. That was all. They left us, two men against one hundred and ten spooky horses, in a valley many miles wide. Back of us was open country to the Mescalero, ahead of us were the high plains of Texas. We took up the trail, both riding drag behind the herd, and reached Huff's Ranch without trouble. We stayed overnight at that place, putting the mustangs in a pasture for safety.

The next morning, if I had seen smoke sailing into the sky, I would have said that the southern rim-rock of the valley and the tops of Tucumcari Mountain and Mesa Redonda had caught fire in the light of the sun that came out of the eastern plains. Stumpy cedars on the talus slopes of the mesas were spots of dark green, almost black in the distance, and deeper in the valley the earth was hidden under a gradually lightening purple mist. On guard in the north stood Tucumcari, its cliffs banded by glistening beds of white gypsum

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and red clay that glowed in the new light. More than ever I thought of that squat and solitary mass above the plain as the last outpost of the mesa country. To the east the prairies make the earth a land of short-grass, where seldom one sees even soap-weed and sage to ease the monotony.

For centuries that bluff-faced Tucumcari Mountain has been a landmark in a wild domain, a guide-post for men riding the long trail to the high timbered mountain ranges of New Mexico and the green valleys and desert basins that lie lower down. It is like the Grand Canyon temples to the moon and sun, it is the sacred temple of the mesa country, holding behind those walls the secrets of the valley down below, listening to the winds that scrape its sides, standing boldly against the thunder and the lightning of the desert storms that come, and then pass quickly on.

I lay in my comfortable bed and looked at that old mountain, seeing the colors of the earth change with the rise of the sun, and from out of the vastness of the valley there came no sound. Nature held sway out there, and nature alone.

After the chores were done and we had eaten our breakfast, we caught Jimmy, the raw-boned pack animal, and tied the bed-roll and the gunny-sacks in their places. From the moss-lined water barrel in the little stone well-house I took a long drink, filled my canteen and hung it on my saddle-horn. The Huffs came out to say good-bye.

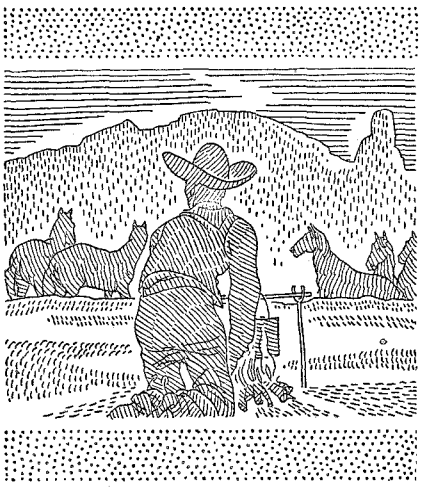
"You boys take it easy with them horses. Two men ain't enough to herd that big a bunch for long. Remember, if you have any trouble, come back," Huff told us.

"Thanks a lot, George. We'll remember, all right. *Adios.*"

"*Adios.*"

Out to the pasture we rode, Jimmy trotting along and pricking up his ears as he listened to the jangling of the cans inside the gunny-sack panniers. The overnight rest had done the mustangs good, they had filled their bellies with rich grass and at our approach they started off, some running and bucking playfully. The air was fresh. It was a wonderful summer morning to hit the trail.

From the north pasture gate we set our course to take us miles to the east



of Tucumcari Mountain. Over that way was the Plaza Larga, and we did not want to cross at once. George had told us there was quicksand in that creek.

The mustangs did not like the pack-horse with his flopping bed-roll and the noisy cans. Studs bit and kicked old Jimmy and he, impeded as he was by all that baggage, found it hard to return the compliments. Still other mustangs crowded away from the noise, going close to the flanks of the old white lead mare. As in a storm of two days before, we noticed a strange nervousness in the herd. Stallions squealed and kicked more viciously, mares nickered more shrilly to their colts, and there was a restlessness that did not die away. I saw that stallions, suspicious of the pack-horse, went as far forward in the herd as they could get, leaving the mares and a few laggards to bring up the rear beside the rattling Jimmy. Watching the alertly bobbing heads before me, I thought of the mustang running blood. The stallions up in front might break away.

Riley too had felt the change. I saw that he was judging the country ahead. "Got to be mighty careful," he warned me. "Them mustangs are mighty skittish this mornin', and if they ever start to runnin' they'll dang near never stop."

A few minutes more brought fast action. Jimmy scraped against a soap-weed and sprang aside as a rattlesnake sounded warning and struck. Snorting in his fear, the pack-horse began to trot, more worried by the increased noises coming from his back. He snorted again and kicked at the bed-roll, turning his head to bite it, and at that instant his foot went deep into a hole. Falling heavily to his knees, the bed-roll jarred forward onto his shoulders, the coffee pot clanged loudly and up ahead I saw the mustangs break into a fast trot, shoving like sheep against those ahead.

"Watch it, Pat, watch it!" Riley pointed his long-legged buckskin left at a tangent and started to circle. I set myself in the saddle, looked to my canteen, and started to the right. Under me my horse's muscles tightened. He sensed what was to come, and he was ready for the run. I watched old Jimmy kicking at the bed-roll, I saw him suddenly break wildly through the center of the herd, and stampede was the word.

A heavy drumming sound came from the earth. I set the spurs and let the roan have the bit; I felt his wiry little body bunch and then he ran, low to the ground, head stretched out and watching for the many fatal holes to dodge or jump. Through the sage, over clumps of cactus, we were riding for the lead and up ahead the mustangs too were running, speeding away from the flapping ghost that made the pack-horse wild. To the left, the buckskin running smoothly, rode Riley, far over on the neck of his horse as his right arm rose and fell with the quirt that stung the buckskin into action. Slowly he was creeping up on the old white mare, but I saw that I was losing ground. The roan was small. He could not keep that pace, but we went on, until I heard his strenuous breathing and felt his heart beating madly against my legs. The little roan was game, but he could not win that race.

Dust rose in a heavy cloud behind the running mustangs, now in a wedge with the stallions massed in front and the mares and colts thinned out behind. Suddenly a fierce stallion, running over the prairie like a black tornado, passed the leader and went on toward a fence that crossed our trail. I laughed then as I rode, for I knew those posts were stout and the wire very strong. We would start the mustangs milling until they quieted down.

But for that stallion there was no turning. Like a battering ram he struck the fence, was catapulted back upon those close behind. Again, carried by the wall of plunging mustangs that came on unseeing in their flight, the stallion struck those shining barbs that

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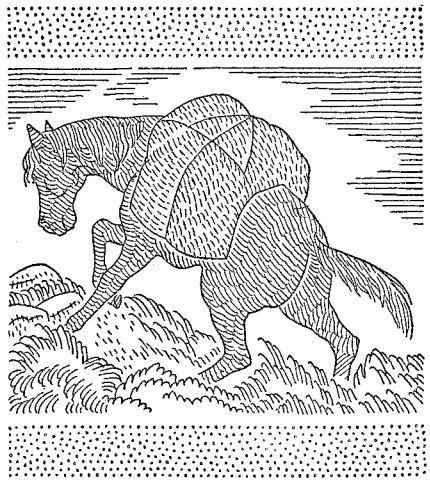
ripped and gashed his chest and legs. I watched as scores of fighting horses hit the fence. I saw steel wire snap like string before the impact, saw the long strands whip about, twanging as they coiled around the heads of charging mustangs. Those posts, of solid cedar wood, broke short at the base and heaving, sweating, screaming horses tangled there. Wildly away from the herd tore a mustang, snorting and coughing as blood poured from the nostrils that had been burned and cut deep by the flying wire. A line of white and glistening bone showed where the barbs had ripped along its ribs and back across the hip. Blood spewed from the sides and heads and eyes of others. Little colts, caught in the frenzy of striking hoofs, went down, trampled as the mustang phalanx swept aside the barbed wire barrier and rushed onward to the high bank of the Plaza Larga, then west toward Tucumcari Mountain where another fence was levelled in their path. Behind them, at the first entanglement, lay two colts that squirmed on the grass and breathed out their lives through punctured lungs.

It was no use. With a feeling of despair we rode to a long slope and watched the mustangs run. On they went, into arroyos from which came yellow dust, then out and away, gradually into the southwest toward Hartford Cap. Beyond there lay the Mescalero. Bitterly I wondered if we would ever see them again. Soon we could not make out the herd, but only the line of dust as it curved across the valley. The mustangs were ten miles away.

Like a crack troop of cavalry they had gone, bunched, wheeling and swerving with the black stallion that led them, blood on their sides, foam on their lips, stopping at nothing. Long-tailed and shaggy, runty and snub-nosed, they ran from the chirring rattlesnake and the jangling pots that conjured spooky phantoms in the brains of locoed horses. What visions must there be in the eyes of wild mustangs that crash unheeding into barbed wire barricades, impale themselves upon the sharp steel points, and then run on and on for miles!

I do not know. But as I sat on the hump with Riley and watched the dust so far away, I knew that I had seen a sight as beautiful as a man could hope to see. And yet I was not thrilled by that wild scene. I felt the dead weight of dis-



couragement, and Riley too was gloomy, gazing out over the valley.

After a long while he left me, riding in search of the pack-horse and the bed-roll. I remained to watch, as long as I could see the dust. Alone, I wondered again if those mustangs would strike homeward, across the Hartford Cap to Sumner, then south over miles of the dry plains country to the green mountains of their Mescalero homeland. I would not be surprised, I told myself. Horses had been known to travel very far. What would the others say? Gloom settled upon me more thickly than ever and I tried not to think of that.

My watch of the dust cloud had become mechanical, without hope, and at first I did not notice the gradual swerve it made, out of the southwest into the south and on southeast. Suddenly I knew. The Mescalero was forgotten, the black stallion was circling, covering all the valley on his run. I began to make out horses, moving specks in front of the haze of dust. Larger they grew as I waited, finally to see them trot into a little grassy basin and stop, huddled in a bunch. The black had had his run and he had stopped almost where the stampede had begun.

Past noon, and I did not move from my position. Nor did the mustangs move, even to graze the good grass of the basin. Bodies tense and eyes staring into the northwest toward Tucumcari Mountain, through the long afternoon they stayed close together for protection against all danger. Often I, too, gazed at the red-rock mountain, but saw nothing, only the gray sage curving up the slopes and the brown spots I knew were boulders. What it was the mustangs saw I do not know. It was as if a spell were cast upon them by the mountain, a spell that held them in their tracks. I never understood, but I was glad.

Riley came back, bringing Jimmy and the bed-roll. The gunny-sacks, with all our food and pots for cooking, had fallen off, were lost somewhere out there in the bobbing sage. It would be little use to look for them. We let them go. Sometime another rider may chance upon them and laugh at the thought of men who knew so little as to lose all that. But if he knew he would not laugh.

Toward evening, when the sun increased in redness as it slipped out of the sky toward the high rim of the valley, we rode to the herd, fearful that the mustangs would run again. But they did not. Tired, stumbling along, we drove them slowly south to Huff's once more, closed the pasture gate behind them, and ourselves rode to the rock house and the rancher who had said "Come back." We ate that night, after fourteen hours without food.

Though that was not the last stampede we had, it was by far the most beautiful to watch, and the most disturbing too. The mustangs' running blood was up. Six more times they raced to get away, but more men were present and we held them every time.

When the other men came back we took the trail to the South Canadian, a bad quicksand river, and forded, having trouble at the Dripping Springs. On into another kind of terrain, until we sighted the Rabbit Ear peaks, famous landmarks of the old days of trailing west to Santa Fé. We entered a famous country, close up to the Cimarron with its "baldies" men once called the plains of death. It had been one time the buffalo range—to the east was the north tip of the Texas Panhandle, and north of that great area lay the Oklahoma Panhandle, No Man's Land, as they called it.

In No Man's Land we halted at the railroad, put the mustangs in the stock cars and shipped them East. It made us a little sad, for we knew that no more would those broom-tails from the Mescalero roam the mountains or bed down in the peace of a desert evening. They had forever left that southern homeland. They were headed east to new country, and they would not return, we knew.

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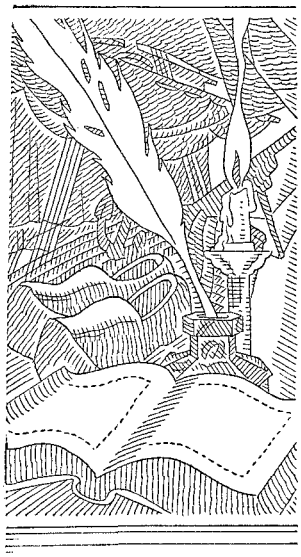
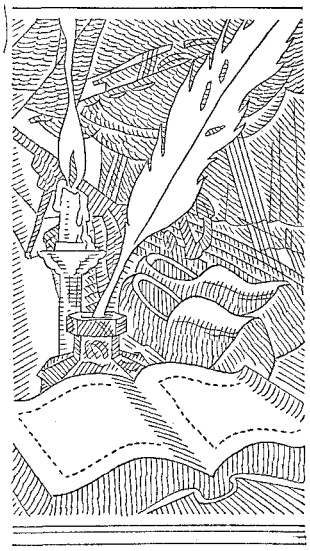


AS I LIKE IT

By William Lyon Phelps



Swift's Letters and *Gulliver's Travels* . . . Dean Inge, Autobiographer . . . The Novels of Pearl Buck and James Hilton . . . Notes on Courage, New Words, Enduring Authors

To students and lovers of English literature a discovery of the first importance has just appeared in a volume of about 250 pages called *The Letters of Jonathan Swift to Charles Ford,* edited by David Nichol Smith, Merton Professor of English Literature in the University of Oxford. "Their intimacy has always been known, but how intimate they were is only now revealed by a series of fifty-one letters by Swift, the existence of which none of his editors or biographers would seem to have suspected."

Swift was devoted to Ford, fully trusted him, and these letters reveal their affectionate intimacy; Swift for once took little care of his style, wrote informally, so that we see him more naturally than almost anywhere else except in the *Journal to Stella.* These letters, the first of which was written Nov. 12, 1708, and the last June 22, 1736, are taken up mainly with small details; but most fortunately they also contain new information on one of the greatest books ever written, *Gulliver's Travels.* A number of letters from Ford are included, and the editor says, "Swift and Ford must have written to each other well over a hundred letters, and of these we have sixty-nine." The last portion of the volume contains poems by Swift and by Ford printed from the original manuscripts, letters to Ford from Gay, Pope, Parnell, Bolingbroke, and the Duchess of Ormond. There is a good index.

Professor Smith's introduction of forty-seven pages is admirable, and the book is well-shod with footnotes. I regard this as one of the most important additions to literary history that have appeared in the twentieth century.

Gulliver's Travels was published in October, 1726, became immediately the talk of the town, and has been a best-seller for more than two hundred years; but the date of its composition has been in doubt, many having believed it was written before 1720. These letters prove Swift was working at it in 1721, and that it was finished in 1725, when he began his transcription.

The most important fact, hitherto unknown, that we learn from these letters is that the fourth book of *Gulliver,* containing the Houyhnhnms, was written before the third book. On Jan. 19, 1724, he wrote, "I have left the Country of Horses, and am in the flying Island, where I shall not stay long, and my two last Journyes will be soon over."

On Aug. 14, 1725, he wrote, "I have finished my Travells, and I am now transcribing them; they are admirable Things, and will wonderfully mend the World."

The account of the manuscript (in another hand) being secretly left at the printer's is one of the most thrilling anecdotes in literary history. Ford's interleaved copy of the first edition, with his corrections, is described in these letters. It is an interesting fact that they appear exactly two hundred years after the first authentic edition of *Gulliver,* published by Faulkner in 1735.

This book strengthens the well-known description by Addison of Swift —"the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of his age."

Dean Inge's *Vale* is purely English in its combination of dignity and humor. I suppose the English best know how to combine profound learning, unassuming austerity, sincere reverence, with irresistible humor. I have immense respect for the quality of the Dean's mind—and his observations on human nature often make me laugh aloud. Never was there a more infelicitous nickname than the *gloomy* Dean. Perhaps it came from his candor in facing disagreeable facts. He has struck an exact balance between Stoicism and Christianity; his stoicism is mellowed by Christian faith and his faith is toughened by stoicism. He reminds me in his old age of Matthew Arnold's line: "His soul well knit, and all his battles won." There is not the slightest sign of what he thinks may be in store for him. He resigns from the Deanship because "it is far wiser to retire before the inevitable decline of one's powers becomes manifest to the outside world."

He will not respect anything or anybody unless he believes they deserve it.

The sacred character of the monarchy was not easy to believe in when the king was not a picturesque Stuart, but the absurd William IV, with a head like a pine-apple. . . . The Great War has made the world permanently *unsafe* for democracy. None of our institutions, certainly not the Church, has lost in prestige anything like so much as the House of Commons. In the few countries where popular government still survives, the elected governors are either despised or hated, or both. . . .

Habit soon becomes second nature—and, for that matter, nature is only first habit. By the time he is a bishop, it is no effort to him to be dignified, fatherly, and cautious. By the time he is a judge, he looks, even in his bath, as wise as a stuffed owl. By the time he is a

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cabinet minister, he looks as if he had been born in a frock-coat.

Humbly I thought I had invented that last remark. I said of a distinguished and very able lawyer, that he had been born in a cutaway coat.

I do not covet Dean Inge's position, his influence, or his fame. I covet his education, his brains, and his serene calm. For in some astounding fashion, by a secret beyond my powers of conjecture, he has overcome the world. He has overcome the world not by withdrawing from it—for he is not an ascetic—but by remaining in the center of mundane activities. Those who wish to have their courage strengthened will find this a heartening, cheerful book—all the more so because of its recognition of difficulties.

Finally I wonder what was in the Dean's mind when he wrote the following sentence on the third page.

I cannot understand how any one can wish to write an autobiography, unless, indeed, he wants to leave a flattering and by no means honest self-portrait.

He proceeds to write one of the best autobiographies I ever read. Every page is autobiographical both in external happenings and in inner revelation. Only he says more in 127 pages than most autobiographers say in a thousand.

A House Divided, by Pearl S. Buck, is a magnificent conclusion to the trilogy, of which the first two novels were *The Good Earth* and *Sons.* I have never read more purely objective fiction. This was what most impressed me when I first read *The Good Earth.* I am certain that if that novel had been published anonymously, no reader would have known whether the author were a man or a woman, a Christian or an atheist, a pacifist or a militarist, an optimist or a pessimist, a conservative or a radical. The story is as impersonal as the outdoor nature it describes. It is elemental rather than elementary. The chief character is the Earth; yet the human beings who struggle with titanic and at times irresistible forces are astonishingly real.

Sons, the author's favorite among all her novels, could not possibly have made the sensation in the literary world caused by its predecessor; for the shock of surprise could not be repeated; it could merely have the effect of a strong army bringing up reenforcements. It is, I think, fully as fine a work and justified our faith in the author. When *The Good Earth* appeared we knew that an hitherto unheard of writer, coming from an unsuspected quarter in the Far East, where no one was looking for literary masterpieces, had immediately taken her place in the front rank of living novelists.

Sons, if such a thing be possible, is even more Chinese than *The Good Earth* or *A House Divided;* it is a revelation of the Chinese people and of the way they look at, receive, and accept vicissitudes; its intensely human quality as distinguished from its national quality, is perhaps its greatest triumph.

The hero of *A House Divided* is, quite naturally, a young man of disposition and tastes and temperament opposite to those of his warlike father. Over-emphasis begets revolution in the family as well as in communities. There are usually reasons why the duckling seems ugly, why the younger generation so often seems incomprehensible. He is perhaps the most sympathetic character Mrs. Buck has ever created; and one of the most interesting features of this third book is the sojourn in America, the contact of Eastern and Western civilization; and it seems to me that the portrayal of American college life and the American family is eminently fair.

This trilogy is a masterpiece; and while it was in course of publication, between the second and third parts came Mrs. Buck's novel *The Mother,* where an individual represented the type better than I have ever seen it done in sculpture. That book also is filled with striking incidents. I shall never forget the bell of the blind girl which I missed almost as much as the family did.

To those who wish to read novels that combine an admirable literary style, exciting incident, and dependable historical information, let me recommend the stories of our accomplished American writer, Honoré Morrow. Her latest book, *Yonder Sails the Mayflower,* is a fine illustration. We learn facts that I am sure many well-informed people did not know. And we have a ripping story, with living characters. The painstaking research on which this tale is founded has not in the least diminished its value as a novel. The subject will interest every American and the treatment will interest everybody.

Now in November by Josephine Johnston, shows such a command of style, such an autumnal beauty of tone, that I hope the author will write a novel with more substance. The characters here are wraiths and the suicide unconvincing. Reading the book is like listening to a Chopin nocturne.

Two more books by Alan Villiers, now Captain of the *Joseph Conrad,* will be eagerly read; *Whalers of the Midnight Sun* is primarily intended for young readers, but all persons are young while reading tales of the sea; and *Last of the Wind Ships* is filled with beautiful pictures. I suppose Captain Villiers is doing more than any other living man to keep alive the romance of the ocean. Curiously enough, after rounding Cape Horn safely seven or eight times, he was shipwrecked in New York harbor.

One of my favorite British novelists is Helen Ashton, and I confidently recommend her latest story, *Hornet's Nest.* The modern hero is the surgeon, who takes the place held by the knight in the Middle Ages, by the Medicine Man among the Indians, by the clergyman in colonial New England. In shining white armor he fights Public Enemy Number One, and his skill in combat has developed so amazingly in recent years, it is no wonder that he receives (except from Bernard Shaw) universal reverence. Helen Ashton is either the daughter of a physician or has been assistant in a hospital; she writes out of fullness of knowledge. Furthermore her view of life seems to come from sympathy and understanding. She is deeply wise. The characters in this book are alive. She is able to command the undivided attention of the reader without the slightest touch of sensationalism.

It is unfortunate that A. G. Macdonell wrote his latest book, *How Like an Angel.* I read his *England Their England* with such delight I thought he could not write badly if he tried. I still recommend that book as one of the best for reading aloud; it is packed with humor and shrewd insight. But *How*

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Like an Angel is painful in its desperate struggle to be tremendously funny. Its ineptitude is depressing.

Norman Archibald's *Heaven High, Hell Deep* is "another book about the war" but differs from the majority in being continuously interesting. Every one who begins it will finish it. It is a straightforward account of experiences in the air. There is no sentimental nonsense and no disillusion. He tells us what he saw and how he felt. The fact that this is the first book he ever wrote adds, I think, to its sincerity. There are no literary devices; it is like informal talk or like a letter home to a member of the family. Furthermore, there are no superfluous chapters. Every page carries the reader along.

It is interesting that this book in prose should have appeared almost simultaneously with Leighton Brewer's *Riders of the Sky*, a narrative poem describing the author's war adventures in the air service. The two books are unlike in style, but very similar in their objective sincerity. They should be read as a continued story.

I regard Percival Christopher Wren as the nearest to Dumas of all living writers of romance. *Beau Geste* was a masterpiece. I have read all his books with intense interest; the latest is certainly one of his best—*Sinbad the Soldier*. I do not need to say that it is filled with thrilling adventures; we take that for granted. But its chief character is an astonishing person whom I shall not forget. I cannot help asking two questions—How did the author learn the details about Mecca? and what has become of Sinbad's delightful friend and companion who lent such charm to the first quarter of the book? I hope we shall have another story about him.

Good detective stories are *Legacy of Death*, by R. A. J. Walling; *The Wooden Indian*, by Carolyn Wells; *The Clew of the Forgotten Murder*, by C. Kendrake; *Crime at Christmas*, by C. H. B. Kitchin. And just as I had come to believe that Oppenheim could not write indifferently, I read *The Spy Paramount* and found it dull.

Miss May Harris, of Thornfield, Ala., writes me an interesting letter about Henry James, which contains much penetrating literary criticism.

I was much interested to read in the last SCRIBNER'S, your appraisal of the manner, "early" and "late," of Henry James. It is very nearly time, is it not,—at the pace we go—for an adequate "perspective" of his work to arrive—a sort of spectroscopic view that may resolve the man and his work into such elements that he who runs may read!

To one outside reader—(outside the field of critical reviewing) no formula has ever been necessary to establish the spirit of good faith an author can radiate to a reader. I liked him because he interested me, and I began liking him in my early teens—when my taste was sufficiently unformed for his "quality" not to be apparent. And I began on certain of his books that I would now put far in the secondary scale in a list of his novels. They are the only ones of his novels I have never cared to read a second time—*The Bostonians, The American,* and *Princess Casamassima.* And yet, I believe, if I should, unbelievably, find them in a ship's library, I would let the "best sellers" remain on the shelves, and try these half-forgotten volumes instead!

As I said, he interested me in those early days, when I pursued this serial *The Bostonians* through some old bound volumes of —was it SCRIBNER'S?—on the shelves of my aunt's library; but I did not begin to admire him until a later day. Still, I wanted more, and found on other bookshelves, *Daisy Miller,* and *Roderick Hudson,* and that book which those who do not like him, always praise—*The Portrait of a Lady.* This excellent piece of work has, at least, of all James's books, never been "caviare to the general." It struck, one might say, the bull's eye of public appreciation for all time. It marked a high standard of intent and execution and balanced the question of *Daisy Miller* to the admiring world. It was sincere craftsmanship—but can we not imagine Mr. James, after "pulling it off" desiring, from the changing and circumflex circumstance of his observation of human life—behaviour, manners, sentiment—to mirror other phases, as an anatomist of the heart must, with the growing enrichment of his greater experience.

His *Portrait of a Lady* belongs in the cool, high gallery of a lost period. It is indeed a shining thing; but it is not more perfect to me than certain others. There is his portrait of Madame de Vionnet (as "lost" in her tragic fineness, her charm, as Willa Cather's masterpiece!) who, in a book that is so subtle, so profound a study, that all the characters might be "portraits"—even "Jim"—hangs like some French prototype, in her frailty, her charm, her unforgiven and unforgettable allure!

And is it possible to forget *The Golden Bowl* (where Mr. James in all his sounding of human nature went deepest!) in which two women—neither essentially cruel—fight out their bitter duel. . . . I read this particular book often (for to re-read great books of fiction is a delight to some of us) and I think it one of the greatest of those of the closing years of the Victorian age. When we put beside it *The Ambassadors* and *The Wings of the Dove* and—in less degree, perhaps, *The Awkward Age* and *The Spoils of Poynton* (and so many wonderful short stories!)—we have in our own right, as Americans, as strong a bid for literary immortality, as England has in *The Forsyte Saga.*

In response to her question "Is it possible to forget *The Golden Bowl*?" I can only say I have found it impossible to remember it. But I am quite willing to believe it is my fault, because I read it only once. I think I will read it again. I firmly believe she is right in placing Henry James among the immortals; he was a man of genius and will never be forgotten. I am distressed to hear her say she has never cared to read again *The American;* and I will now make the following bargain. If she will promise to read again *The American* before the first of January, 1936, I will reread *The Golden Bowl* before that date. I can remember only four novels that are flawless works of art, impeccable, with no blemishes and no omissions. They are *The Scarlet Letter, Madame Bovary, Fathers and Children, The American.*

The number of novels that James Hilton, author of *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* has written, is given variously as six, seven, and eight. He has produced thirteen, and in this order.

1. *Catherine Herself.* 1920.
2. *Storm Passage.* 1922.
3. *The Passionate Year.* 1924.
4. *The Dawn of Reckoning.* (American title, *Rage in Heaven.*) 1925.
5. *The Meadows of the Moon.* 1926.
6. *Terry.* 1927.
7. *The Silver Flame.* 1928.
8. *Murder at School.* 1931.
9. *Knight Without Armour.* (American title, *Without Armor.*) 1933.
10. *And Now Goodbye.* 1931.
11. *Contango.* (American title, *Ill Wind.*) 1932.
12. *Lost Horizon.* 1933.
13. *Goodbye, Mr. Chips.* 1934.

The numbers refer to the order of writing, and the dates are those of publication in England. *Murder at School* appeared under a pseudonym, Glen Trevor. It is his only experiment in detective fiction.

Numbers 1, 2, 6, 7 have not appeared in America.

His first novel, *Catherine Herself* was written during the war when he was 17 or 18 years old. The author was twenty years old when it was published and thanks to George Matthew Adams, a collector of first editions, I am able to print an extract from a review that appeared in *Ladies Field:*

> This very remarkable first novel, it would be equally remarkable if it were a last novel by a novelist in the first rank. The characters are illuminated from within, they are phosphorescent, giving out light instead of moving in a "lime focus." They are like radium in a dark room—If this heroine had been created, this novel written, by an author in the limelight, or a Russian, it might have been hailed as a masterpiece of human revelation and psychological realization.

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Knight Without Armour was written in 1929, and published in 1933, and Mr. Hilton, who at my entreaty, furnished me with the above information as to dates of publication, believes that the novels that he feels are of any real consequence began with that. All information about him is of consequence, for he is in the front rank of living English novelists.

George Bushnell Martin of New Haven, Conn., writes me an interesting account of seeing and hearing Dickens.

I saw him and heard him read selections from his humorous and other stories at Hartford in 1867 or 68, having driven up from Middletown when a student at Wesleyan. He read from manuscript, standing on a platform in a large hall (in the afternoon), a large, wholesome looking man with graying hair and whiskers, a business suit, and perhaps a fancy vest across which from pocket to pocket dangled a large gold watch chain with a huge locket hanging in the center. I have never seen one like it, before or since. His voice was commonplace but English and distinct. I shall never forget my enthusiasm and the enthusiasm with which he was greeted by the crowded audience. I am now nearly 89 years of age and many years have passed since I listened to him. I shall never forget it, although memory clouds somewhat as we go on in this world of hopefulness and mystery.

A former pupil of mine, Norman B. Beecher of Clearwater, Fla., correctly believing that Courage is the rarest quality in public life, sends me the following interesting information.

. . . During the war, and again for some three years after it I was in the government service. A large part of my time was spent with various committees of both the House of Representatives and the Senate in looking after matters of proposed legislation. The greatest lack, it seemed to me, was courage. As one representative frankly said to me, "I know that I ought to vote for this bill, but I simply haven't the courage." He differed from many of the others only in his frankness.

One curious, but almost universal effect of lack of courage is unwillingness to act for fear the action taken may be wrong, even though it may be quite certain that inaction is wrong.

Fear of being thought a fool prevents many a worth while action. I have always tried to ignore that fear, and take a chance where there is any possibility of success. Perhaps it was an experience as a young law clerk which started me in this direction. My employer had a case which was in a very parlous way. I suggested to him a certain course, which I admitted had but slight chance of success. "The judge will think you a fool," he said. I finally induced him to let me try. Some days later my employer came into the office and said, "You have won the case. I knew you were a fool. I had no idea the judge would be."

Thomas N. Crosby of Omaha, Neb., asks me a question I cannot answer with accuracy or assurance—"What authors of our times, in your opinion, will be known and read in (say) seventy-five or one hundred years from now?" Among living British writers I suggest Kipling, Barrie, Housman, Shaw—and I throw the field open now to my readers; they may select from any country, but I think nominations should be confined to those who are yet alive.

As I am not in the least afraid of coining new words, I am always glad to hear of similar undertakings on the part of my readers. David Stone Kelsey of Middletown, Conn., writes,

. . . you touch upon the cultured uses of such words as learned vs. LearnED, with sound sense. . . . Mrs. Kelsey and I have for 20 years been referring to our three sons and two daughters—all college bred—as our *dausons!* Why isn't that better than three awkward words?

In every comeback too, the "returns" have been favorable. And you, I know, could make it a go! I dare you.

And you know the other blanks in our English: having parents for father and mother —we yet have no one word for brother and sister—*ad lib.* What say?

Some years ago I discussed the question of a word for Brother and Sister, but I am willing to reopen the subject.

THE FAERIE QUEENE CLUB

Edwin Duval, a Junior in the High School at Ventura, California, was so impressed by the poetical contribution with which the Reverend Doctor Hooper R. Goodwin joined, that he immediately began to read the poem. He has now finished it, and enters with flags flying.

I am informed by Doctor Howard Lowry of the Oxford University Press that on the eve of the royal wedding in London, the B. B. C. broadcast throughout the country a reading of Spenser's *Epithalamion*. This should interest the Club.

My discussion of the hot-gospeller in Thornton Wilder's *Heaven's My Destination* drew the following interesting letter from Magnus Seton, now in New York.

Many years ago when I was a boy living at a boarding house in Tasmania, one of the guests was an American revivalist. This man went around with a rubber stamp imprinting on all loose papers "Jesus only mighty to Save." One day I noticed my laundry had all the shirt tails similarly marked. Other men the same. The landlady viewed this as a harmless eccentricity till she found the preacher had got access to the laundry and had stamped the starched lingerie of the women in like manner. Then the storm broke but the preacher replied God had directed him to this course "to point a moral and adorn a tale."

Some time ago, I was gratified to be informed that on an examination paper I was credited with the authorship of Shakespeare's *As You Like It;* and now Doctor Wm. Marshall Trench of Albany, N. Y., writes:

In the midst of reading final examination papers at the New York State College for Teachers, I've just run across the interesting and illuminating statement that Mary Lyon Phelps founded Mt. Holyoke. Does this admit me to some one or other of your numerous clubs?

It does: you are admitted without conditions to the FICTION STRANGER THAN TRUTH CLUB.

BOOKS MENTIONED IN THIS ARTICLE WITH NAMES OF AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

Those marked with an asterisk are recommended for reading clubs.

**The Letters of Jonathan Swift to Charles Ford,* ed. D. N. Smith. Oxford. $6.

**Vale,* by Dean Inge. Longmans Green. $2.

**A House Divided,* by Pearl S. Buck. John Day. $2.50.

**Yonder Sails the Mayflower,* by Honoré Morrow. Morrow. $2.50.

Now in November, by Josephine Johnston. Simon and Schuster. $2.

Whalers of the Midnight Sun, by Alan Villiers. Scribners. $2.

The Last of the Wind Ships, by Alan Villiers. Morrow. $4.

**Hornet's Nest,* by Helen Ashton. Macmillan. $2.50.

How Like an Angel, by A. G. Macdonell. Macmillan. $2.

**Heaven High, Hell Deep,* by Norman Archibald. Boni. $2.50.

**Riders of the Sky,* by Leighton Brewer. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

Sinbad the Soldier, by P. C. Wren. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

Legacy of Death, by R. A. J. Walling. Wm. Morrow. $2.

The Wooden Indian, by Carolyn Wells. Lippincott. $2.

The Clew of the Forgotten Murder, by C. Kendrake. Wm. Morrow. $2.

Crime at Christmas, by C. H. B. Kitchin. Harcourt Brace. $2.

The Spy Paramount, by E. P. Oppenheim. Little Brown. $2.

The novels of James Hilton. Little Brown, Wm. Morrow. A. H. King, etc.

The novels of Henry James. Scribners.

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Behind the Scenes

● About SCRIBNER Authors. . . . Comment on Erskine Caldwell's "Kneel to the Rising Sun" by Harry Hansen and other readers. . . . Answering "The Church Builds Battleships" and other February articles.

THE novel which brought **William Faulkner** his first recognition in this country, *Sanctuary,* was written in three weeks. Then his publishers wouldn't print it, so while working in a power plant, on a night shift, he wrote *As I Lay Dying* with a wheelbarrow for a table, and finished it in six weeks. One gathers that the interest in this book, both here and in England, gave his publishers courage, for *Sanctuary* appeared soon after. A new book, *Pylon,* comes out this month. A great many of his short stories have first appeared in SCRIBNER'S.

John Cowper Powys is an Englishman who has lived in this country for thirty years, and seen more of it than most Americans ever do. He has travelled it back and forth and up and down as a lecturer for years, and yet unlike many other lecturers he has lived in it and felt it, as his article "Farewell to America" clearly shows. He is the author of many books of which *Wolf Solent* is perhaps the best known, and a new book *Art of Happiness* is coming out in April.

Major John W. Thomason, Jr. is in danger of becoming so well known as an author and artist that his other very real profession of soldiering is not given its due consideration. On the other hand, in almost everything Major Thomason writes it is more than evident that he is a thorough and widely read student of military history and in "The Case for the Soldier" this is especially true. What you cannot read between the lines is that he served through the war in the 5th Regiment Marines, 2nd U. S. Division; and in the occupation of the Coblenz bridgehead afterwards; also ashore in Cuba and Nicaragua and China; and at sea with the special-service squadron. He is the author of *Fix Bayonets* and *Jeb Stuart.*

Selma **Robinson,** whose book of poems is called *City Child,* is also one herself. She was born in New York City and still lives there. She went to the public schools and later did newspaper and publicity work for regular jobs while her poems and stories were appearing in nationally known publications. She is Mrs. Howard Markel.

"For me the word 'pre-war' evokes always a memory of midsummer afternoons. A mimosa bush grew at the garden door of my parents' big sitting room in their country house. Brick steps, warm in the sunlight, led down from the wide shady room into the hot garden." It is a man with this memory of his childhood for background that Mr. Hearst is trying to run out of the country for his "communistic" utterings. The paragraph sounds more like the childhood reminiscences of a nostalgic White Russian. Yet it is probably a good deal because of this very sympathetic background that **John Strachey's** writings and lectures have reached a degree of popularity in this country which worries Mr. Hearst. In "Should I Be Deported?" Mr. Strachey explains his stand in a plea for free speech.

In June, 1916, in the midst of the war, **W. Chapin Huntington** was sent to Petrograd as Commercial Attaché of our Embassy. In 1917 he witnessed the March revolution and in the following November the Bolshevik revolution under Lenin. He lived there for a year longer and has never given up his interest in Soviet economic development and for the past ten years he has made it a major subject of study. His knowledge of the Russian language gives him access to Soviet newspapers and in a month in Russia recently he travelled three thousand miles, inspected factories and institutions and talked with people everywhere.

Stephen Bonsal's far-flung career as a newspaper writer and war correspondent began when he was twenty years old. He left his Goethe studies at Bonn, and became a correspondent for *The New York Herald* for which paper, within five years, he had covered Europe, Asia, and Africa. Much has he seen and known—"manners, climates, councils, governments." At a time which many people feel parallels closely the present political situation in France, Mr. Bonsal himself saw the rise and fall of "A Man on Horseback" and describes it here.

Even to list the achievements of **Ida M. Tarbell** would put a biographical note into the article class. So let it be said only that this woman, born on a pioneer farm seventy-six years ago has accomplished more in her lifetime, and in what are generally considered their fields, than most men, and still was not an advocate of woman's suffrage. She wrote the revolutionary *History of the Standard Oil Company* in 1904 which resulted in the breaking up of the Standard Oil Monopoly by the Supreme Court. She edited *McClure's* in its "muck-raking" days with Lincoln Steffens and S. S. McClure. She wrote a famous biography of Lincoln and another of Napoleon. But what she always wanted to be was a botanist. Instead she has written nearly every day of her life and still writes on a schedule in her apartment in New York.

Hamilton Basso was born and brought up in New Orleans, went to Tulane University and worked as a reporter on several newspapers. He lived a year in Aiken, where he gathered the ideas for his new book *In Their Own Image.* He is the author of a biography of General Beauregard and of a novel, *Cinnamon Seed.*

The author of "Dementia Economica" teaches general literature at Stanford University. **Albert Guerard** has one "message"—a crusade against unreasoning nationalism in every form; and one hobby, city planning. He has published ten books, eight in English, two in French. The best known is *Reflections on the Napoleonic Legend.*

Katherine Gauss Jackson was brought up in a college town which many people consider a disadvantage but she does not. She went to public school in Princeton, N. J., and to Smith College. Since graduation she has worked at newspaper and magazine editorial jobs.

Bergen Evans was born in Franklin, Ohio, but went to grade school in England where his father was in the consular service. He came back to Ohio for his high school and college training and is now an instructor in English at

(Continued on page 16)

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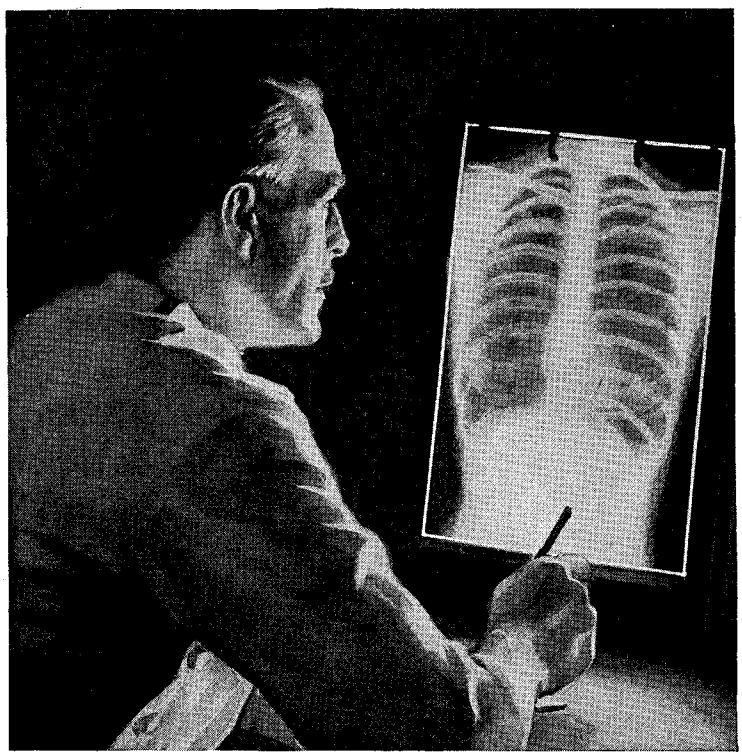
Fight Tuberculosis with modern methods

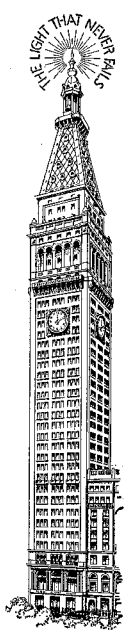


If there are hidden shadows of the disease, they are revealed by the penetrating eye of the X-ray.

THERE were fewer new cases of tuberculosis in 1934. The deathrate from this disease in this country was lower than ever before. But this good news from those who are resolutely fighting tuberculosis should not blind one to the fact that about 70,000 persons died last year from tuberculosis and that it is still the leading cause of death between the ages of fifteen and forty-five.

When the suspicious symptoms begin to appear—undue fatigue, chest pains, loss of weight, a cough that hangs on, blood spitting—no time should be lost in getting an expert diagnosis. The value of such early diagnosis, aided by laboratory tests, X-rays or fluoroscope, is reflected by the increase in the number of complete recoveries.

Since Dr. Trudeau blazed the trail fifty years ago and proved that "consumption" could be arrested, untold thousands have been restored to health by following the treatment of fresh air, sunshine, nourishing food and REST.



Physicians, today, have at their command another ally—pneumothorax or lung-collapsing treatment which is proving of great value in many cases, though not suitable for all. The expert can, if he thinks wise, collapse an infected lung as long as is necessary and let the other lung do the breathing. The infected lung heals more quickly during its enforced rest. This treatment, under competent and continued medical care, is speeding a steadily increasing number of recoveries in sanatoria and homes.

Tuberculosis, recognized and treated in its early stages, can be arrested and controlled in most cases. Send for the Metropolitan booklet "Tuberculosis." Address Booklet Department 435-S.

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Phonograph Records

By Richard Gilbert

● Sumptuous edition of *The Art of the Fugue* commemorates the 250th Anniversary of Bach's birth. . . . Scholarly arrangement for string quartet by Roy Harris and M. D. Herter Norton makes recondite work widely accessible. . . . Chamber music of Mozart and Beethoven. . . . Haydn's "Farewell" symphony.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH was born, March 21, two hundred and fifty years ago. The twentieth century, most observers will agree, has not yet given evidence of a musical productiveness which will rank with the Golden Age that cradled Bach and Handel. On the other hand, few will gainsay the unprecedented universality of attention lavished today upon the classic creations of the former. Bach has had other days, but not even the renascence nurtured by Mendelssohn a century ago will approach in magnitude the swell of adulation impelled a decade or so back with the shout of the moderns, "Back to Bach." And this trend —which, after all, is something of a fashion—has become extremely confusing. Bach, for all the praises chanted in his honor, remains an esoteric composer. The bulk of his greatest work is yet comparatively unknown outside the musical profession.

At any rate, Bach is being served in conspicuous style this year. It is most encouraging to count among the many gestures of reverence a goodly number of substantial deeds which, in the end, will do more for his music than the mountainous density of literary encomiums thrown up for the occasion. First among these sincere reflections of devotion must be counted the enterprising labors of M. D. Herter Norton, Roy Harris, the Roth Quartet, and the Columbia Phonograph Company to provide us with an accessible edition of the glorious but hitherto recondite *Art of the Fugue* (*Die Kunst der Fuge*).

The Art of the Fugue was written by Bach during the last year of his life. In it he has summed up, not by rules but by examples, the final shape of the fabric of polyphony. Fourteen fugues, in every variety of treatment, expose the possibilities of counterpoint with a homogeneity, an expressiveness and an exhaustive thoroughness unsurpassed in the history of music. Bach left no indication of the instruments he intended using for the performance of this work; his final heritage was never finished—interrupted, according to Forkel, by the failure of his eyesight. The work has been arranged for small orchestra (Wolfgang Graeser) and, in various editions, for piano, both four and two hands, none of which is really satisfactory, all of which have been very rarely heard.

To quote the transcribers of *The Art of the Fugue:*

" . . . Our transcription is based on the text of the *Bachgesellschaft* edition of 1878 (Vol. XXV, prepared by Rust from comparative study of the Berlin autograph and the original edition of 1750–52) with reference, however, to Graeser's edition (1926, XLVII) and to David's edition (1928), which last gives a fresh study of the Berlin autograph.[1]

"We believe the string quartet the most suitable medium for *The Art of the Fugue* because it conveys the music in its simplest form—it was originally written in four voices and only very slight adjustments between the voices are necessary in such a setting—the character of the material and the tonality itself (D minor) being particularly fitted to the stringed instruments, while the homogeneous tone quality makes it possible to penetrate with more subtlety than with any other instruments the peculiar beauty of this music.[2] There is no music of Bach for the string quartet (which is the more surprising when Forkel says that Bach himself played viola in such combinations), and we believe that this setting not only will make *The Art of the Fugue* more directly and more generally accessible but will also offer quartet players a new and most absorbing field of activity, the contrapuntal texture offering unusual problems, the solution of which is most satisfying.

"Our principal contribution, of course, lies in the indication of tempi and dynamics. The tempi have been determined by the nature of each piece, by the development of its melodic contours. We favor on the whole an interpretation of Bach which gives room for the singing, articulated discourse of the voices.

"The dynamics have been indicated on the principle of bringing out the form of the piece, by use of appropriate contrast in the architecture of tonality. Of necessity they have been arrived at in part through the sound-qualities of the quartet, but in relation to the range-volume and character of each piece.

"We have not attempted to set up any new theoretical order in which the fugues should be studied or played. Graeser and David each with equal sincerity and conviction have suggested quite differing schemes. We have adhered to the arrangement as given in the *Bachgesellschaft,* in which the fugues fall into a sort of natural order with the exception that we have restored the great final unfinished fugue to what appears to be its proper place at the end of the series. We have not included the canons, the musical value of which and their significance in the whole scheme are still matter for speculation, nor the four-voiced fugue of *Contrapunctus XIII* which Bach himself made for two pianos."

Ten discs (nineteen record faces) are required for the recording of *The Art of the Fugue* (Columbia set No. 206).[3] In making this invaluable document, members of the Roth String Quartet have not spared themselves infinite attention to detail and painstaking preparation. More than two hundred hours were devoted to rehearsal and recording under the personal supervision of the transcribers. The result, measured by every æsthetic and technical requirement, proves an outstanding contribution of the phonographic epoch, providing as it does in a readily accessible medium a consummate interpretation of music, the rarest and loftiest, the most eloquent and technically exhaustive ever created by Bach.

II

The current stream of Mozart recordings is augmented further this month by an intensely thought out and finely finished reading of the first piano *Quartet in G minor* (*K478*) by Artur Schnabel, pianist, and Messrs. Onnou, Prevost, and Maas, violinist, viola player, and 'cellist respectively of the Pro Arte Quartet (Victor set No. M251). This deeply felt work, streaked with moments of gloomy pathos and demoniacal defiance, dates from 1785. The ele-

[1] These and following notes were supplied the reviewer by M. D. Herter Norton previous to the publication of the article, *The Art of the Fugue,* by Roy Harris and M. D. Herter Norton, in *The Musical Quarterly,* April, 1935 (G. Schirmer, Inc.) to which the reader is directed for a more thorough analysis of Bach's work, and the problems in transcribing it for string quartet.

[2] The tonic, dominant and sub-dominant of the tonality of D minor provide the tones to which three out of the four strings of the violin, viola, and 'cello are tuned.

[3] The score of the Harris-Norton transcription for string quartet is published by G. Schirmer, Inc., New York, N. Y., 1935.

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Fifth Avenue Buses

are Carrying More Passengers Than Last Year

● This is also a fact in the month of February, although some people thought that the Madison Avenue buses would take passengers away from the Fifth Avenue buses.

● It is quite evident that Fifth Avenue bus passengers know what they are paying ten cents for—a comfortable, seated ride. That is what they want and they are willing to pay for it. A large percentage of bus passengers come from the highest income rated sections of the City.

● The Fifth Avenue buses are rightly called "The Shoppers' Motor." During the past 12 months 284,294 passengers were carried to the Wanamaker store by the Fifth Avenue buses; 366,918 passengers were carried away from Wanamaker's. A survey made by the Fifth Avenue Coach Company a few years ago when the coaches were carrying only 46,000,000 passengers a year, showed that based on a month's tabulation the buses delivered to

	passengers per year
Lord & Taylor's	378,000
Altman's	423,000
McCreery's Fifth Avenue Entrance	233,400
Best & Co.	184,500
Franklin Simon & Co.	134,700
John Wanamaker	284,294

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ments of passionate emotion, wistful sadness and turbulent vibrancy with which Mozart could pervade his most formal and austere pieces should impress themselves upon the most casual listener. Schnabel and the string players employ much penetrating insight and musicianship for the publication of this beautiful work; the recorders have missed nothing of the light and shade and delicate interplay of the instruments, and the result is really an extraordinarily haunting experience no disc collector should care to avoid.

The list of recorded Haydn symphonies is not, unfortunately, a lengthy one. Hence the recently issued *Symphony No. 45 in F sharp minor,* played by the London Symphony Orchestra, Sir Henry J. Wood conducting, fills a particular gap in the repertoire. Characteristic of this master's beguiling humor, the symphony was written—so the tale goes—to convince Prince Nicolaus Esterhazy, Haydn's patron, that the members of the orchestra were in dire need of a holiday. To accomplish this end Haydn wrote the work as the last piece in a concert program. He appended an extra movement in which "so soon as the musicians finished their individual parts, they took up their music, blew out the candles and retired, until there were two instrumentalists left, with Haydn conducting them. The music declined to a whisper, and they too extinguished the candles and departed." The composer's little conceit was not lost upon his patron; the players got their "leave" the following day. Sir Henry is at home with the "Farewell" piece, and its buoyant, lusty measures are convincingly projected. The serenely innocent ending may lose much of its original point in this invisible performance, but the work as a whole, clearly recorded, provides a welcome addition to the scant list of Haydn symphonies for the phonograph (Columbia set No. 205).

The thirteenth string quartet of Beethoven, considered by many his greatest chamber music essay, has been re-recorded by the Budapest String Quartet (Victor set No. M157). This Quartet, in a former engravure, omitted the finale. Not only has this movement been restored here but, on two separate discs (Victor Nos. 8586 and 8587), will be found the complete *Grosse Fuge* with which Beethoven originally intended to conclude this, his op. 130 quartet, played by the same group. This new recording of the B flat major quartet, and of the fugue, op. 133, is exceptionally lucid and admirably balanced.

Even STOKOWSKI *marveled!*

NO one more intimately knows the process and the progress of Victor Recording than Leopold Stokowski. No one is more exacting in the making of a record; no one more critical of the finished disc. Yet even he, when he heard the new Philadelphia Orchestra recording of

TSCHAIKOWSKY'S FIFTH

was delighted and amazed. For like a crystal ball that condenses color and sharpens detail of everything it reflects, this superb recording gave back to the conductor something approaching his own ideal performance; a quality of brilliance, warmth and clarity impossible *even in an actual performance.* If such a statement seems exaggeration, we invite you to hear this incredibly beautiful recording, available today at your dealer's.

PARSIFAL, ACT III
A Symphonic Synthesis

Of the reverent yet humanly passionate poem that Mr. Stokowski has made of certain music from Act III of Wagner's *Parsifal,* it is difficult to speak with restraint. *Parsifal* may be, as someone has said, a work of "exquisite moments and interminable half-hours", yet in these two records there is nothing but the potent distillate of Wagner's genius; a synthesis of all the elements that make *Parsifal* a wonder of mystical loveliness — that made Wagner not merely a personage, but a force in the world of music. The recording is worthy of the music and of the orchestra.

ASK TO HEAR ALSO

Bach—Concerto in D Minor (Piano)
Edwin Fischer with Orchestra

Mozart—Piano Quartet in G Minor
Artur Schnable—Messrs. Onnou, Prevost and Maas

Beethoven—Quartet in B-Flat Major, op. 130
Budapest String Quartet

VICTOR RECORDS

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BEHIND THE SCENES

(Continued from page 256)

Northwestern University. His articles have appeared frequently in nationally-known magazines.

When war was declared in 1918 **Owen Francis** enlisted and discovered for the first time, he says, that there were other people existing in the world, which, much to his surprise, took in more territory than the Monongahela Valley where he was born and brought up. His first real reading was done in a hospital in Lakewood after his return from France, for he had gone to work at eleven as "pull-up" boy in the steel mills and had never been out of the mills till his enlistment. *Crime and Punishment* decided him to be a writer too. While writing on the side he has worked on labor gangs, road gangs, as a cantaloupe picker, as waiter and bus boy, as newspaper and publicity man and as salesman for spark plugs. He has now sold many stories and is in Hollywood writing for the movies.

The author of "Wild Horses Run" grew up in Oklahoma. "Moseyed quite a bit over the West, from Texas to Montana and the coast but head always back to West Texas and New Mexico. That's the country, all right," says **Forrester Blake.** His book *Riding the Mustang Trail* comes out this spring.

THE publication of Thomas Wolfe's new book, *Of Time and the River* on the 8th of March gives us the opportunity to point with pride to some excerpts from a recent number of *The American Spectator,* written by Richard Sheridan Ames.

WOLFE, WOLFE

The American reader, fooled so often by his critical Cassandras, is himself loathe to acclaim an incipient fine talent which appears quietly without incriminating *kudos.*

Nevertheless, *Look Homeward, Angel* has gone through six large editions since its publication in 1929 and Thomas Wolfe's more casual prose has practically subsidized SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE during lean years (says Mr. Ames). His major germination *Of Time and the River,* an immense novel of 450,000 words, may at length introduce our only young writer of any considerable stature to a wider public.

Wolfe, whose powerful, often ungainly prose placed him at once among the generic novelists of tradition, has not lacked individual praise. Speaking before the Nobel Olympians at Stockholm in 1930 Sinclair Lewis said: "Thomas Wolfe, a child . . . whose one and only novel, *Look Homeward, Angel,* is worthy to be compared with the best in our literary production, a Gargantuan creature with a great gusto for life." And Percy Mackaye termed Wolfe's shorter work "quintessential poetry."

He is that *rara avis,* a modern author who writes, who writes diligently and enormously from a kind of inner solitude. Gertrude Stein didn't hatch him. He is indigenous to America and lives—of all prosaic places—in Brooklyn. His pre-nuptial liaison with letters was placid, for he did not learn about life from the insides of a shark or the small talk of Pamplona *aficionados.* He has been mercifully reticent about himself, and if his first novel grazed in the pastures of autobiography it did not come to a full stop beside a narcissus pool nor was its general objectivity blemished.

One magazine has referred to the "incomparable richness" of Thomas Wolfe's work. Even his poorest pieces have vitality and his best, like "No Door," were conceived by a prodigious, untrammelled imagination and executed with such robust energy that one is forced to ponder again the source and resources of genius—an uncommon procedure in these days when we have flung at us the most provocative examples of what genius certainly is not.

While the critics are sorting out the infant Whitmans and dolling up Iowa's Engle to be America's Rupert Brooke, Thomas Wolfe has the field of the traditional novel almost to himself. He projects no new formula and invents no dewy patois. He seems content to portray character, a love of earth and sky, and the troubled souls of men, all built into an impressive edifice by a poet's integration.

Can he be the real thing, at last?

WE expected some response to the Erskine Caldwell story, but frankly we hardly expected a deluge. Harry Hansen started it in his column when he said among other things: "Like Harriet Beecher Stowe, Erskine Caldwell does not deal in pastel tints. He seems to be writing an *Uncle Tom's Cabin* of the share-cropper." Next month we shall publish excerpts from the many letters which are still coming in, both pro and con. In the meantime only this:

GREEK TRAGEDY

I don't often express in writing my feelings about things I read in magazines. I have just read Erskine Caldwell's "Kneel to the Rising Sun" and it has moved me so deeply that I want to say so. This story was called to my attention by some much-reading friends who found it only horrible and regretted they had read it. They compared it with two stories, "The Mother" and "The Scare Crow," by Vardis Fisher, which also picture in vivid language the cruelty of man to man. I therefore began this story expecting little more than a long-drawn out account of docking a dog's tail! When I read the last words spoken by a man fainting from hunger who however had seen poor, heroic Clem shot down in cruelty he could not resist—"No I am not hungry" I closed my eyes and wept! And I almost never shed a tear.

Nothing I know in recent stories has for me the depth of pathos this story carries. I can compare it only with a to me favorite Greek tragedy, "The Bacchae" of Euripides. A young prince suddenly crowned king would resist a corrupting god. But the god can compel his father, mother, sisters, citizens to turn against him, mistake him for a beast, swing him from a tree top, cut him down, chop off his head and go with it in triumph to the city he would have saved! But these women see their sin and are softened. Arch Gunnard, I suppose, thinks he has done a good job in ridding the country of poor Clem, a Negro who would have fair rations!

Can Erskine Caldwell treat his materials in such a way that even Arch Gunnards must hear him? If so such work would be worth more than all essays on share-croppers.

W. P. CLARK,
Professor of Latin and Greek.
Missoula, Mont.

THERE have been many comments and several newspaper editorials on Doctor Colony's article, "The Church Builds Battleships."

FOREIGN MISSIONS

I am reluctant to rush into print, but the article in the February SCRIBNER'S by Doctor Colony, "The Church Builds Battleships," moves me to protest.

To keep within reasonable limits of space I go directly to my protests.

1. I protest against the assertion that the primary aim of Missionary effort is the rite of baptism.

The idea that God is at all satisfied when a man has been persuaded to accept baptism, if he is then left in ignorance, squalor, and disease, seems to me almost blasphemous; and I do not see how any one whose religious thinking is not set in a matrix a thousand years old can hold it.

As a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church Doctor Colony, in every service he conducts, repeats a prayer. I doubt if he prays it, for in that prayer are these words: "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

The will of God is not done on earth while men, women, and children are left in the ignorance and darkness that blight body and soul and are denied the light which Christian civilization can offer them.

2. I protest against the statement: "Medical and educational missions were a most skilfully conducted advertising campaign to sell Jesus to the 'heathen.'"

During my ministry I have come to know many missionaries, preachers, teachers, physicians, and surgeons, and nurses.

To say that those men and women count their sacrificial work as mere bait to catch and so baptize "heathen" is to insult a multitude of the most devoted followers of Jesus that are on earth today.

They are followers of a Master who "went about doing good," who healed the sick, fed the hungry, and had compassion on the multitude and gave so much of his time to teaching that one of the commonest titles by which he was addressed was "Teacher," and *who baptised no one.*

3. I protest against the assumption that if Foreign Missionary Societies would stop spending money on their work, an equivalent amount would be withdrawn from the building of battleships. This does not stir me in just the way the others did. It is not a matter for wrath but for Homeric laughter.

Does Doctor Colony believe that if all Foreign Missionary Societies should drop all their educational and medical work, the various countries where that work is carried on would immediately take it over and finance the operations by cutting down their expenditures on army and navy?

In truth Doctor Colony should have sent this part of his article, not to a sober and serious magazine like SCRIBNER'S, but to *Judge* or *Life.* There it would have been in its proper setting.

M. S. FREEMAN.
Chattanooga, Tenn.

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